TRAVELS

IN

ITALY, GREECE, AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

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IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

MANNERS, SCENERY, AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY H. W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1820.

TO THE

REVEREND JOHN THOMSON, F.R.S.E.

THESE

LETTERS FROM ITALY

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

J. W. WILLIAMS.

PREFACE.

In presenting these Letters to the public, it were equally idle to affect indifference to their reception, or overwhelming solicitude. Were I ambitious of literary fame, I might, indeed, sink under the consciousness of having engaged in an undertaking, so foreign to my previous habits and pursuits; while I could not fail to be still more discouraged by the learning and talents of those accomplished travellers, with whom I should thus be brought into immediate comparison. My aim has been different and less aspiring; and were it necessary to apologize for the apparent presumption, of obtruding on the public an account of my travels in countries, already so frequently and amply described as almost to satiate curiosity, I would derive

my apology from those very circumstances, which disqualify me from competing with my more learned predecessors. The disquisitions into which the antiquary and the classical scholar are perpetually and irresistibly led, in adverting to the scenes of historical or fabulous celebrity, and to the various monuments of ancient times, which in Greece and Italy meet us at every step, are apt to withdraw their attention from objects of more obvious, though not inferior, interest; and leave the general reader, but, above all, the future traveller in the same countries, cause to regret, that so disproportionate a share of their works is devoted to these disquisitions, to the exclusion of much valuable information.

Besides, our modes of observation are as various as our mental peculiarities. What one traveller may be inclined to disregard, another may consider as worthy of especial attention; and a corresponding variety of tastes may be expected in their readers. The writer, therefore, who con-

tents himself with describing scenes and objects as they presented themselves to his own mind, and expressing his sentiments as they arose, can scarcely fail to excite some degree of interest, and to impart to his information the freshness of originality. To this end my ambition as an author is limited,—happy if I have succeeded in delineating faithfully the objects which were most attractive to myself, and in conveying to my readers some impression of the feelings, with which I contemplated the scenery and the precious monuments of the most interesting countries in the world.

My professional habits may have inclined me to indulge in more lengthened remarks on works of art, than may appear, to some of my readers, either necessary or proper. Of this propensity I was myself aware, and frequently endeavoured to restrain it. Yet who could resist dwelling with enthusiasm on those great masterpieces, which have commanded the admiration, and regulated

the taste of ages; and which, while they exist, will continue to impart their principal interest to the favoured countries in which they were produced? In Britain, where the Fine Arts now flourish with a vigour, that bids fair to rival the best productions of antiquity, these remarks may be considered as not altogether devoid of interest. They may furnish some useful hints to those who have no opportunity of contemplating the splendid originals to which they refer; they may be of some advantage to our ingenuous youth, whose chief object in visiting those countries, is, to improve their taste by the study of the inimitable monuments of genius with which they are enriched; and may tend to shew the causes which have contributed to the degeneracy of the modern Italian Schools, and the improvements of which their present modes of study appear to be susceptible.

From all that I have had an opportunity of observing abroad, my uniform aim has

been, to select what might be ornamental or useful at home; and most fortunate should I account myself, if the suggestions which I have occasionally presumed to offer, should lead to any practical advantage,—particularly in the embellishment of our northern capital.

To do justice to the merits of our British artists, who, in almost every department, leave their contemporaries on the Continent far behind, was another object which I had much at heart. Wherever an opportunity occurred of bringing the works of our eminent painters, particularly in Edinburgh, into comparison with those which I have seen in Italy, I embraced it with eagerness; and have only to regret, that these opportunities have been so rare as to oblige me to omit some names, well entitled to praise. To the compositions of Mr Gibson, the miniatures of Mr Douglas, the portraits of Mr Watson, Mr Sime, and of Mr John Watson, whose surprising progress in the art is the theme of general admira-

tion,—it would have given me much pleasure to advert; and, perhaps, an opportunity may hereafter be found. The Plates which accompany these Letters are engraved by Mr LIZARS; and the style in which they are executed are, in every respect, worthy of his well-earned celebrity.

I have only to add, that, though I am chargeable with all the faults which may be detected in these Letters, there are some parts of them of which I cannot claim the praise. The accomplished and invaluable friend with whom it was my happiness to travel, allowed me to transcribe from his Journal the Letters from Elba, part of the Journey to Otranto, and the Description of the Ionian Islands.* To another friend I am indebted for a few observations on the Manners of the Romans; and a considerable portion of the information contained in the Twenty-ninth and

* Except the description of Ithaca, and part of Cephalonia, which I drew up from my own Notes.

Thirty-second Letters, as well as the document respecting the Mineralogy of Elba, was communicated to me by a gentleman of high literary eminence, whose long residence in Italy gave him the best opportunities of information, and whose intimacy I deem one of the greatest pleasures of my life.

In the progress of the Letters through the press, some inaccuracies have escaped, which the intelligent reader will easily correct, and which, I trust, his candour will forgive.

Edinburgh, 3d December 1819.

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TRAVELS

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IONIAN ISLANDS.



LETTER I.

Ostend.—A fair on kirmes.—Popinjay.—Harbour.—Light-house.—Track-boat.—Bruges.—Scenery.—Cathedral.—Nunnery.

My Dear Sir, *Bruges, July* 1816.

You know how reluctantly I yielded to your request, that I should transmit to you, with every opportunity, an account of all that we should hear or see worthy of notice, in the course of our travels: and I am now repenting, in good earnest, of my thoughtless facility. To myself, indeed, the field that lies before me is a field of the richest promise; and my fancy seems already to realize the glowing picture which you pourtrayed of the countries which we are to visit; countries which have long been celebrated for all that is lovely in nature, and exquisite in art. I anticipate, with the most ardent expectation, the pleasure which I shall enjoy in treading that soil which was consecrated by the first footsteps of Liberty,—in traver-

sing the chosen haunts of the Muses,—in becoming a temporary inhabitant of those lands, which are endeared by all our earliest and most refined associations, and where the human mind displayed its noblest energies,—and in contemplating the most wonderful monuments of genius, amidst the enchanting localities by which it was inspired.

All this promises, to be sure, to be very delightful; but since all this has been so often enjoyed, and so well described by former travellers, shall I not be in danger either of repeating to you what you already know, or of eking out for you a meagre entertainment from the gleanings which my predecessors have left? Be moderate, then, in your expectations. All that I propose is, to tell you, in my own way, what we see; and, if my information be not new, I promise you, at least, that it shall not be borrowed.

On the 6th of July, (1816,) we took our passage for Ostend at an agent's office in Exeter 'Change. Our carriage was taken to pieces and properly shipped. This was no sooner done, than we were informed that the vessel went no farther than to Ramsgate, where the carriage must be unshipped and put on board another packet. In short, we were deceived; and I hereby give warning to all future travellers, to be more particular in their previous inquiries. Fortunately, when we arrived at Ramsgate, a vessel was ready to sail, and we

were quickly transported to Ostend. We took up our quarters at the Hotel Wellington, in which, after a tolerable dinner, we were regaled with Champagne not much inferior to our Perry. In walking through the town, the first I had ever seen on the continent, our eyes, you may be sure, were not idle. A fair, or kirmes, had been held here for three days, and was to continue as many more. Nothing but rejoicing and merry-making prevailed. Of their various amusements, the most interesting to us was their archery, which carried back our recollection to the games of our ancestors, and seemed to place before our eyes the original mode of shooting at the popinjay. Prizes were given to the best marksmen, and certainly some of them were very expert. There was fixed in the ground a long pole, about sixty or seventy feet in height, at the top of which was fastened a horizontal bar of wood. On this were hung several pieces of tin, resembling small birds in size and shape; these they brought to the ground perhaps once in twenty shots. People from various parts of the country joined in this amusement, and high and low mixed together on the most familiar terms; indeed, all distinction of rank seemed to be for the time forgotten. In one of the processions, headed by a band of music, I perceived various orders of the people, including military men, artisans, peasants from the country, women, and even

children. Such a set of merry, happy faces—*Heraclitus* himself, had he been there, must have caught the contagion of their gaiety, and joined, as we did with our whole souls, in their light-hearted laugh. The women of the lower orders were somewhat like our Highland *shearers*, but with this exception, that they all wore monstrous ear-rings dangling to their shoulders—not one of them was handsome.

The piers of the harbour are composed of logs of wood driven into the ground, and apparently going to decay. To us, who had just left the bustle of the Thames, the stillness of Ostend harbour presented a most cheerless contrast. It resembles, indeed, one of the deserted havens of the coast of Fife, rather than the port of a populous town, for it displayed not the slightest appearance of business. It is said that the Prince of Orange was ill-received, and that the Belgians would prefer being under British protection. We were much pleased with the light-house built by Napoleon; it is in good taste, and not unlike the column of Trajan at Rome. The fortifications are already overgrown with grass and plants. We were not allowed to walk on them, however, but were rudely ordered off by a Belgian soldier. At the customhouse, the officers, all French, examined our trunks, and replaced every article with a nicety peculiar to themselves: they were very civil; indeed, they had no

reason to behave otherwise, for we were upon our *honour* with them in every respect. A small per centage was paid for the carriage, and we were free.

Matters being thus settled, we took our passage on board a track-boat for the town of Bruges. The boat was full of people, young and old, rich and poor. The evening smiled, and the effect of all was pleasing. It was impossible not to recognize here the land of Cuyp; and the scenes through which we glided, lighted up, as they were, with the beams of the setting sun, strongly recalled to our recollection the magical productions of his pencil. On board, we had a small band of music, consisting of three girls and two men. The girls played *the violin*, the men a bass and flute; and really their music was quite delightful!

After travelling fifteen miles in this agreeable manner, through a country extremely flat, but rich and highly cultivated, we arrived at Bruges. This beautiful town, in the days of its ancient importance, contained 150,000 inhabitants, but now it has not 30,000 at the utmost; and several of the splendid houses and palaces are tenantless. The opening of the Scheldt destroyed its commerce, and the inhabitants were obliged to go where trade was flourishing. We are living in the hotel called the Fleur de Bled, and every thing is comfortable, though not so clean as in our own good country.

We have formed acquaintance with a gentleman

who knows every nook and corner of the city. At our request he led us first to what is called the Tower, that, previous to any particular excursion, we might obtain some general idea of the situation and principal features of the surrounding scenery; nor is it possible, without going to an elevated station, to obtain a just or comprehensive notion of the country of the Netherlands, or to ascertain, without much unnecessary labour, the objects most worthy of notice, or the points of view from which they may be seen or drawn to advantage. The extensive scene was rich in wood and cultivation; few villages appeared, but every thing bespoke comfort, peace, and plenty. From the fields near the town, I was charmed with the variety and beauty of the public buildings, and the handsome spires and steeples. The tower on which we stood is singular and picturesque, and the churches of Jerusalem and Notre Dame are noble features.

On entering the cathedral, every thing was entirely new to me. No priest was present, but various descriptions of persons were on their knees; some were in lonely places, in order to be free from interruption; often their attitudes were beautiful and interesting; some with outspread arms, others with clasped hands, praying with the utmost fervour, and generally, as their fancy inclined them, before pictures, sculpture, or tapestry. At the high altar, there was a representation of the

Virgin and Child, in wax, both coloured and dressed like dolls, and not much larger than those which our little misses carry in their arms. A multitude of suppliants surrounded the altar, which was decorated with votive offerings in silver and gold, representing heads, legs, arms, and hearts, which had been cured by prayers before the Virgin. The hearts prevailed three to one, from which your philosophical head will probably infer that, in all countries, the heart-ach is the most prevalent malady; and as a grave divine might perhaps, with as much reason, conclude that religion is its most effectual cure. Innumerable small candles were burning, though it was then mid-day, and the sun was shining in the church;—a third light seemed yet awanting, and that was the light of reason.

The pictures in the cathedral were not much above mediocrity. One or two had just arrived from the Louvre; and I confess it excited my surprise, that the French should have thought of removing such indifferent productions of the pencil. We visited various other churches, and found their internal appearance much alike. From the churches we were taken to a nunnery. On presenting ourselves at the grate, in a small outer room which is approached through a court-yard, the Abbess appeared with gracious smiles. Our friend was known to her; and, after a little re-

spectful compliment and inquiry, he asked if *we* might be allowed to see the chapel. With great politeness she consented. Her manner, which was such as shewed she knew the world, corrected in some degree the dismal ideas that we had formed of the monastic life. Availing ourselves of the Abbess's permission, we went to the place of worship, on entering which we were struck with its general air of purity and elegance. The walls and seats were white; the altar, composed of various marbles and precious stones, graced the head of the church, at the opposite end to which was a gallery. Two pictures by Vandyke hung upon the walls, but they were by no means in the best style of that master. The Ascension was the subject of one, and a saint of the other. In the former, the figure of Christ was tolerably drawn, and possessed great brilliancy of effect; but the dark figure introduced for the purpose of aiding this appearance, is so injudiciously contrived and managed, that the artifice is offensively evident, and interferes with the general sentiment of the subject.

We had not been long in the chapel when a nun came forward in the gallery, in a slow and solemn manner, courtesying low. At first we thought the compliment was intended for us, but we soon perceived that her attention was directed to a cross placed in the middle of the gallery. A second and a third advanced in the same manner,

and at last several came together. When assembled, there might be from ten to twelve; some were old, some were young, and very pale; one seemed extremely beautiful. After they had been seated a short time, a novice rose and rung the convent bell, the rope of which hung from the roof in the middle of the gallery. We stopped no longer, fearing we might give offence; but who could resist remaining in the outer room while they chaunted service? It was affecting, and most sincerely did I wish that God might bless them. But what can I say of their voluntary retreat from the duties of the world? Their self-denial may be a virtue, but I fear of little value. Lately several romantic ladies, two of whom, indeed, were relations of the gentleman who accompanied us, had formed the resolution of becoming nuns, but they soon changed their minds, and only one of six remained. On taking the veil, they must advance L.600; and, at their demise, their fortunes become the property of the establishment. When monastic institutions were suppressed by Bonaparte, this nunnery was spared, in consideration of its educating some young females gratis, and being in other respects most exemplary.

To-morrow early we set off for Ghent and Brussels; from the latter place you may expect to hear from me.

LETTER II.

Ghent.—Church of Saint Brevon.—Scenery.—Alost.—Brussels.—Cathedral.—Peter the Great.—High Mass.

Brussels, July 1816.

THE country through which we travelled from Bruges to Ghent was rich in various crops, some of which were already cut down; barley and rye seemed to prevail. The roads were excellent, paved in the middle, but by no means rough.

GHENT is a town of considerable extent, and of great beauty. The canals which intersect it, covered with boats and barges, afford the finest subjects for the pencil. Vangoen, or Vanderneer, could have been at no loss in choosing from such variety. The cathedral and churches are very fine, especially the church of Saint Breyon, which, it is said, is the oldest cathedral church in the world. The Crypt was the original place of worship, and is full of rotten pictures and mouldering saints. The present cathedral, which is very ancient, was built on the foundations of the old, and the crypt, which I have mentioned, is preserved in its primitive state. In the church, there are some specimens of the early school of sculpture, in very bad taste, frittered into small parts, and

devoid of all resemblance to nature. The pictures, in general, are by masters of no celebrity or talent, and excite disgust rather than pleasure. As for the wax dolls, I did not look at them a second time, lest I should be tempted to smile, when decorum required that I should be serious. Some of the public buildings are rather elegant, and there is a good display of steeples in the simple Gothic style. We mounted one of them to obtain a view of the country, which, in its general character, bears a remarkable resemblance to the rich and splendid scenery which we saw from the tower of Bruges. Waterloo and Hobbima might have lived a hundred years, and not have exhausted the pleasing local subjects. Here they had endless variety of willow stumps, rich plants, and sparkling water, and the most interesting groups of cattle and rustic figures, composing with the meadow fields and long horizons; such, indeed, as Paul Potter, or Adrian Vanderveldt, needed only to copy faithfully, to have rendered their fame immortal."

Our stay at Ghent was very short, which I regretted much, as I knew that there were some private pictures of the Flemish masters, well deserving our attention.

ALOST, on the way to Brussels, is a pretty town. Trees mix with the buildings, which always have a good effect. We saw no beggars, but among the

children, who seem to be all beggars in this country, without exception, and whose importunity is extremely teasing. I pinched the ear of one, who was dressed like a little gentleman, and gave some money to a boy in rags, who was standing near, and was less clamorous. *My Dutch* was understood; the youth in fine clothes blushed and scampered off.—Between Alost and Brussels, the crops were very luxuriant; they consisted chiefly of hops and rye. Boys, from fifteen to seventeen years of age, were repairing the roads, and did their business well.

BRUSSELS is certainly a noble town, and many of the buildings are in excellent taste. But why so many sky-lights? The roof of the Hotel de Ville, which is very high, has no less than five successive rows, rising one above another. The cathedral, with its two towers, like Westminster Abbey, is well placed to give effect to the city, which is spread below, but the disproportioned height of the roof diminishes the consequence of the other parts of the building. There is also a strange jumbling of parts, out of harmony even with the Gothic. In general, the houses are very handsome, but within they display no purity of taste; there is too much ornament,—too great an ambition of vulgar show. Of the *gallery* I can say but little. No doubt, there are a few good pictures, but certainly not of the first class. The

best are those by Rubens. They have all the mastery of pencilling and witchery of colour peculiar to that master; but they also have his defects; bustle and power of handling cannot conceal the want of drawing, and the mean conception of his female figures. I regret to say that they have been considerably injured, and cannot be repaired without being partially repainted.

You will be little gratified, I fear, by this imperfect account of a gallery so famous, and may naturally expect, that I should say something of the private collections in Brussels; but our stay here was necessarily so short, that we had leisure for no more than a passing glance;—a circumstance which we regretted the less, as we could more easily repeat our visit to this town, than to the more distant places, to which we are hastening. Do not fear, from this specimen, that I shall not endeavour to be particular in my description of the celebrated works of art, in which you feel so deep an interest, when we reach the cities which are the proper objects of our destination.

From these beauties of art, we were led to the public gardens, where there is a fountain, immortalized by the circumstance of Peter the Great having tumbled into it. He was drinking wine when he made this false step, and it is

but fair to suppose that his Majesty was a little tipsey.

We are just returned from seeing high mass performed. Why such parading, courtesying, bowing, muttering, crossing, and perfuming of the priests? And must the soldiers kneel, cross themselves, and pray by word of command? How like mummery is all this! But the congregation appeared devout, so let me not presume to censure. I have occasionally amused myself at a ball, by shutting my ears, which gave to my happy dancing friends the appearance of automata. So the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, to one not accustomed to its mysteries, must ever appear fantastic and unnatural.

LETTER III.

Waterloo.—Field of battle.—Namur.—Huy.—Liege.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—Cologne.

Cologne, July 1816.

We left Brussels on the 11th, and arrived here on the 13th, after having visited the awful field of Waterloo. The forest of Soigne has nothing remarkable in its appearance. The road from Brussels, as you well know, passes through it. After the battle it became a burial place for upwards of two thousand horses. They were interred along the sides of the road, and partly in the wood. Their bones are now shooting through the earth, and the air is much infected. Waterloo is a pretty little village, and the church, which for a considerable time appeared a pleasing vista from the road, is very picturesque. Service was performing when we arrived, and it was pleasing and affecting to see the peasantry peacefully engaged in their religious duties, after the scourge of war and battle. The tablets to the memory of many of our countrymen caught our eye, and failed not to excite our deepest interest. From Waterloo we went to visit the field of battle. We saw the shattered tree near which our immortal hero stood, at the happy moment

when he saw the Prussians advancing, led on by Bulow. The barn, farm, and fields of La Haye Sainte, exhibited striking memorials of the horrors of that dreadful day; especially the barn, the walls of which are frightfully splashed with blood,—and well they might, for the floor, which is of great extent, was ancle deep! The field of burial would affect the hardest heart: although under crop, the graves are quite perceptible by the rank dark green corn which waves over them. The heroes were buried at various distances, according to the havoc and destruction on the spot. Some of the graves were six, eight, ten, and twelve feet asunder, but they thinned as they receded from the point where the battle raged in its greatest fury,—as the thunder of artillery, which bursts at first in one rending peal upon the ear, gradually dies away in faint and distant echoes. One poor Frenchman was yet unburied! we found him lying a prey for the hungry dogs! What could be more horrible than this mouldering body in its uniform! What a more emphatic satire on the ferocity and the weakness of man! I will not shock you with the various accounts which we have heard of the dead, the wounded, and the dying; even to think of them is distressing.

"The track by which Napoleon slunk away, after crying "sauve qui peut," is just above the inn at Genappe, upon a rising ground. Bones of men

and horses are lying here and there, and the ravens may still find food upon them. At Quatre Bras, the natives were eloquent in praise of the gallant Highlandmen. The appearance of battle is every where: not a house but is completely riddled by bullets, and by cannon shot. I looked at them till my fancy was so engaged in the tumult of battle, that I thought my head was hardly safe upon my shoulders.

NAMUR, on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse, was the next place of any consequence that we visited. On approaching it, we found it seated on a plain surrounded by swelling hills at no great distance. These hills, although not lofty, were a pleasing variety, from the monotonous country through which we have passed. The town itself has a most agreeable character for picture; the dome and cupola are here exchanged for Gothic towers and spires. Namur is celebrated for minerals, marble, and alum. It was not till we were near Namur that we perceived rocks of any kind, and this suggests to my recollection, that in Belgium we have remarked only sand, chalk, and gravel.

From Namur we proceeded to Huy, upon the Meuse. Picturesque beauty is not wanting there. The town and cathedral stand at the bottom of lofty rocks, and afford the most agreeable subjects for the pencil. We arrived when a few golden streaks were seen behind the towers, which were

reflected in the expansive water. The solemn and tranquil effect of all was most grateful and impressive. The country from Huy to Liege is hilly, well wooded, and in good cultivation. There is every where an appearance of plenty, yet beggars are numerous. Choquiere, the seat of General Loisson, is one of the finest subjects that occur in this part of our journey. It stands high upon a noble bank, and overlooks the river; the rocks are picturesque; the wood, however, is but poor and scanty.

The entrance into Liege, as we advanced along the river, presents a favourable view of the cathedral and churches; indeed, water and trees, whenever they mix with buildings, impart to them a degree of interest, and never fail to please. The high roof still prevails. From the multiplicity of windows I was led to suppose, that the inhabitants pay no duty for window light: but I was mistaken; fifteenpence is paid for each, and for a carriage entry five and twenty shillings annually. There is something singular and agreeable in the architecture, though, perhaps, it is somewhat disfigured by too great a profusion of ornament.

We were told that the finest collection of paintings was in the cathedral. The picture by Lairesse, representing Moses with the Commandments, is perhaps the best: some of the heads are painted in a firm and masterly style, but the figures are crowded to-

gether in an awkward manner, and totally destitute of dignity. The picture by Carlier is deep-toned, but spotty and affected. Quilline is a master of some merit in the soft style of Murillo, but much inferior. The subjects are all scriptural, and very tiresome.

There is nothing very striking in the scenery between Liege and Aix la Chapelle. I would almost prefer the positive level of the Netherlands, which, from its unbroken line, is somewhat allied to beauty. The ancient city of Charlemagne looks well from the ramparts. The Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral, and other buildings, assemble well together, and I think may fairly claim the attention of the man of taste.

COLOGNE, the birth place of Rubens, received us next within its ancient walls. The church of St Peter contains the celebrated picture of the crucifixion of that saint. When I entered the church, I was on the tip-toe of expectation. The picture is considered one of the chef d'œuvres of Rubens' pencil, and was in high estimation in the Louvre. We were told it graced the high altar; but conceive my disappointment, when, on approaching it with an anxious eye, I found a very indifferent copy. I was turning from it in disgust, when the verger requested me to stop; and, without any ceremony, he removed silver candlesticks, flowers, and all the paraphernalia of Roman Ca-

tholic worship, which stood before the copy, and then went behind the altar, and turned round upon a swivel the painting by Rubens. It was like the sun rising in splendour, and appeared the finest picture I ever saw of that great master. The principal figure is generally well drawn, without the slightest approach to vulgarity or mannerism. In colour it is faultless, and the effect is striking and commanding, although seen under a window of stained glass, with all the bustle and arrogance of meretricious brilliancy. The principal light is in the middle of the picture on the breast of St Peter, of a warm yellowish fleshy tone. The opposing figures are swarthy and brown, one of them with a little drapery purely red; blue and cold colours appear at the top and sides of the picture. As a proof of the veneration which the people of Cologne have for this magnificent work of art, I may inform you that, when it returned from the Louvre, it was carried in procession through the streets, and in front of the house of Rubens, where Professor Hardie delivered an eloquent oration on its merit: when it was taken to the church of St Peter, it was received by all the clergy in full costume, and with as much ceremony as if it had been St Peter himself that was visiting them.

This picture was a present to the church in which Rubens was baptized, and had its day of adversity.

The priests, ignorant of its merit and its value, placed it in some obscure place without any regard to its preservation: this circumstance reaching the ear of Rubens, he offered 5000 crowns to have it returned to him, assuring them it was one of the best pictures he had ever painted. The priests began to stare; and, awakened at length to a sense of the value, if not the merit, of the treasure which they possessed, they determined to keep it to themselves. They have done so, but the gentle hint has been the means of preserving the picture from destruction.—The font in which Rubens was baptized is shewn with great pride.

From the church we went to the house in which that great painter lived, No. 10, Rue de Tival. At present it is occupied by a coachmaker, who very politely shewed us every room. It is an excellent house still, and there is a good deal of ancient carving in one of the rooms, in which Mary of Medicis, after being forced to quit Paris, lived and died. She subsisted on the charity of the monks, for whom she entertained the most bigoted devotion; the leaden roof remains on which she walked.

In the cathedral we were shewn a picture by Filp Kalf, date 406, a painter of whom I never heard. The drawing and colouring are excellent, and in design it is not inferior; the subject is the adoration of the Magi. Can you imagine a work of Guido founded in some degree on a

fine specimen of Albert Durer? This will enable you to form some idea of the picture. In colour it is fresh as day, and Rubens himself might have been proud to own it. The Prince Royal of Prussia is getting a copy of part of the picture executed by an artist of Cologne. As far as he has gone, he is much inferior; spare and meagre in his colouring, without surface or that transparency which appears in the texture of the original. When the French were ransacking every church for celebrated works of art, the bishop had this picture covered with wax to hide it from their sacrilegious eyes. During the revolution, however, when Cologne was French, the clergy had the wax taken of, and hung up the picture, which the French government allowed to remain. So much for Filp Kalf, who, had he lived in the golden age of art, might have been not inferior to Raphael or Correggio. In some of the private houses I have seen many pictures of very early date, surprising in richness and colour, but in general very ill drawn, and as ill conceived. The *beau ideal* excited a little risibility; grace and purity of taste was acquired by slow degrees. Notwithstanding their many faults, however, I could trace in them several plagiarisms of Rubens and Vandyke.

I should have mentioned, that, in the cathedral may be seen the sculls of three kings who were said to have worshipped at the birth

of our Saviour. They were brought from Milan at the sacking of that city, and presented to the church by the Duke of Haenstoffen. I saw them not, notwithstanding they have rubies stuck in the sockets of their eyes. The manner of exhibiting them is rather curious. First a huge key is taken to open a door that leads to a coffer, which requires a second key to open it; this coffer contains a third key, which, being presented to a door within, discloses another coffer with a fourth key; this must be inserted into a padlock, which contains the key of the mysterious door leading to three white sculls adorned with precious stones! The names of the three kings were Caspor, Melihior, and Balthasar.

LETTER IV.

Husbandry—Bonn—Flying Bridge—Andernach—Coblentz—Neideringelheim—Castles on the Rhine—Mayance—Manheim—Heidelberg—Inns—Baden—Assembly—Anecdote of Napoleon—Anecdote of the Prince of Baden.

Baden, July 1816.

From Cologne to Bonn the country is flat, and presents few pleasing or interesting features. The roads are good; and in travelling along the Rhine the eye is gratified with some variety. The vineyards, however, do not contribute to the beauty of the scenery, any more than as many currant bushes. The vine is low, and totally devoid of picturesque effect. Husbandry, in all its details, seems to be here in a very backward state. Oxen, and sometimes even cows, are used instead of horses, to drag the heavy and unwieldy carts of the country. I sincerely wish some kind Briton would send the Germans a plough and a good model of a cart. Not a thrashing-machine is here to be seen. In short, they are a hundred years behind; yet the country looks well, and the crops, thanks to the fertility of the soil, are good. Their hay-fork is made exactly after the model of Neptune's trident.

Bonn is a pretty town. Some of the buildings

are regular and good; but the views on the Rhine are overpowered by the size of the river; the distant banks, and hills, and castles, shrink into nothing, and require to be assisted by the aid of stormy skies. This is all I can say of Bonn, and of the surrounding scenery. The flying bridge, or float, is curious, and large enough to take over 700 or 800 people at a time. It does not go across the river with its prow foremost, but, being moored to anchors in the middle of the river, it swings from one side to another, according to the direction of the helm, the current of the water being the only impelling force. It, of course, invariably arrives at the precise point of its destination, and generally in the same space of time.

On our way from Bonn to Andernach, we met with some fine subjects for the painter. Of these, the most interesting was an island containing a convent. It had all the appearance of a happy island,—crowned with lofty trees, beneath the shade of which the nuns might walk unseen, and enjoy the scenery. Its reflection in the river was unbroken and serene, saving a line of silver light, produced by a pendent branch, which hung on the glassy surface of the water. Rhynic, too, which stands upon a lofty bank, will not be passed without regret, if time will not permit delineation.

ANDERNACH, with its steeples and curious towers, affords a choice of picture seldom to be surpassed.

The towns which we have hitherto seen are mostly fortified, and the outworks are extremely beautiful, reminding one of the paintings of our favourite masters. We have only seen one intoxicated person since we came into this country. Indeed, the peasantry seem an honest, sober, and devout set of people. Yet we have been told, and by one that knows them well, that, after a hearty prayer or two, they think they have atoned for former sin, and are at liberty to proceed upon another score. If this charge is true, their appearance and external deportment are abundantly deceitful. I cannot soon forget a poor infirm old woman, whom I saw in a lonely sequestered church-yard, praying with much apparent fervour before a crucifix; her withered arms stretched out and opposed to the last golden streaks of the setting sun. She certainly was sincere, and who would not have wished that heaven might protect her?

On leaving Andernach, we found the banks of the Rhine studded with castles, some of them very picturesque, but generally much alike in situation and in form, and built upon a similar plan. The same high watch tower springs up in all of them.

COBLENTZ presents, to the man of taste, innumerable attractive subjects of study. The buildings, generally, are good, and associate well together. The Rhine flows beneath the walls, and brings up vessels of various descriptions, which take their part

with other objects, and form delightful composi- tions. The Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, in airy mantle, crowns the whole. This famous castle was destroyed by the French, along with every other building of note in the neighbourhood. Near the scene of ruin, there is a monument erected by the French, in commemoration of the Russian campaign under Napoleon the Great, in the year 1812. Underneath is written: "Seen and approved of by the Russian commandant at Coblentz, 1814." The towns are very unlike those of Scotland, singularly shaped and whimsical, both in their external and external appearance, with projecting roofs and narrow streets.

From Coblentz we proceeded to St Goar. The banks of the majestic Rhine are still covered with castles, villages, and towns; but what appears most remarkable to the traveller is the extent and luxuriance of the vineyards. Where can a market be found for all the wine which they must produce? The Rhenish wine from the butt is good. Hock is seldom met with by the traveller. The best is said to be made on the estate which now belongs to Marshal Blucher.

The village of Neideringelheim has little to recommend it, except the ruins of the Palace of Charlemagne. Of the marble pillars which once adorned it, none remain but a few paltry fragments in the church. Nevertheless, insignificant as they

appear, they will excite much interest, as associated with the memory of that illustrious prince.

I write to my friend as occasion will permit. On looking over my Journal, I find I have not noticed some of the villages, towns, and castles, which appeared to me to be admirable subjects for drawing. Capella, beyond Coblentz, Brawbach, Castle Mause, town of Wilmich, and Rheinfels, are all interesting; but they are eclipsed by the Castle of Rhinvald, whose varied towers and crumbling walls are irresistibly attractive to the painter. The castles of Rhinvald and Ehrenbreitstein, however, are the only two which can be compared to our magnificent castles in Wales. Though many of the others are very large, still they want that appearance of grandeur and strength, which so decidedly characterizes our noble buildings. At Bucharac are the remains of a Gothic chapel, situate above the town, upon a gently sloping hill, and well worthy of a little study.

Mayance we merely passed through, and crossed its bridge of boats. As a town, it is superior to Coblentz. The churches and the steeples are peculiar, but their red colour is not agreeable to the eye, especially as there is no green to harmonize with it. There was considerable bustle in the river; numerous boats and barges were plying in various directions, which gave it life and spirit. The white and fleecy clouds, when they appeared be-

hind the buildings, neutralized them, and rendered their colour more agreeable.

MANHEIM might perhaps be denominated a handsome town, were not the streets so much alike, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from another. The palace of the Duke of Baden is very extensive, but in bad repair. Its gallery of pictures is indifferent; and I may truly say, that, with the exception of half a dozen, the rest are trash. A little picture by Waterloo pleased me much; the subject was, a few trees, with a winding road and figures; the whole was well expressed, and finished without apparent labour. Indeed, I was surprised to see such a mellow production from the hand of such a master. The picture of Christ before Pilate, by Rembrandt, is the finest in the gallery, and may be said to shine among the dark and dismal works around it. I was pleased to see, in one apartment, a fine collection of the best English prints. Woolett's engravings seemed to be the favourites; they were elegantly framed, and some were proofs, on Indian paper. Formerly there was an academy in the palace, but it is now neglected. The Prince prefers smoking and drinking to encouraging the arts, or even to other duties of high importance.

HEIDELBERG was the next place of any note that we visited. Its castle and palace are superb, and far surpass in grandeur any thing we have yet seen

in Germany. Their commanding situation, upon the hill which overlooks the town, is peculiarly striking; and perhaps there are few objects better adapted to gratify the admirer either of beautiful nature or superior art. From the garden of the palace,—the composition of the buildings, with the flat country below; the sweeping river, reflecting the morning sun; the town enveloped in the curling smoke; the bridge and wooded banks are quite complete, and defy the pencil to surpass their charms. Of course, we saw the famous tun, now without a drop of wine. The French must have drunk hard, to have emptied such a wooden tower.

Our stay at Heidelberg was very short. Hitherto we have found the inns extremely comfortable; yet I wish that they were furnished with bells; or at least that those which are put up, were rendered serviceable. We have seen none that could be rung; and, to our surprise, we found a swallow's nest upon the hinge of one at Carlsruhe, in the principal room for strangers. The dress of the peasantry, male and female, is very fantastical, and extremely unbecoming. The men wear large cocked hats, while working in the fields; and the women are bundled up in such a quantity of clothes as entirely disguises their shape, and makes them appear as if they wore hoops. Their hats, too, are of a monstrous size, flat, and like a sieve upon their heads. Poppies, generally bearing a pale pink flower, seem

to be the principal crop, poppy'oil being an article in great request. Small chapels and crucifixes are very numerous along the roads, and seem to be regarded with great reverence. I remember only one instance of mud being thrown at them.

BADEN, a celebrated watering-place, will engage us for a day. It is seated among lofty wooded banks, and is as gay and lively as one can well imagine. Balls, fairs, libraries, public walks, and fashionable amusements, occupy the fleeting hours. We attended a grand assembly in the palace, where there were several princes, princesses, and nobility of various ranks and fortunes; and, notwithstanding the decorations of stars and ribbons, they were a sorry-looking set. In general the German ladies were not superior in appearance to the hostesses of our public-houses. The men were rather better; but, really, an ancient German baron is not the most magnificent thing that we can see. The Duchess of Ragusa eclipsed every figure of female kind; and, consequently, the glances of envy were seen flying from the strangest forms! There were, however, some pretty girls, and we found the Prince Royal of Baden chose them for his partners in the waltzes. The ball was on a Sunday evening!

Among the principal characters was the Countess of L——, who, I am informed, was so great a favourite of Murat's, that his queen thought proper to be a little jealous, and complained of her to

Napoleon, who gallantly threatened to insult the countess on the first opportunity that occurred. One evening, in his palace, he accidentally spilt some coffee on a lady's dress, and, turning to make his apology, he was suddenly smitten with her beauty. A pretty little flirtation commenced, in consequence of which he lost his heart. His fair conqueror was no other than the Countess L——, and his imperial majesty became the humble slave of the lady whom he had rashly threatened to affront. In return for her *sweet and condescending manners*, he married her to the Count of L. The Countess is now a widow, and, if I am not mistaken, is still employed by the God of Love to subdue the unwary heart.

Since I am in the way of gossiping, let me tell you that the Princess of Baden, daughter of Josephine, was forced upon the prince by Bonaparte, though his dislike for her was very great. Indeed, his highness would not live with her when Napoleon was in power, but no sooner was he forsaken by fortune, than he drew her to his bosom, and now imagines there is no such woman in the world. What think you of the magnanimity of this smoking prince?

The number of petty princes in Germany is much deplored by enlightened people. All of them are poor, which enables rich offenders to escape from justice. The other day a wealthy Jew committed mur-

der; he confessed the deed and was condemned; but his wealth afterwards purchased his acquittal. Now he is quite at large, following his pursuits as usual. Thank heaven! there are no such doings in good Old England!

The ancient castle of Baden stands on a romantic hill clothed with wood, forming part of the Black Forest. It is now a solitary ruin, and prodigious trees wave against its time-worn sides. On entering the subterraneous passages and dismal vaults, I heard the most tender strains of music; it was like enchantment for a time, and greatly excited my surprise; at last I discovered that it was the harp of Æolus—seeming to mourn for ancient times. The instrument had been placed among the crumbling walls by an Englishman of taste and feeling. Adieu; you shall hear from me when I reach Geneva.

LETTER V.

GENEVA.

Black Forest.—Hyrcanian Forest.—Basle.—Holbein.—Swiss Painters.—Scenery between Basle and Soleure.—Alps.—Swiss Cottages.—Orbe.—Lausanne.—Lake of Geneva.—Geneva.—Arve and Rhone.—Landscape-Painters.

WE left Baden on the 29th of July, and passed along the verge of the Black Forest, through many small and pretty towns. It was a market-day at Offenburg, and never certainly did I behold a more singular and strange looking peasantry. The women resembled bales of cloth, without form or shape, and the girls seemed bundles of the same material; not a pretty face was to be seen among them, old or young.

The character of the Black Forest, as seen from our road at the distance of four miles, was very picturesque. Castles appear on the tops of the hills, relieved by mountains covered with pines; behind them, the clouds frisked about, and offered, to our hearts content, incidental effects of the most delightful and varied character. I was as busy sketching in my mind, as if I had seriously set to work with my paper and my pencil. The steeple of Friburg is singularly beautiful; the spire, perforated in various ornaments, gives it a surprising elegance and lightness. From Fri-

bourg the Vosges on the right edge the rich and lovely plain of Alsace. All the mountains of the Hyrcanian Forest; on the left, except a few cultivated patches, are covered to the very tops with brushwood. The wild boar's haunts would be the painter's, were he safe from that ferocious animal.

No separation of property appears; and, indeed, the traveller might suppose himself in a nobleman's domains. There are no detached cottages, for the peasantry live in villages. The better sort of houses have a grand appearance, yet they are without comfort. Many of them are picturesque, but the woodwork in all is very clumsy and heavy, probably because timber is so abundant, that it may be had even for the cutting. When wood is scarce and dear, the smallest piece is turned to good account; and lightness and elegance are often suggested by necessity. Till wood becomes less plentiful, I am afraid we must not look for taste in German habitations.

The approach to Basle in Switzerland is delightful to the eye; the Rhine flows among rich meadows and fields of golden grain. As a town, Basle is by no means handsome. The streets are narrow, the houses white, with roofs of dark brown tiles: even from the river, including the ten arched bridge, it forms no picture.

In the principal library we saw some curious manuscripts, the proceedings of the Council of Basle, the Epistles of Erasmus, and other learned men, the four Evangelists in Greek of the tenth century, &c.

Holbein was a native of Basle, and it contains many of his works. In the library, in particular, several of them are to be seen: the cabinet, on which is painted Christ's passion, is extremely beautiful, without hardness. I was surprised to find a work of so much ease and splendour from the hand of this master, whose works, in general, are rather deficient in ease. His pictures of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More are full of nature.

A panorama of the Lac de Thun is on exhibition here, and, like the works of all the Swiss artists, is full of minute and trifling detail, without point or story; an insipid catalogue of objects, in which no one takes the lead. Why do they neglect the machinery of nature in such a country? Can they not seize the stormy skies, and fling them among the lofty pinnacles, and oppose the dark and solemn pines to virgin snows? Is the train of grandeur to be despised? Have the awful mountains, and stupendous precipices, no claims to those ghastly lights which, struggling in their progress from the sun through the clouds and storms of such sublime regions, reflect, as it were, upon the soul of man, and impress it with horror? Shame on the narrow mind that can see only a vapid outline, and paltry littleness!

From Basle we travelled to Soleure, meeting with castles, and ever-varying scenery. Some of the deep vales were clothed with black pines, and bounded by mountains of the deepest blue, with

mists and clouds clinging to their sides, and sometimes flying off with their feathery edges, tinged with the setting sun;—exciting in our minds the most romantic reveries. Imagine among these quiet and solitary scenes of grandeur, when, but one line of golden light was left to contend with purple darkness, the effect of the solemn toll of a cathedral bell, heard from afar. Ah! why, I know not; but it drew forth our tears.

The marble church of Soleure is very beautiful, and in good proportion; but marble does not please the eye so well as stone: it always interferes with other objects, and, as far as relates to landscape scenery, is too white and overpowering. On lofty mountains, however, and in dashing cataracts, white will always be agreeable, because it is natural.

Our first view of the Alps of the Grisons, with the young Frow piercing the horizontal clouds, was from the Lac de Bienne. Pictures give no idea of them, and I fear never can. The mind is struck with the wonderful work of God. Awe, solemn awe, fills the soul, in looking at these sublime productions of his hand. When the sun was set to the world below, and the blue smoke of the peaceful cottage was ascending through gloomy shade, the Alps were glowing in the heavens! The cottages of Switzerland are so well known to you, that I need not attempt to describe them; be it sufficient to say, that, as subjects for picture, they

are quite inimitable; but I must confess, I should in general prefer a part of one, with its interesting details, instead of a whole. The roof is often too high and unmeaning for painting.

In travelling through the Canton of Berne, I was surprised at first to see no chapels on the road; but recollecting that it is a Protestant canton, my wonder ceased. Shall I tell you, too, that the people had a more independent air, and were better dressed, than in the Catholic countries through which we have passed? Every canton has its own costume, but I found none sufficiently simple, except the purple vest, white sleeves, and straw hat. The good people here are all too fond of show.

The country, from the Lac de Bienne to Neufchatel, is quite a country for a painter; water, wood, and mountain in fine combination, continually solicit attention. Orbe, partly built by the Romans, stands prettily on a rising ground, and I think is fully as picturesque as any town we have yet seen in Switzerland. But Lausanne, which we afterwards met with on the Lake of Geneva, eclipses all; nor can one well conceive a more romantic town. And certainly, if ever there was an effect perfectly suitable to it, it was that which we were so fortunate as to see. The town, with its castle and various ornamented towers and spires, was finely opposed to the distant mountains, which were in delightful obscurity, and so reflected in the lake, that it was impossible to perceive the horizontal line: some white sails

were seen, as it were, suspended in the vapour ; and the tops of the hills, which were above the silver mist, were smiling in the rosy gleam of the parting day. The spires upon the towers, however, are certainly too small, and too sharp for the size of the buildings.

The Lake of Geneva is finest at Lausanne. There are, however, innumerable noble scenes as we advance to Geneva, especially at Secheron, looking towards Mount Blanc, which, though at the distance of sixty miles as the crow flies, appears an enormous mountain, towering over a succession of stupendous hills!

You will naturally expect me to say a word or two about Geneva. No doubt, it is an interesting town in appearance, but it wants feature, and surely is not to be compared to Lausanne, either in regard to situation or pictaresque beauty. Perhaps I may be speaking treason ; but such is my own feeling, and it is that, I know, which you wish me to communicate. The houses of the former are better, more uniform and comfortable ; but there is a certain charm in the irregularity of the latter, which addresses itself to the mind, and I should think would always command the preference.

The water from the Lake of Geneva is of a deep blue colour, and as it appears passing the washing boats on the Rhone, near the bridge, one would imagine it was impregnated with dye. In a glass it is quite clear, without the slightest tinge.

The contrast of the Arve and the Rhone surprised me much, the latter being of the hue of whitish clay; the line between them was distinctly drawn, as they flowed along, and it is not till some time that the Rhone allows the muddy Arve to mingle with its pellucid water. The waves, too, of each are different, those of the Rhone are large and sweeping, while those of the Arve are more disturbed and broken. Both rivers seem a little unnatural in colour, and would not be preferred in painting; yet, as they are full of character, they must be represented as they are, and the eye will accommodate itself to their appearance. But the judicious artist will choose the season which will permit him to adopt such opposing tints, as will render them not unpleasing in picture, without departing from truth.

Some landscape painters live in the house which Voltaire fitted up as a theatre. Those gentlemen say, that they paint their pictures chiefly in the field: if so, it is surprising that there should be so little truth in any of their works. Such as are wedded to systems, and can see nature through them only, had better stay at home; they will never be able to discover and appreciate her varied charms. In speaking of nature, I do not wish to be understood as meaning a few individual scenes; but as referring to the nature of a country in general; the collective perfections, and points of character, which satisfy the eye. Much may be gained, no doubt,

by studying single views or objects; but comprehensive and distinguishing qualities are only obtained and felt by extensive investigation. Our celebrated Turner is remarkable for this; he does nothing at random; every colour has a meaning, every contrast has a purpose, and all tending to give that full and perfect impression which alone can gratify the mind. *

* Among some of the finest arrangements of colour in Swiss scenery, which I have selected from nature, I will venture to mention the three following: first, a splendid luminous effect with the sun upon the various objects; secondly, a simple effect of light and shadow; and lastly, a stormy effect. These arrangements will always produce a characteristic and pleasing harmony.

First Effect.

The sky is of a pure and delicate blue, with horizontal streaks of pale grey inclining to purple. If clouds are introduced, they should be light, yet chaste and subdued. Pure snowy Alps with little shadow; to these were opposed clay-coloured rocks sprinkled with snow; next to these faint reds and sulphur-coloured vegetation. In the middle division of the scene appeared greens of a decided colour, and brownish grey rocks; approaching nearer the eye, dark and solemn pines, reddish and fawn coloured rocks. On the fore-ground crimson brown and pure greens with rich and powerful yellow, mingling with a variety of grey coloured earths. The great light was on the snowy mountains, and the deepest colour of the scene appeared below the most luminous part not immediately opposed to it, but in such a situation that the eye could take in at one glance the extremes of light and depth of colour, without the one intruding on the other.

Second Effect.—Simple Light and Shade.

White mountains opposed to a pearly coloured cloudy sky, with streaks of pure blue, the shadows of the snow cold and of a silvery grey; different mountains in shade of various tones of grey, reddish or warmer as they advanced, with snow thinly scattered on their summits, and in the deep ravines, combining the distant Alps with the subordinate mountains which advanced towards the eye. Clay and fawn coloured rocks, dark neutral green, a succession of faint green, olive, orange, yellow, reddish fawn, and a kind of *satin wood* hue of grey.

The drapery of the figures white, red, and dark brown.

Storm.

In the sky dark and mysterious hues of grey; some approaching to blue; brassy-coloured hues mingled with solemn purple. Pure snow partly seen through clouds, and upon pinnacles above the storm. The snow in the shadow of a bluish cast, sometimes opposed against faint uncertain tones of yellow, or compound obscurity of strange and seemingly inharmonious colours of portentous aspect; whitish, copper-coloured dusky falling showers, grey rocks, but solemn in tone, and illuminated at top, and springing from misty vales: next; brown rocks and heathy mountains. Black pines, with red and grey stems, crumbling earths of various colours, drab, yellow, and pearly greys. The vegetation quite upon the eye, *brown*, subdued orange, and warm greens.

LETTER VI.

MILAN.

Vales of Cleuse and Servos.—Vale of Chamouni.—Alpine Scenery.—Valossen and Tetenoire.—Trient.—Plain of the Valais.—Simplon.—Domo d'Ossola.—Lago Maggiore.—Milan.—Leonardo da Vinci.—Ambrosian Library.—Appearance of Milan.

From Geneva to Chamouni we passed through the vales of Cleuse and Servos; and surely if there is any mountain scenery deserving the admiration of the painter or the poet, it will be found in those tremendous valleys; encompassed by hills, seven, eight, and nine, thousand feet in height; whose summits, arresting the fleecy clouds, as they would sweep along the skies, throw them into a thousand fantastic shapes. Beyond the Lac de Shad, how awefully do the gigantic mountains rear their majestic heads! Mount Blanc, and its grand aiguille the Dome de Goutie, covered with eternal snows!

In the vale of Chamouni, people of all nations meet to see its bordering wonders: the Aiguille de Medi, and de Dreux pinnacles, on Mount Blanc, and the glaciers, with their green spears of ice pointing up to heaven. The summit, too, of Mount Blanc itself, towering far above the region of clouds and tempests, and smiling in perpetual serenity, seems to court affinity with another world, and for-

cibly reminds us of the beautiful simile suggested to Goldsmith by the sublime scenery of the Alps:

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

DESERTED VILLAGE.

Placed amidst these tremendous solitudes, while the dreary silence that reigns around is broken only by the occasional thunder of the avalanches, the proudest of mankind must be overpowered with a sense of human weakness, and in silent adoration do homage to Almighty power.

Such were our feelings; but they were rendered inconceivably more intense when we cast our eyes on those miserable beings in human form, the Cretans and those deformed by goitres, who dwell among these scenes of grandeur. It seemed as if the Creator intended to impress on our minds, that, sublime as these manifestations of his power might appear to us, they were in his own sight as nothing compared with the nobler works of creation, since he allowed them to be inhabited by beings incapable of even perceiving their magnificence.

On leaving Chamouni we travelled through the valley of Valossen and the Tetenoire, crossed the Fourcloy, and left the Col de Balme upon our right. Nature seems to have indulged herself in

every fancy in those extraordinary regions. The black banners of the lofty pine, 150 and 180 feet in height, waved upon the mountains, as if death and destruction had here fixed their abode! and soon we found acres of fallen trunks, mixed with ice and snow; some with their roots uppermost, howling in the storm, and seeming to complain of avalanches and ruin! Here, while we stood upon the torn sides of a precipice, and heard the waters roaring, though unseen below, we felt an emotion of awe, of which all the ravines and cataracts in your own country can impart no idea.

We slept at Trient, a small village about 4000 feet high among the mountains; a wild and singular scene! Every cottage is supported on posts, to prevent the rats and the other vermin from entering them. In the morning we departed for Martigny, crossing various mountains, which, though sublime, were not to be compared to those which we left the preceding evening. The pine was exchanged for ancient larches of prodigious size. Most of them, near the path, were burnt half way up by the almost frozen shepherds of these inclement regions. As we descended towards Martigny, the rich and fertile plain of the Valais appeared below bounded by lofty mountains,—and never did I behold a sight more beautiful. The clouds were playing among the hills, and the sun seemed to enjoy their sport; he gilded their fair sides with gold, and the mists threw their grey mantle over

wood and vale, while the pinnacles and the aspiring rocks alone caught the yellow radiance of heaven. The noble chesnut trees, just above Martigny, were such as would have been admired and pourtrayed by Salvator Rosa, or Nicolas Poussin. The scenery, as we approached Sion, and around Sion itself, surpasses all that painter's fancy ever conceived. Nature, when she pleases, far surpasses art!

I would be particular in my descriptions, were I not afraid of being tiresome. Switzerland, too, its government, manners, peasantry, and almost every patch of ground, are so well known, that I feel myself at liberty to omit details. Let me then shortly tell you, that from Sion we journeyed on to Brigg, and from thence began to ascend the Simplon, (6000 feet in height,) the most romantic way of entering into Italy. Much could be said of ice, and snow; and pine, and "the noble frenzy in which nature wantons." All is grand, but not so well adapted for the canvas as the other mighty scenes which we have passed. The Italian side perhaps is best. Nothing can be more extravagantly wild than the close ravines, and naked rocks without a tree; the road winding among innumerable projections and threatening precipices, and sometimes passing through galleries in the solid rock, while a wicked noisy stream accompanied us all the way.

Domo d'Ossola was the first Italian town which we entered; and a beautiful little town it is, seated in a plain, and surrounded by hills and wooded banks,

which are studded with buildings, different in character from those of Switzerland. The roofs of the houses are not so high, nor are they broken by so many chimneys. Every traveller in Piedmont is in love with Domo d'Ossola. As we proceeded thence to Milan, the Lago di Maggiore gleamed before us a considerable part of our way, and a more delightfully embellished lake you can hardly conceive. Its islands are covered with buildings, and the mountains which bound the views are of the finest forms, not overpowering the expansive mirror which reflects the Italian skies. This celebrated lake may be said to have two characters; when we look towards Milan it is beautiful, but when we cast our eye back towards the Alps it appears extremely grand, as, indeed, you may well suppose, when I tell you, that it reflects Mount Rosa, and the great St Bernard. On the road to Milan, we did not meet with much to interest us in the way of picture; the country is flat, and richly covered with vines and Indian corn.

Milan, the second city in Italy, may be said to be invisible, till we are close upon its gates. When we entered at mid-day, we found the streets deserted, except by a few brown Italians, without shoes or stockings. In the cool of the evening, however, there was a great display of well dressed people, and innumerable carriages. The streets, paved with flag stones, are narrow and uncomfortable, and not to be compared to those of London.

As we could afford to spend only a short time in this interesting place, we hastened to see the painting of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, on the wall of what was formerly the Dominican Convent, and lately a barrack for soldiers! This picture was said to be the greatest work of that celebrated master. Leonardo, fond of experiment, had made use of some improper mixture in his process, which, added to the various vicissitudes of its fate, hastened its destruction. It is truly distressing to see its sad condition;—the whole of the left end being covered with grey stains, which involve the figures in general obscurity. The head of Christ, St John, and the two heads near our Saviour on the right, are the only ones entire. Judas is greatly damaged, and the drapery of the third figure is quite destroyed. The whole is covered with dust, any attempt to remove which could hardly be advised, the blisters on the picture are so numerous, and so easily displaced by the slightest touch. Notwithstanding its being partly repainted by Pietro Mazzi, and the other disadvantages under which this work appears, it has a good general and soft effect, not unlike the print by Morghen. The colouring is chaste and silvery, and the finishing uncommonly careful and delicate.

In the Ambrosian library there is a huge volume of scraps in mechanics, mathematics, and painting, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is shown with great pride, and perhaps contains some valuable information; the drawings were indifferent, and I must confess

I was surprised to see a number of caricatures of monsters, unworthy of the pencil of such a painter. Besides this book, there is the famous Virgil written by Petrarch. It is beautiful no doubt, and must have required an amazing time to finish it: but was Petrarch well employed in this mechanical and school-boy drudgery? The Academy contains some Cartoons, and sketches by various masters. The Cartoon of the war of Constantine against Maxentius, said to be by Raphael, is spirited and free; the horses, in particular, are admirable, and full of fire. Some slight sketches by Michael Angelo, and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, likewise grace the walls, and incapacitate us for doing justice to inferior pictures of Bassan and Brueghel. There is likewise a considerable collection of casts from the antique, and from the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo. Adam is by much too old, and Eve too masculine.

The plain on which Milan stands is level as the sea: we were obliged, therefore, to mount a steeple in order to obtain a view of the buildings, several of which are very beautiful. The cupola or dome prevails, but is in general diminutive. As the houses are built chiefly of brick, their appearance is not pleasing to the eye; and, indeed, it is some time before we look for elegance or regularity of form in structures of such materials. The Cathedral, which is of white marble, does not seem to be in good company: its pinnacles and spires seek

the sky for harmony. Considering the enormous sum which this building must have cost, it has a certain air of flimsiness, blended with its character of elegance and lightness, and exciting regret for so useless a waste of money. This we feel the more, when we cast our eyes upon the wretched looking peasantry.

LETTER VII.

PARMA.

Lodi.—Piacenza.—Francisco Mochi.—Cathedral.—Church of St Augustine.—Church of St John.—Parma.—Correggio.—Parmigiano.—Paintings by Correggio.—Caracci's.—Schidone.—Guercino.—Procaccini.—Prize Pictures.—Library.—Museum of Antiquities at Veleja.

THE bridge of Lodi is a long wooden structure, supported on stakes driven into the bed of the Adda. In length it may be about 250 yards; in breadth not more than 20 feet; and I should think nearly 14 feet in height. The river flows close under the walls of the town of Lodi, which is situated on a slight eminence, and is of considerable extent. In the month of May, when the snow begins to melt in the Apennines, the Adda is very rapid; communicating with the Po, it enables Lodi to carry on a considerable commerce with Venice, and various towns to which that great river opens an access. The principal export is the well known Parmasan cheese. The cattle are black, small, and short horned, about the size of the Lowland breed in Scotland. Water is in great abundance, and the country, in its general aspect, is not unlike the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge. The husbandry is neat and clean; the fields are divided with rows of willow and pop-

lar; and water is often conveyed through the grounds for the purpose of irrigation. The Austrian government, we learned, is by no means popular in Lodi. The taxes are high, and the revenue is expended in Vienna. Every where Napoleon's coins are current; and, what is curious, they are struck at Milan, which belongs to Austria, as if the Austrian government still retained a feeling of partiality and of expectation towards the exiled Napoleon.

On entering Piacenza, we met with several carriages, as yet a rare sight in Italy. We were pleased with the general appearance of business and active employment amongst the inhabitants, and equally pleased, that we were less tormented by the clamorous importunities of idle mendicants. From the scarcity of stone, of which there is no supply nearer than the quarries at the Lago Maggiore, the houses and public buildings are mostly constructed of brick; and (so excellent a teacher is necessity) the ornaments and enrichments are in many instances made of the same material, and have a good effect. The town house, with its Saxon arches and reticulated brick work, is in its effect broad and grand. I can say little, however, in commendation of the colossal equestrian figures of Alexander and Ranutius Farnese which appear in front, further than that they are done in a clever manner. Francisco Mochi was not an artist of transcendent merit; yet the basso relievos on the

pedestal are good, though the style of executing them is faulty, and gives them the appearance of plates of bronze placed above each other, rather than of fair and manly workmanship, and is certainly much inferior to flat relief.

In the Cathedral there are many paintings of great celebrity: those especially by Ludovico, and Annibal Caracci, are characterized by a happy union of simplicity and dignity. The dome, too, painted by Guercino and Marozzone, representing the apostles, is a rich feast of colouring; and Procaccini's works on the roof of the quire abound in admirable design. His picture likewise of the Assumption, which was taken by the French and almost destroyed, is the ruin of a superior work of art; the angel is excellent, and the buildings in good taste. Franceschini's frescoes are light and free; and perhaps that style is better adapted to a gloomy situation, where there is a deficiency of light, than works of a deeper tone of colour. Some other pictures of considerable merit are hung upon the walls: that of Landi's of the Death of the Virgin will claim a passing glance, though the virgin is much too large, and the angels exhibit an unnecessary display of legs and arms. The Marquis Cerati's painting is likewise good in colour and design.

The Façade of the church of St Augustine, by Bagarotti, is beautiful in its proportions; but we were much inclined to think, that, to clear away the

angels, bishops, and festoons of flowers, would be a great improvement, as the Ionic order does not admit such obtrusive ornament. Napoleon suppressed the monastery belonging to this church, and now it is a manufactory of the liquor called Rosolio: the church itself, when we saw it, was used as a place for painting scenes for the theatre! On the wall of the refectory there is a fresco painted by Lamazzo of the Vision of St John, bearing date 1567. A traveller, who had a moment to command, might see it, and perhaps he would not be altogether disappointed.

We were tempted to visit the church of St John, from an account which we had heard of two pictures painted by Camuccini and Landi, rival artists of great name now in Italy. The former is a native of Florence, the latter of Piacenza: Camuccini's picture is the Presentation in the Temple, and Landi's, Christ Bearing the Cross: both are extremely good. Taste, drawing, and composition, characterize the work of Camuccini; but, for want of glazing, his colouring is poor and vapid; his draperies, too, are occasionally somewhat heavy, and his figures hard and liney; the whole, however, shews an elegant mind and a ready pencil. Landi excels in colouring and effect, with perhaps a greater degree of nature and expression than his rival. Landi would be preferred in England, and Camuccini on the Continent.

The country between Piacenza and Parma is a

uniform level: the landscape presents no prominent features, and no object is to be seen till you approach very near it. This, indeed, is the character of the whole plain of Lombardy. The fields are clothed in the richest pasture, but not a horse, a cow, or a sheep, is to be seen. I do not remember to have observed a hay-stack except one. Oxen are used in the plough, and are occasionally decorated with fringed cloth and tassels. At San' Donino, the Jesuits' college is turned into a workhouse;—one of Napoleon's *wicked* deeds.

Parma is a most delightful town, possessing a thousand charms for the man of taste, literature, or science. The paintings, libraries, and anatomical preparations, have great attractions.

In the cupola of the church of Saint John there is an admirable painting in fresco by Correggio, representing Christ among his Apostles in Heaven: the figures are remarkable for grandeur of design, breadth, and simple colouring. The Chace of Diana, too, in the chamber of Saint Paul, in the Benedictine Convent, said to be by the same masterly hand, but of deeper tone of colour, highly finished, and altogether expressive of a noble mind, entertaining splendid views of art. Adjoining to the chamber of Saint Paul is an apartment painted by Parmigiano; but the multiplicity of ornament and little figures distracts the eye. The design of Parmigiano, however, though deficient in the simplicity which characterizes the paintings in the chamber of

St Paul, abounds in exquisite details; and the small pictures which are surrounded with ornament are full of taste. Many plagiarisms have been made from them by modern masters; and, if I am not mistaken, Titian himself has borrowed from the Murder of the Innocents for his celebrated picture of Bacchus and Ariadne.

The painting in fresco, by Correggio, which adorned the dome or cupola of the cathedral, is hastening to decay; yet it exhibits many figures quite entire, surprising us, by tasteful contrivance, by the natural appearance of the foreshortening, and the intimate knowledge of the human figure in every attitude. Both in this picture, which represents the Assumption, and his picture of the Apostles in Heaven, there is little variety of colour. Red and brown seem to take the lead, and blue and cool colours are used but sparingly. The limbs of the figures are strong and muscular, which gives a robust and powerful expression to his figures, perhaps a little out of character. In the gallery of the academy, the fresco picture of the Virgin and Child, known by the name of the Madona della Scalla, is a most exquisite specimen of ideal beauty and affection. Perhaps Correggio, more than any other painter, possessed the power of embodying the sentiments of the mind, and of sustaining that idea of character which he intended to express. Yet, without speaking treason, I may venture to say, that, in the fresco picture, in the library, of Christ crown-

ing the Virgin, the Virgin wants that retiring modesty, which is expressive of her character; and that our Saviour appears too old, his arms, meagre, and very poorly drawn: the picture, however, has been greatly injured, and peinte mentos (or corrections) are seen in the defective parts.

To the expeditious manner in which the fresco pictures have been executed, I am persuaded we owe much of the broad and noble style in painting. The process admits of no delay, excludes all trifling details, and, as it were, forces the painter to keep to general expression alone. The peculiar process and manner of its drying also gave an opportunity of introducing firm and decided pencilling. Oil painting, however, having the advantage of refined delicacy of finishing and colour, and that fascinating transparency of shadow which gives such an appearance of reality, while it is not prejudicial to dignity of style, has been preferred by the great masters for their choicest works. But Correggio has concentrated the perfections of oil and fresco, in a higher degree than any other master; and may be said to stand alone in all the power of colour, light, and shade, united with grace and beauty. He who beholds the picture of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus, Mary Magdalene and Saint Jerome, (now in Parma in Correggio's room,) must confess it has no equal. Where is there such delicacy as in Mary Magdalene? where such a prostrate soul in adoration? The Ma-

dona della Scudella, or the Repose in Egypt, (in the same room,) is also by Correggio; and, next to the last mentioned picture, is perhaps the finest work of this master in Parma. The harmony of lines, producing the most agreeable effect, exhibits a profound knowledge of art, and the eye is not distracted by any unpleasing interruption. The glory of the angels flows with the forms of the clouds, the clouds with the palm leaves, and those are taken up by the figures. Nor was it uninstructing to observe the general form of the light in those celebrated pictures. In the latter, beginning at the top of the picture, and finishing at the feet of the Virgin, it had something of the shape of an S reversed, with about a third part taken off the bottom of the letter. The construction of the light, in the picture of the Virgin and Mary Magdalene, is, on the other hand, like the figure of a small h: these lights were surrounded by various cool and harmonizing hues of dusky red and blue, joined to the principal colours of the pictures, which were chiefly purple, white, yellow, flesh, crimson tones, and blue. In pencilling, the pictures exhibit no markings or touches of the brush, except in the draperies, which are freely painted and richly glazed, and at the same time carefully and exquisitely finished. In these remarks I allude principally to the two celebrated pictures which I have just described. The paintings by Correggio in the same apartment, are in his se-

cond manner, and not so pleasing in their composition, colouring, or expression.

The gallery contains many paintings of great merit, but none of the highest class. Ludovico Caracci's pictures of the ASSUMPTION and DEATH OF THE VIRGIN are by no means pleasing. They are certainly too heavy, and the Virgin is by much too short. These pictures are badly hung: paintings, in which the figures are of a colossal scale, should never be placed with others, in which they are less than the size of nature; the one is always injurious to the other. The Virgin and Child, with Saint Catherine and Saint John, by Ludovico Caracci, is an exquisite picture, and almost without a fault. Annibal Caracci's Deposition of Christ is likewise greatly admired; but it has a defect, and a very great one;—the figures are looking out of the picture, and not attending to the subject. This, indeed, is often the case with pictures in every other respect of transcendent merit, and may perhaps arise from the studies for the painting being taken from living models, whose eyes, turned towards the painter, instead of assuming the proper direction, are inadvertently represented by him, according to their actual appearance.

Schidone is a favourite master here. To my eye, his execution intrudes upon his subject, his shadows are much too black, and his lights too strong, without middle tint to blend them with each other. His picture of the Last Supper has both *taste* and

repose. Before our Saviour is placed a *lamb roasted whole*; and a figure is seen sleeping by his side. But these extravagancies excepted, the figures are full of character, well painted, and free of spots. Guercino has a little of Schidone's error;—his shadows are opaque and too strong. Michael Angelo Caravaggio's bold opposition has misled many masters of superior mind; even Guido has imitated him. Procaccini produces more effect with fewer materials than almost any other master; his gradations of brown with little colour are very pleasing. Simple unity of colour, indeed, will always charm, even should it not be perfect; on the contrary, when the eye is assailed by injudicious force and spotty nothings, the mind revolts, and perhaps may be unjust to other parts deserving praise.

In the room containing the prize pictures by modern artists, we saw little to admire, except the mere drawing of the figures, in a sort of cold semi-accurate style. In colouring, they are gaudy, without splendour or richness, and the whole collection seems as if painted by the same hand. In short, they have no originality. The ancient statues seem to be their guide, but they never seize the spirit of them, nor look into the source from which all their perfection is derived. Nature is held as nothing, or unworthy of being consulted; and, consequently, a mawkish insipidity prevails in all, and we leave the collection with the impres-

sion that the artists can never improve. In portrait painting they are even worse; I refer all men of taste to the picture of Maria Louisa, painted by the professor of the academy, to make their comparison between that and British art.

The casts from the antique statues are numerous and good; but, on seeing the use which is made of them, I secretly wished they had rather had some natural objects, and costumes of various ages, with other necessary materials for picture. *

We have merely walked through the principal library. The catalogues are contained in 384 boxes, 100 cards in each box. The few individuals that were sitting at the solitary tables, impressed me with the idea that Parma would not be much the wiser with its 80,000 volumes. The anatomical preparations in *wax* are accounted extremely fine; but from a conversation I have had with one of the first anatomists of the present time, I conclude that they are of little use. In the museum forming of the antiquities lately discover

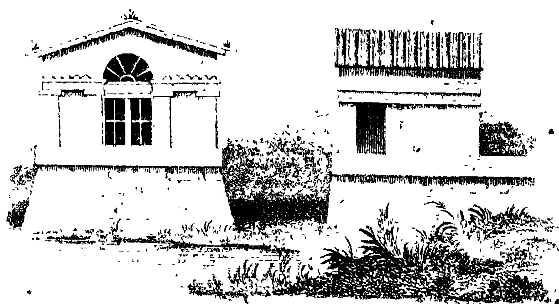
* A young artist, on commencing his profession, has not often the means of procuring the various and essential *material* for his subject. A museum containing every possible variety, *always at command*, would certainly be desirable. He may see much in various collections, but, to derive due benefit from them, he ought to have the power of placing them as he might choose, either with regard to light and shade, or grouping. Our excellent artist, Mr William Allan of Edinburgh, I have no doubt, has found his museum of the greatest service.

ed at Valeia in the Apennines, near Vicenza, are some very curious remains of ancient art in bronze and marble; domestic utensils and ornaments of various kinds; ancient *window glass, very thick*, cut crystal, and specimens of porcelain.

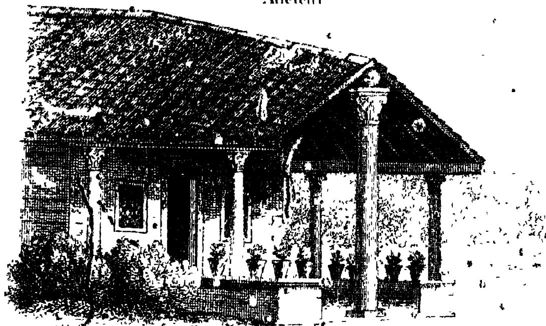
To-morrow we depart for Bologna, from whence I shall send you some account of the galleries there, as well as that of Modena, which we shall take in our way.



Near Florence



Ancient



g Near Lecco

LETTER VIII.

MODENA AND BOLOGNA.

Modena.—The Palace and Pictures.—Academy, and ancient and modern Paintings.—Bologna.—Pictures returned from Paris.—Paintings from the Suppressed Monasteries.—Mariscalchi Palace and Pictures.—Church of San Petronico.—Fountain in the Piazza del Giganti.—View from the Tower of Asinelli.

On our journey from Parma to Modena, we frequently saw ploughs drawn by six or eight oxen on light soil. The mendicants increased in number as we advanced; and what may appear surprising, these people, though given to the despicable practice of begging, live in handsome houses: indeed, we have met with none of the poorest class of cottages since we entered Italy. The country is quite enchanting, and no one could suppose there was here any want of wealth or comfort:—one glance, however, at the peasantry, and the spell is broken.

Modena is a beautiful town; the streets are regular, with some display of architecture, and the houses on arcades, though not in taste, are light and airy. Agreeably to etiquette, we saw the palace first. It is a splendid structure, far surpassing the palaces of England's King; but, thank

heaven! in our country we have not the distressing contrast of a starving population around.

In the Grand Saloon, Venchensi and Mengelli, two Bolognese artists of great promise, were employed in imitating some of the basso relievos. In this department, the Italian artists certainly excel, even to deception. Twenty of the choicest pictures, carried off by Buonaparte from this palace, are retained in Paris, yet there still remains here a good display of art. Nogaro's copy of the Notte, or night-piece, representing the Nativity of Christ, proves the grandeur of the original by Correggio, which adorned the palace of Parma. The infant Jesus is clothed in light, expressive of divinity, and the radiant effect illuminates the surrounding figures: how sublime the thought,—that we might not look upon the Son of God as on a child of man,—or approach him without brightening in the radiance of divinity.

Titian's heads are full of truth and dignity. Guido's Christ upon the Cross is chaste and delicate, and the expression of the countenance most affecting. The martyrdom of St Peter by Guercino is likewise well conceived, and certainly less revolting to our feelings, than the horrid work of nailing to the cross. The saint, about to be crucified, looks to heaven; an angel gives him confidence, and he submits with resignation. The works of Dossi Dossot are something in the style of Titian, displaying genius and an elevated mind. Of Carlo Dolci's

works there are but few in Modena: a pretty simple head is all that we have seen, but it is a lovely gem of finishing and taste, even with its *gilded glory*. The pictures of Garofolo abound in beauty, though the drawing is rather hard and dry. I hope to see more splendid pictures by Tintoretto and Salvator Rosa: those of the latter in this collection are full of mannerism and bad material. Perhaps the finest picture in the palace is the Angel at the Tomb by Agostino Caracci: its simplicity and sentiment address the mind through expressive colouring.

In the room of drawings there is much to study. Nothing can be more instructing than designs by the ancient masters. In them we may perceive the various changes of thought, and, tracing the reason why one line is chosen in preference to another, may discover a rule that may guide us to improvement.

When we arrived at Bologna, the columns of the Arcades were *clothed* in silk, and rich webs were hung from every window, in honour of the Madonna of Succor. Well-dressed people were collected in innumerable groupes, and joy and gaiety seemed the order of the day.

The Academy is open, and many of the works of the modern artists and amateurs are on exhibition. The display is poor, and the pictures are so much like those of Parma, that it might be sup-

posed they were painted by the same hands. The only thing that looks like nature is a copy, in chalk, of *Wilkie's Jews' Harper*. There are likewise some pretty good imitations of Wollett's prints in Indian ink. The landscapes are generally bad, vapid in colouring, and seemingly made up of scraps from Claude and Gaspar Poussin, exhibiting no originality, *not one glance at nature*.

The gallery of the academy contains a regular series of ancient pictures from Giotto up to Domenichino: they are not the best specimens of the various masters, yet the series is extremely curious, and distinctly shows the slow but regular progress towards perfection. From these pictures, it is very evident, that *individual* nature had not been adopted for their study, as in the Dutch and Flemish schools. Even from its commencement, and in their earliest attempts, the Bolognese school, and, indeed, all the Italian painters, have had a notion of *general* nature, and abstract ideas of dignity and beauty. The ray was feeble, but it has guided these celebrated masters to all their greatness. Would it not be instructing to trace the progress of that school, which is founded on simple nature only, and to contrast it with the higher mode of study? Such an investigation might conduct to discovery and to important results.

Bologna's pictures, now restored from Paris, are certainly the finest we have seen in Italy,—always, however, excepting Correggio's incompar-

able works at Parma. They are twelve in number, painted by the following masters: Perugino, Raphael, Domenichino, Agostino Caracci, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Cavedone, and Guercino.

Perugino's painting of the ANGEL AND ST CATHERINE is well composed, and free from that hardness which is characteristic of his style. The colouring too is clear, and pleasing, and, generally speaking, it has no peculiarity or stiffness. In this picture, it is not difficult to recognize the master of the immortal Raphael.

His painting of ST CECILIA, Raphael has happily succeeded in animating with the heavenly expression which he had conceived, and may be said to have embodied the lightening of the mind! The unalloyed purity, undisturbed by useless and meretricious details, captivates the soul; and no one can leave this noble picture of Raphael, without an elevating sense of the genius and dignity of man.

Domenichino's MARTYRDOM OF ST AGNES is splendid in colour and effect. The MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY, by the same master, is quite superb, but the drawing is not so chaste as that of Raphael's; neither is the composition perfect. Both pictures seem divided in the middle, exciting the idea, that, if cut in two, they might form separate and entire pictures. It is to be wished, too, they had been less spotty in the lights.

Agostino Caracci's picture of the ASCENSION OF

ST PETER is painted in a low tone, with a mysterious and sublime effect; but, unfortunately, it was hung near Domenichino's, and looked a little heavy.

THE ANGEL AND VIRGIN, by Annibal Caracci, is chaste in design and delicate in colour, with a supernatural appearance, which leads the mind to another world.

Guido's MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS is remarkable for expression. Such looks of innocence would have stayed a murderer's arm.

The painting of ST ALO AND ST PATRONICA, by Cavedone, is broad in style, and full of nature.

The pictures collected from the suppresed monasteries are exhibited in an extensive gallery. Most of them are by early masters, and not very captivating to the eye; the best is a CRUCIFIXION by Guido, which may rank, indeed, with any of his finest paintings. Domenichino has not scrupled to take the figure of Peter the martyr, in Titian's celebrated picture at Venice, and introduce it in the MURDER OF A DOMINICAN MONK. It is generous in one great man to take from another; there cannot be a more unequivocal way of expressing approbation.—We heard much of a famous painting of CHRIST by Correggio, in the Mariscalchi Palace. We found it overrated, yet certainly it is a splendid picture. The Saviour of the World is seated in glory; but the face, though mild and full of compassion, wants divine expression. The figure, too,

has a diminutive appearance, which certainly is not in character. Many other paintings in the Mariscalchi Palace are very fine; and it was a happy relief to meet with pictures of the Flemish school, after seeing such tiresome repetitions of scriptural subjects. It would be endless to describe them. Let it then be sufficient to say, that the collection is miscellaneous, and not unworthy of the attention of the traveller.

Many of the churches have admirable pictures. In those of St Catherine and St Paul, and La Madonna, will be found paintings by Schidone, Cignani, Guercino, Lodovico Caracci, Andrea del Sarto, &c. Under the arcades of the monasteries, there are innumerable frescoes representing miracles performed by the monks; and many of them are in good taste, though the painters' names are not upon the roll of fame.

The interior of the church of San Petronio is striking and grand; every insignificant circumstance is kept out of sight, and its general character preserved entire. Near this church, in the Piazza del Giganti, is the celebrated STATUE OF NEPTUNE, by John of Bologna. Yet, notwithstanding all the praise which has been bestowed on it, it appeared to me *theatrical* from every point of view, except the front. The design of the fountain is undoubtedly good; but, to a British eye, the accompanying mermaids, pressing their breasts, do not appear in taste.

From the top of the tower of Asinelli, a tall unstable-looking building, 476 feet in height, the fertile plain of Lombardy appears like a map beautifully illuminated, with gilded towers and buildings of various character from east to west. The Apennines exhibit a semicircle of pleasing forms, robed in snow. The long straight road to Loretto fades away in the horizon, even from so great an elevation. Bologna itself, with its towers, places, churches and monasteries, forms innumerable pictures; and it may be truly said, that the charms of Italy encompass its venerable walls.

LETTER IX.

FLORENCE.

Pietra Mala.—View from the Tower of Foraboschè.—Statues in the Palazzo Vecchio.—Piazzo del Granduca and Loggia de Lanzi.—Hercules and Centaur, near the Ponti Vecchio.

EVEN with a Tarif, * it is almost impossible to escape imposition while travelling in Italy; and the constant battling and grumbling of the postilions rob one of half the pleasure which would be enjoyed in passing through this delightful country.

Our journey among the Alps was extremely romantic. The singular and remote gullies, glens, and valleys, seized the imagination, which would sometimes stray upon the sunny banks, and trace the winding streams that lost themselves in misty air, or take its flight to the mountain summits, clothed in the purest snow.

It was night before we reached Covigliaio. The glow of evening was on the mountains, and all below was robed in purple grandeur. One rosy bed of snow, shining in pre-eminent beauty, seemed to mark to the eye the palace of the aërial being that presided over those enchanting scenes! Robbers

* The Tarif is a bill containing the regulations and rates of posting to prevent the imposition of postilions.

and murderers, we never thought of, though we were on the very spot where "travellers are said to have daily disappeared."*

What surprised us most among the lofty Apennines was the fire perpetually issuing through the ground near Pietra Mala, at the foot of Mount Candida. It rose in lambent flames among loose earth and stones, depositing a carbonaceous matter volatilized and lying like soot, without peculiar smell. When the wind blew, the flames were noisy, like a bonfire, but in a calm they were silent. In extent, the flame might be eleven feet, and in height, as many inches. When Eustace visited Pietra Mala, the flame, according to his account, covered a space of 140 feet. He must be mistaken in supposing that the *stony soil* nourishes the flame. A learned friend, who accompanied us, supposed it to be ignited gas having no connection with the upper surface; certainly giving a powerful heat, and not leaving the ground round about it cold, when it was extinguished for a time, as that elegant author has alleged. We put out the flame in many parts, but in a second or two it commenced, seemingly with greater vigour. The Prince Baschocky, five years since, caused an excavation to be made among the flames, and the workmen got as low as six or seven feet, but the fire increased and rose to such a height, that they were forced to give up proceeding any farther. Now it appears like the fire

* See Forsyth, p. 384.



from the refuse of a coal-mine. The surface of the adjoining hill is composed of slate clay and earth resting upon limestone.

After continuing our romantic journey nearly forty miles, Florence at last appeared, seated in the lovely vale of the Arno. Innumerable buildings presented themselves to our astonished sight, "like a thousand flocks upon a thousand hills." To give you any idea of this beautiful classic city, and the adjacent scenery, I must describe it from one of its lofty towers; but first allow me to say a word or two on the character of the architecture.

The palaces, especially the Palazzo Vecchio, Strozzi, Medici or Riccardi, and Pitti, are very massive structures, and seem as if they were built to stand for ever. In former times, the continual struggles of the noble families for pre-eminence, and their frequent and tumultuous attacks upon each other, obliged them to erect their dwellings for defence; and even in more recent days, the anticipation of similar violence has, perhaps, induced them to preserve, in some degree, the massive style. Their palaces, therefore, though certainly grand, are heavy, strong, and gloomy, appear like so many prisons; and the resemblance is considerably increased by the iron bars of the lower windows, and the iron rings fastened in the walls.

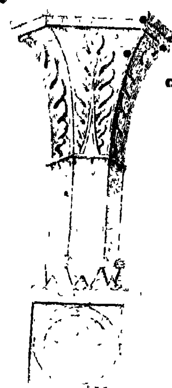
The architects of some of the principal pa-

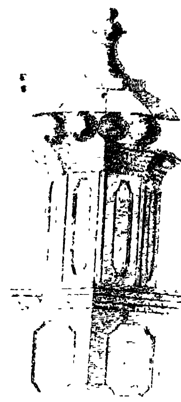
laces and other edifices were principally De Lapo, Orcagna, Brunelleschi, Michael Angelo, &c. and the style of each may be easily traced in their works. De Lapo is gloomy and severe; Orcagna's Gothic is elegant and chaste; Brunelleschi is original and peculiar; Michael Angelo is striking and grand. * In former times, architecture was not so

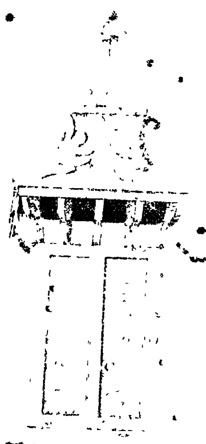
* The noble cornices projected from the roof, supported on ornamented brackets, are adopted by all these great architects, and give an air of great dignity to the buildings. Comparing them in my mind with the tame and clipped appearance of the roofs of the houses and public edifices in Britain, I could not help wishing that the cornice had been adopted, in our own country;—especially in houses, the basement of which are *rusticated*, like those of Heriot Row, in Edinburgh. A reduction of the height of the roof, too, and some attention to a *better form of chimney*, would be most desirable. In approaching buildings so situated, that the lower part of them is concealed, we find that their character depends wholly or chiefly on the form of the roof and the chimney. This is particularly the case in Italy, where more variety and taste is occasionally displayed in the chimneys, than in the buildings to which they belong. These chimneys are as peculiar and characteristic as palm trees in a tropical climate, and impress us as strongly with the idea of distance from home, where forms of a very different kind exclusively prevail. The homely and inelegant appearance of our chimneys, contrasted with the beauty of the buildings which they surmount, is extremely offensive to the eye of taste; nor does it appear easy to account for the neglect of British architects to so important a part of our edifices, when we consider the laudable attention which is now universally paid to external elegance, as well as to internal accommodation. The chimneys on some of our old buildings are very tastefully decorated, and contribute es-

CHIMNEYS

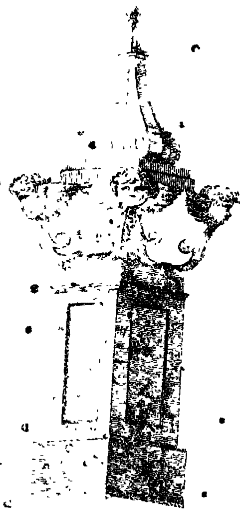




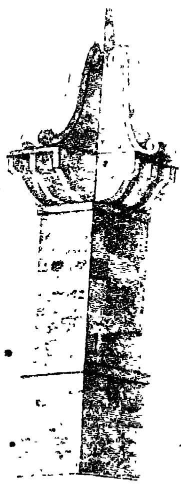




FLORENCE



ROME



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much a distinct profession. Every painter was an architect, and hence that variety, originality, and

sentially to the beauty of the general effect. With such models before their eyes, why should our architects persist in disfiguring their finest structures, by the shapeless masses of stone and mortar, which necessarily occupy the most conspicuous part? Convenience cannot well be pleaded for the present form of our chimneys, since it is a fact too well known to us all, that they by no means secure us against the evil of smoky houses; and it is equally well known, that the cans contrived for the cure of smoky vents force the smoke to pass out laterally, exactly on the principle of the Italian chimneys. But whether chimneys have lateral or vertical apertures, they are equally susceptible of ornament; and surely the paltry consideration of economy will not be urged as a sufficient reason for depriving us of the beauty, which, if built with some taste, they might add to our town and country dwellings. We are much mistaken, indeed, if chimneys formed after the Italian models, would not vent much better than those which are at present universal in this country, even with all their apparatus of horizontal cans, revolving tin plates, or *auld* wives groaning as if in a fit of *lumbago;* to say nothing of the advantage of being able to walk in the streets during the most violent winds, without the danger of being felled to the ground by some of these equally frail and homely appendages of our roofs. These appendages, indeed, both in their purpose and appearance, our architects ought to consider as a reproach at once to their skill and their taste. In Calabria, and other parts of Italy, and the Ionian islands, we were very forcibly struck with the consequence which the beauty of the chimneys imparted to the character of the whole building. In the annexed plate, I have given the form of a number, taken at random, which will supersede the necessity of farther description. Though not exactly adapted to our style of building, they may,

richness of fancy, so conspicuous in the buildings in Florence. The modern architects, though they display great ability in their general design, have indulged too much in meretricious ornament. The liberal and discerning mind, however, will not dwell on faults, but will endeavour to discover, through the superabundance of detail, those leading features which give a superior air to the Italian edifices. The taste for ornament is extended even to gateways; and I have observed some which lead to gardens characterized by flowers prettily disposed, while such as belong to vineyards, carved in an elegant manner, represent the leaves of the vine tastefully arranged. The Cascine, or public drive, exhibits several examples of these. But not to weary you with these minute details, I shall now describe the general appearance of the city, and its surrounding scenery.

From the Tower of Ferabosche, the west presents the extensive vale of the Arno, decorated with innumerable buildings and distant towns, rising among the richest possible cultivation of the olive and the vine:—it is a paradise to the eye. From the clearness of the Italian air, the smallest objects are distinctly seen, even to the horizon. The Arno flows in beauty, stealing from the sun his silver light, and waving it among the golden fields. As this lovely river approaches the eye, it assumes

at least, serve to suggest improvements in that department of architecture, hitherto so unaccountably neglected in our own country.

a broad and noble character, gliding under the Ponte Carrajo, and the Porte San Trinità. The baptistry of St. John, and St. Michael's Tower, with various palaces and structures, take their station in the glorious view. Below the Piazza del Granduca arrests the eye. The Loggia di Lanzi, too, with its statues by Benvenuto Cellini, John of Bologna, and Donatello, join the colossal figures by Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, and Ammannati; while human creatures appear like mere spots, as they move among their splendid works.

Turning to the north, the Duomo or Cathedral, with its lofty dome, and other striking features of the town, group together, and command our admiration.

The Cathedral, though built with alternate layers of marble, black and white, is still very grand; the great and perceptible lines of the edifice bind the smaller parts together, making them harmonize with each other. The Chapel Lorenzo excites our veneration for the house of Medici, yet it leaves a feeling of regret that such amazing wealth should have been lavished on enrichment which can add nothing to their name. Much of the interior is covered with precious stones, lapis lazuli, jasper, agate, opal, and, indeed, it appears more like a cabinet for the mineralogist than a mausoleum. Behind the varied buildings, beautiful mountains, enriched with vine and olive, relieve the picturesque assemblages of palaces, noble gates, and castellated walls. The east brings Fesole,

and the classic scenes of Milton bound the view: Fesole, renowned in Etruscan story even before a single stone was laid in Florence, boasting too of remains of antiquity that lead back the mind to the days of Roman grandeur. On the right of Fesole, we trace the hills of Valambrosa, Milton's type of Paradise.

Directing the eye to the town itself, we may peep into the dwellings of the Florentines, and for a moment sympathize in their vain pleasures and employments. The Ponte Vecchio, loaded with shops of jewellery and splendid trifles, catches the passing glance, and leads us to monasteries and hills clothed with luxuriant wood. The gardens of Boboli and the Palazzo Pitti appear in the south, and here tall cypress trees happily unite with the varied buildings. The Ducal palace, distinguished by its amplitude and magnificence, seems at once to command the homage of the adjoining edifices, and to offer them protection. The boats on the river, the carriages, and an innumerable multitude, moving in all directions, enliven the admirable scene. When the eye is brought to the royal gallery, containing some of the finest antiquities in the world, pictures too by the greatest of the ancient masters, the mind feels restless to enjoy the splendid sight; and who can descend from such a scene of natural and artificial grandeur without sentiments of adoration to the great Creator, and of respect and good will towards his fellow men?

In the great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio there are many statues by celebrated masters—Michael Angelo, John of Bologna, Rosi, &c. The roof, divided into compartments, is filled with paintings by Vasari, representing the principal events in the lives of the Medici family. In general they are well coloured, full of variety, and not without some good taste, though they rank in only the second scale of art. THE BATTLES OF SIENNA AND OF PISA have considerable merit, but compared with the pictures on the roof, are chalky and somewhat vapid. Michael Angelo's sculptured VICTORY, though fine in many parts, and strikingly characteristic of his genius, appeared to me a little faulty. The subject is a youth standing with his left knee bent on the shoulder of an aged man. In his right hand he holds up a piece of drapery, as if stripping himself to bathe! How such an attitude can represent Victory, I do not know. Michael Angelo's fame must rest on his more splendid works in the chapel de Depositi. There is also a Victory by John of Bologna, in which Virtue is seen putting down Vice; but this also is a failure. The figure of Vice is so greatly bent, that the head appears exactly in the centre of the body, from which the limbs branch out like the rays of a star-fish. The hands and arms, too, of the figure of Virtue, are strangely twisted into a kind of affected grace, which in such a bulky personage is neither in harmony nor good taste.

The HERCULES AND CENTAUR by Rosi, like the other marbles in the hall, has its merits and its defects. The Centaur is represented kicking violently, and although the posture is extremely difficult to execute, the management is true to nature. Hercules seems to take matters very coolly, and is almost in the attitude of repose with a satyr-like grin on his countenance, which, perhaps, is not quite becoming in the son of Jupiter. In the hall are some other statues of Hercules, referable, I presume, to the labours of the Medici family; but none of them are much above mediocrity.

The public colossal statues in the Piazza del Granduca, and those of the Loggia de' Lazi, are works of celebrated masters, and give to Florence an air of peculiar magnificence. I shall begin with the STATUE OF DAVID, by Michael Angelo. It is a simple upright figure; the left arm bent, holds a sling, and nearly touches his face; the right arm hangs down by his side. In attitude the easy sway is pleasing to the eye, but the head and hands appear too large; and although the anatomy of the breast and limbs does honour even to Michael Angelo, yet there is an unmeaning vacant expression, which reduces the statue to the level of an academy figure.

HERCULES TAMING CACUS, by Baccio Bandinelli, is an enormous colossal group. Hercules stands upright looking straight before him, with a great bronze club in his hand; Cacus is between his legs,

and the left hand of Hercules grasps his hair. This work of Bandinelli has a great name. Stupendous! Magnificent! such sounding epithets have been lavished on it, all which must be allowed to be just so far as size is concerned; but, as to taste and perfection of art, I have my doubts. The expression of muscular strength is certainly well represented, but the awkward straddle of Hercules to admit the grinning monster Cacus is rather disgusting.

NEPTUNE, the work of Ammannati, stands in the middle of a noble fountain of various coloured marble, surrounded with satyrs in bronze executed with great spirit and character. Among the satyrs is the figure of a youth in a reclining attitude, with a cornucopiæ in his right hand: for beauty and symmetry the arm and hand can hardly be surpassed. The sea monsters, which seem to support the figure of Neptune, are represented blowing their shells, from which streams of water fall. The God of the Ocean, viewed from the front, has a constrained appearance; both arms hanging down, and parallel to each other, as if they were pinioned. The top of the head, too, is flat and deformed, and this appearance is much increased by the metal wreath upon his head. In general character the statue is unwieldy, bulky, and unpleasing; and its effect is rendered more disagreeable by the diminutive appearance of the car, which seems, besides, to rest in a very awkward manner on the backs of the horses. Some latitude may certainly be allowed in reducing the

size of inferior attributes, for the purpose of heightening the interest of the principal objects; as in the instance of the miraculous draught of fishes, by Raphael, or in the pedestals which support these statues in the Piazza del Granduca. When this licence, however, is carried too far, as in the work before us, the inconsistency is so glaring as to fix the attention on the meaner objects, and thus to frustrate the effect intended. The back view of this statue, however, is very fine; the muscles are well placed, and there is a general ease in the figure, which forms a very unexpected contrast with its character in front.

From the figure of Neptune we naturally turn to the EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF COSMO THE FIRST, in bronze. Cosmo is not so pleasing as his horse: he appears heavy, without energy. His horse, however, is animated, in good proportion, and noble character, robbing his master of a portion of his dignity.

In the Loggia di Lanzi, an open Gothic building, consisting of a roof supported on arches, (and seemingly used as an exchange,) the sculpture of John of Bologna appears to eclipse all the works of art in the Piazza del Granduca. The group consists of three figures, a handsome and powerful youth, dispossessing age of a lovely virgin. Originally it was intended merely to represent age, manhood, and female beauty; but as it had no appropriate name, Borghini persuaded John of Bologna to call it the RAPE

OF THE SABINES. The delicacy and symmetry of the female form is admirably contrasted with the characteristic strength and activity of a courageous youth and the comparative feebleness of age: The group is easy and masterly, and the whole charms the eye from every point of view; so much so indeed, that we cannot dwell on any trifling faults, though some might be discovered in the insertion of the muscles. Under a corresponding arch a statue of PERSEUS, in bronze, by Benvenuto Cellini, of which much has been said in the life of that eccentric character, next claims our observation. This undoubtedly is a meritorious work of art, yet its peculiarities are unpleasing. The figure on a pedestal rests firmly on its right leg, the left knee being a little bent, his right hand is drawn back in a line with his hip, and grasps a sword of rusty iron; the left arm is considerably raised, and the hand grasps Medusa's head. The attitude of Perseus, immediately in front, is characteristic of strength and youth, without being too slender; the anatomy, too, is well expressed, and free from affectation or extravagance. But, turn to the left side, or examine the figure from behind, and disappointment will certainly follow. The back especially is too long, with an unpleasing bend and unnatural hollow, and the bat-wing appearance of the arms must limit your approbation. Medusa is folded up on a cushion to suit the pedestal! and a more unaccountable gathering of limbs I hope never to see again. The pedestal is like-

wise by Cellini. MARS, JUPITER, MERCURY, and VENUS, well executed, are placed in notches; and although exposed to the public without any protection, they have stood uninjured for more than two centuries and a half. In general, the pedestals of all the statues are very small, on purpose, no doubt, that they might not intrude upon the subject which they support.

Besides their great works in sculpture, bronze, and painting, many of the ancient masters did not consider it any degradation to exercise their art on inferior objects; and I believe it would not be impossible to find the head of a pair of tongs, or the knocker of a door, by Cellini, or John of Bologna; and mirrors, clock-cases, and china jars, by Annibal Caracci and Domenichino. What would our first-rate artists now say, if they were asked to employ their genius on objects so minute, and apparently so degrading? Would not they think themselves greatly insulted, and be disposed to clap their door in the face of the person who should offer them such an indignity?

It is going a little out of the way to mention the HERCULES AND CENTAUR by John of Bologna, near the end of the Porte Vecchio; but as it is one of the public ornaments, and was considered by himself among his best works, I shall venture to offer a remark or two regarding it. Like most of the statues in Florence, this group appears best in front; the action of both figures is full of energy and expression, and the composition in general judicious;

but John of Bologna seems to have given his mind principally to the front view. As we make the circle round the group, the body of Hercules seems to be wanting in anatomical expression; and when we advance behind the Centaur, it has a miserable appearance, like a mixture of a mule and a cow, lank and ill formed, exciting no agreeable idea even of the brute creation; the legs and hoofs, however, are admirable, and seem to be in motion. Viewing the statues from the right, the display of arms, forming a collection of angles, does not appear in good taste. Comparing the whole, generally, with the group of the Rape of the Sabines, it is certainly much inferior. *

* The appearance of public statues in Florence is considerably injured by the quantity of black dust that is allowed to remain on them, which, contrasted with the pure parts of the marble, occasionally excites a false idea of light and shade. Certainly it is much against their general effect, and the delicate finishing of the details.

LETTER X.

FLORENCE.

Remarks on the Series of Ancient Pictures in the Corridor, and Statues and Pictures in the Tribune.

THE collection of pictures and statues in Florence ranks among the first in the world. In the Royal Gallery, the Tribune is enriched with the Venus de Medicis, and many precious marbles and paintings by Raphael, Correggio, and other celebrated masters. Various works of the different schools adorn some other apartments. The vestibule and corridors contain statues, busts of Roman emperors and empresses, portraits of great characters, together with a collection of the early works of the Tuscan school. To have even a superficial glance of this superb collection would require several days, and to give a just idea of it as many volumes.

The Palazzo Pitti likewise boasts of some of the finest productions of the pencil, from Raphael to Salvator Rosa, and all in the best state of preservation. Many other palaces, too, abound in pictures, though not of the highest class. The Corsini, Gerini, Mozzi, &c., the Academy della Bella Arte, and many of the churches, have admirable works in painting, &c. In short, Florence

is well entitled to be called one of the principal seats of art, and those who have feeling and taste to enjoy its treasures, may be gratified to the utmost of their wishes.

With the series of pictures by the early masters, to be seen in the corridors of the national collection, I have occasionally amused myself in endeavouring to trace the progress of *taste* and *colour*; but as they are not of the best specimens, and as the collection is by no means complete, I did not advance farther than Gio. Belverti. The series, or history of art, begins with the stiff and gilded manner of the Greek artists of the ninth and tenth centuries, and from them advances through many hands, without any perceptible improvement, except in drawing. The gilding gives way to a kind of Chinese style, without the slightest knowledge of perspective. With Pollajuolo, the style became better in colour, and the attributes of the subject are more characteristic. Angelico da Fiesole improved drawing and natural colouring. Lorenzo di Credi has a better taste for composition, and has departed from the monotonous upright attitude; some of his figures he makes to kneel and others to recline, shewing a determination to go out of the beaten track. Ghirlandajo was not afraid of introducing a multiplicity of figures, in which there is often strong impression and natural character. Botticelli shews taste in the drawing of the hands. In the works of Filippo Lippi, the appearance of strong judgment

is very perceptible, and certainly the composition of his figures and his subject is more agreeable to rule, than in the works of his predecessors, exhibiting combinations both pleasing to the eye and consistent with truth. In this manner, design, colouring, and taste, travel in this series through the works of many painters, chiefly of the Tuscan school, till some indication of grace, founded on ideal beauty, appears in the works of Francisco Cossa. His paintings, no doubt, betray a little departure from nature; but still they have grace, and present another view of art. Decided improvement in *colour* begins with Girolamo Macchietti, whose pencil is not so meagre as any of the preceding painters. Then follow Andrea del Minga, Niccolo Betti, Gio. Maria Butteri, &c. Naldini indulges in ideal colouring, with uncommon effect. Lodovico Cardi, like Naldini, adopts ideal colouring; Lorenzo Lippi advances higher in the same department; and Roselli loses himself in mystery.

This is a short sketch of part of the series, according to its present arrangement; but finding, that, although progressive improvement appeared in some particulars, it was lost in others, and that, from the indifferent specimens, no decided advancement appeared in the *general* view of art, I gave up proceeding any further till I should meet with a more satisfactory collection

IN THE TRIBUNE the first object that caught our

admiring eyes was the VENUS DE MEDICIS! The female delicacy of this statue cannot be surpassed, nor can the proportions of graceful form! Casts give no idea of its divine perfections: why, I know not, but, compared with it, they are heavy, and even masculine. The finishing is exquisite, and the beauty of the hands and feet excite an inclination to touch them. It is well that the Venus represents no favourite saint, otherwise her pretty feet would be kissed away. "Does she want expression?" I am afraid to speak. The Venus must be faultless, else how could she have reigned over every heart for so many centuries?

The YOUNG APOLLO has much of the expression of a beautiful female,—especially the head. The attitude is sweet and easy, and from the gentle yielding of the body, the most bewitching grace captivates the soul! The feet are exquisite.

The head of the DANCING FAWN is a restoration by Michael Angelo, and it appeared to me that the expression of the face has too much of age. The general air of the favourite statue is extremely pleasing, though it has a little cast of inebriety.

The group of the WRESTLERS, like the other celebrated marbles, is much admired. The subject being extremely difficult, required the hand and eye of a great and skilful artist. As far as relates to the general character of youthful forms, they are very pleasing, but it cannot be denied that they want expression in the countenances, and

that energy and activity of body, which certainly would be strongly indicated in violent action. Would it not be natural for the fallen wrestler to exert himself to get the better of his antagonist, who is above him? But, no! he is merely in an attitude, slightly knitting his brow, which may be said to have no meaning. The way, too, in which the conquering wrestler holds his adversary's hand, may be elegant, but it is not the grasp of power. The parallel stringy character of the legs is barely nature. In short, they are but statues, and we naturally go coldly up to criticise, instead of feeling the emotion of starting back, as we should do at such an exhibition in reality.

The KNIFE GRINDER is represented looking upwards, an attitude which, I suppose, the artist judged necessary, owing to the short and contracted appearance of the figure. Had the sculptor intended his subject to be in the act of listening to the Cataline conspiracy, it might have been as well, had he introduced some subordinate circumstance to illustrate his meaning; from the expression of the countenance, it would be difficult to know to what it should be referred. The calf of the left leg, joined to the opposing thigh, and the right thigh and leg, are not of the most pleasing or natural forms; but this, I fear, is speaking treason. The Knife Grinder has great admirers, and, I have no doubt, will always have, notwithstanding any observations that may be made against it. Many parts are good, and referable

to nature, though the vulgarity of the slave seems the paramount expression.

The pictures in the Tribune, which is a small room, lighted from above, are all of a superior class. They consist of the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Bartolommeo, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Parmigiano, Guercino, Domenichino, Guido, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. the whole exhibiting a pretty fair display of the comparative merits of the different painters.

The favourite pictures seem to be those of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto.

To attempt to give an idea of the individual pictures, would indeed be a vain undertaking; I shall therefore confine myself to a few of the most remarkable, touching slightly on others.

Raphael excelled in portrait, as well as scriptural and historical subjects. His POPE JULIUS II. is perhaps one of the finest portraits in the world. The tranquil dignity of an aged man, thinking more of heaven than of earth, is expressed with wonderful felicity.* In style, the painting is marked

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* If this picture was intended as a faithful portrait of Julius, his physiognomy certainly gave no indication of his ambitious, enterprising, and overbearing disposition. May not Raphael, by a happy and delicate mixture of flattery and reproof, have softened the peculiarities of the countenance of Julius into that general expression of mildness and urbanity by which the Holy Father ought to be characterized?

by simplicity and breadth, and the colouring, though rich and deep, is not dark or unintelligible.

His FAURNERINA is likewise an astonishing picture, entirely free of manner, exhibiting a fair and faithful representation of nature, under the most agreeable and bewitching effect. Not a single mark of the pencil is discernible, all is soft and tender, shewing the most perfect knowledge of the mechanism of painting. In expression, however, the Faurnerina is somewhat pert or insolent; but it is the portrait of a baker's wife, a lady, who, I believe, was of questionable virtue. In colouring, the picture is in a low tone, but not dark; the only unpleasing line is that of the dress, which cuts upon the neck.

The VIRGIN MARY, with the Infant Jesus upon her neck, and holding out her hand to John, has a most divine expression, and ranks among the finest pictures of this master. The finishing is exquisite, without any unnecessary hardness of line; and the mellow landscape and light grey sky, harmonize agreeably with the colouring of the figures. In this picture, Raphael has contrived to convey the idea of daylight, notwithstanding the depth and richness of his glazings. Near this picture hangs another HOLY FAMILY, corresponding in size, and an undoubted production of Raphael's. The maternal tenderness in the countenance of Mary is quite peculiar to this master, who seems to have studied more successfully than any other painter the amiable affections of the heart. Perhaps the

drawing of the Infant Christ and John is not so perfect as might have been expected from the immortal Raphael's hand. The right leg of both appears defective; and the foot of St John, with its toes spread out, is not in perfect taste.

In his picture of JOHN THE BAPTIST, Raphael has completely sustained the beau ideal in his mind throughout the figure, though it seems to have been studied from nature. As a picture of light and shade, it has not many equals. The colouring, however, is rather tawny or foxy, owing to the shadows obscuring the delicate tones and colouring of the flesh; but this defect is amply made up by exquisite expression and anatomical accuracy.

It has been said, that Michael Angelo pronounced painting in oil to be an employment fit only for women and children. Certainly he has not painted many pictures,—three, I believe, at most. That of the HOLY FAMILY in the Tribune is considered his best performance; yet it has many defects, and proves that great artist to have been a little rash in speaking slightingly of an art, which he himself has not been able to conquer. It must be understood, however, that I allude chiefly to dexterity of execution, aerial keeping, or a proper subordination of colour, together with that expression of *texture*, which best conveys the characters of truth. The colouring of his flesh cannot be said to be natural. Its hard, liney, metallic, and meagre ap-

pearance, is most unpleasing to the eye; and why the flesh of the figures on the back-ground should be of the same colour and strength with that of the nearer objects, I am at a loss to know. The form of the subject is pyramidal. Joseph stands behind the Virgin Mary, but is too evidently placed there for the purpose of composition. He holds the Infant Jesus upon the right shoulder of the Virgin, who is sitting in a squat unpleasing attitude, looking up towards the child; and a more ungainly foreshortening of face I have seldom seen. Her arms, too, are poorly drawn, and the profusion of blue drapery divides the figure, while there is no contrivance to relieve it from that defect. The foot of Joseph is too small; and, for a time, I was much at a loss to know to whom it belonged. Upon the whole, this Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, cannot be said to be a pleasing picture in colouring, handling, or design. Why a number of naked academy-looking figures should appear in the back-ground, seems a little puzzling; they have no reference whatever to the subject, nor do they, in any degree, assist its defects. The head of Joseph is the finest part of the painting, and the folds to the draperies are well cast.

Much ingenious mechanism and patience is necessary to paint in oil. It likewise requires particular pains and care, and does not generally admit of the hasty impressions of thought. Fresco painting, on the other hand, may be said to be always

ready to assist the pencil, in giving that energetic mastery so suitable to the genius of Michael Angelo. In the former, he might have felt himself in trammels; but the latter, presenting no obstacles to immediate and daring execution, gave ample liberty to his splendid mind. Yet greater praise is due to Raphael and Correggio, who have been able to control the intemperance of feeling, and give to the world the brightest examples which we may ever hope to see, of that mode of painting which can best express the delicacy of Truth, in her attire of grace and beauty.

HERODIAS by Leonardo da Vinci, with the head of St John in a charger, held by a disgusting looking ruffian, is the next picture on which I shall offer a few remarks. The countenance of Herodias is extremely beautiful, with that peculiar character which distinguishes all da Vinci's female heads. In the present instance, however, it does not appear to me to be in unison with the nature of the subject. Herodias, in the presence of a murderer, who carries a head bathed in blood, should have had a different expression than mere placid self-possession. Surely no female could be so destitute of feeling, as not to shew a single ray of sensibility on such an occasion. But, even if Herodias was so callous and cold, Leonardo da Vinci would have been forgiven, had he, for the honour of the sex, thought it impossible that she could be quite so hardened. The ruffian, with the head in a char-

ger, has been much admired; but, in truth, he is neither more nor less than one of these unmeaning caricatures, which Leonardo da Vinci occasionally amused himself in designing. The mere want of a tooth, added to deformity, can never express the ferocious and black-hearted look of a murderer.

In execution, this picture is absolutely marvellous. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of finishing; not the slightest touch of a brush is visible in any part; the figures seem to appear through a succession of transparent colours. Whether Leonardo da Vinci's mode of finishing is produced by careful labour, or whether the colours are floated in some mechanical manner, is uncertain. Wouvermans, Carlo Dolci, Vanderheyden, and some other painters, are supposed to have had some expeditious method of procedure in addition to their accurate finishing. The number of pictures, indeed, attributed to them, would give countenance to such a supposition. I believe, the polishing brush is perfectly adequate to all the softness which has hitherto been produced. But although softness and delicacy are extremely fascinating and applicable to many subjects, the ancient masters have generally preferred a vigorous style. Even Correggio, who is supposed to have carried to perfection the finishing of pencilling, only adopts it in occasional parts, and is by no means free from a strong empasted manner.

The picture of the Repose in the Tribune, by Correggio, is firmly painted with a bold decided

pencil, and in effect and colouring is almost perfect. On the other hand, what a pretty specimen of finishing is the adjoining picture of the VIRGIN AND CHRIST, though certainly not carried to the extreme, as in the paintings of Vanderworf, or even to the notion generally entertained of Correggio's finishing.

In other respects, both of the pictures are somewhat faulty. In the former, the sentiment is indifferently sustained. Joseph behind the Virgin, who is sitting with the infant Jesus standing on her knee, appears to be pulling down the branch of a tree on the right of the picture; a monk appears in orders grey, in a kneeling position, and apparently advancing towards our Saviour, who seems to be afraid of him. The Virgin Mary, not attending either to the one or the other, looks stupidly proud and unamiable. Why this inconsistency of expression? The space between the monk and the principal group appears too great, and is in some degree injurious to the general effect.

The arrangement of the colours is as follows: Joseph is in a light pink drapery, with an orange plaid and a piece of white cloth round his waist. Mary is dressed in whitish yellow, with a blue robe passing round her. The light on all the figures, except the monk, is of the same brightness; which tempted me to wish that breadth had been obtained by means more natural.

In the small painting, the Virgin Mary is repre-

sented on her knees in an inclined position, looking over the infant Christ, who is lying on his back upon the ground, on a scanty piece of white drapery laid on straw. The feminine expression of Mary is delicate, though it seems to border on insipidity; her left hand is feebly drawn, and she puts up both in a manner somewhat childish. I may also add, that the infant is much too small; yet the picture altogether is most attractive, and proclaims the grace and delicate taste of the divine Correggio.

The celebrated Venus by Titian, with the kneeling figure in the back ground, ranks among the finest paintings in the Tribune. From its present appearance, however, I suspect that the restorers have been at work upon it. The characteristic richness and tone of Titian's pencil has given way to chalky whiteness; besides, the effect is flat, without rotundity, which surely was not a fault of Titian's.

Paul Veronese always paints with firmness, and thinks decidedly for himself; thougn sometimes his lights on various colours are too much of one whitish tone. This, no doubt, produces breadth; but is it nature? His finest pictures, however, are without this peculiarity, or at least it is not so perceptible.

The Virgin and Child with Angels, St John the Evangelist, and St Francis, by Andrea del Sarto, is an extremely popular picture.

This celebrated master never offends in colouring, because he never attempts any thing violent. In character, it is richness subdued, highly pleasing to the eye, yet quite compatible with his subject. His introduction of a warm grey, instead of brown, as a general leading and harmonizing colour throughout the shadows of his picture, has a fine effect; and, although the picture is hung among others, in which crimsons, the purest blues, and oranges prevail, with all their glazings, it keeps its ground, and even indicates that his style is better adapted to sentiment than when powerful colouring is discernible. This picture by Andrea del Sarto is so extremely pleasing, that it is with reluctance we look upon it with the eye of criticism; yet the placing of Mary upon a pedestal makes the composition appear so mechanical, that we can hardly give it approbation, notwithstanding that she is well supported by saints and angels.

The HOLY FAMILY, by PARMIGIANO, near the picture of Andrea del Sarto, is a singular example of mannerism and beauty. From its appearance, one would think that snow had fallen on the figures, and was trickling down the draperies and hair; evidently indicating that his system of ideal beauty was erroneous, or, at least, that he carried it too far;—making all the lights to run parallel to each other from the top to the bottom of the figures. Parmigiano has likewise had some strange fancy

about the effect of hair, which is displayed in such profusion, as to be tiresome to the eye. The head and shoulders of St John, stuck in the corner of the picture, has such an expression of wildness, that it makes one almost imagine that such an appearance might frighten the rest of the Holy Family, or disturb their repose. But abstracting the mannerism and strange conceit in which the picture is involved, lovely nature will appear in the infants, and dignity and grace in the Virgin. I have mentioned this picture particularly, because it distinctly shows, that, although a certain arrangement of form may display taste, if it be carried to excess, it becomes deformity.

In offering my general opinion of the paintings in the Tribune, I would presume to say, that, with the exception of the portraits, the failure in almost all the masters is the want of appropriate *mental* expression.

LETTER XI.

FLORENCE.

Pictures of the Venetian School.—Tuscan School.—Dutch School.—Flemish and German School.—Description of a Landscape by Claude.—French School.—Observations on the Origin of Landscape-Painting in the Grand Style.—French School continued.—Portraits.—Salle de Frate.—Some account of the various grounds which several of the Painters have used.—Copyists.—Statues of the Niobe Family.—Observations on Mr Cockerell's idea regarding the Niobe Marbles.—Rubens' Battles, and entry of Henry IV. into Paris, in the Salle de Niobe.—Statue of the Hermaphrodite.—Bronzes and Gems.—Marbles in the Corridor.—Observations on the measuring of Statues.

The pictures of the Venetian school in the gallery of Florence are not numerous, but many of them are of high celebrity; especially the portraits by Titian, Giorgione, Sebastian del Piombo, Paris Bordone, Morone, and Tintoretto. The works of these great men seem not only to exalt the dignity of portrait-painting, but of the persons whom they represent.

At the head of all stands the immortal TITIAN. The grave, quiet grandeur of his style, makes an immediate impression on the mind, and we are naturally led to inquire whether it be from an ideal

dignity which he infuses into his pictures, or that they are just representations of individual character. Such they certainly are. The internal evidence of truth in every feature cannot be resisted, but it is the happiest choice of expression which he seizes, that expression which escapes the feeble or the careless observer. The ancient dresses, too, assist in giving grandeur, not only from their form, but their colour and variety. His broad commanding style, without flimsy trickery, and even the texture and surface of his pictures, contribute essentially to dignity. His finest portraits are those of the DUC D'URBINO, HIS OWN MISTRESS, and the HEAD OF A WARRIOR. There are some, however, even better than these in the Palazzo Pitti; and here I may observe, that it is from his portraits in general that I have formed my opinion of the splendour of his style, and not particularly from his works in the Royal Gallery.

SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO'S HEAD OF A WARRIOR is well conceived, and ranks among the finest pictures. The representation of the eyes, glancing in gloom, and portentous of death and destruction, is highly poetical and appalling.

PARIS BORDONE is in the school of Titian and Giorgione: his portraits have a noble air, and are painted with wonderful mastery. MORONE is not so lofty; yet there is a placid repose and senatorial gravity in his pictures, which is extremely pleasing. The portraits by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and

Bassan, have a different character; nature expressed with a clever pencil, clear colouring, and effect, are their characteristic qualities.

The finest subjects are by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian; and (strange to say) there is a musical party by Bassan, *without mannerism* or vulgarity. TINTORETTO'S MARRIAGE OF CANA in Galilee may fairly claim the most distinguished praise. Numerous figures, sitting at the feast in perspective, display a surprising variety of attitude, and some female figures on the fore-ground cannot fail to captivate the admirers of graceful form. The subject, though difficult, is treated with great ingenuity and apparent ease, and the colouring and effect seem faultless.

THE DEATH OF ST JUSTINA, and another small picture of ST CATHERINE KNEELING, are perhaps the best paintings by PAUL VERONESE; indeed, they are both excellent. In the former the back ground is painted round the figures, which gives a decision to the heads perhaps a little too harsh. In the latter I found little to censure; but some *ladies* have been heard to say, that they could not discover what *stuff* the dress was intended to represent, owing to the lights being so different from the colour of the drapery. The observation certainly had point, and was referable to the mannerism of the master.

The principal painters of the Tuscan school are Cigoli, Carlo Dolci, Cristofani Allori, Alessandro

Allori, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Fra. Bartolommeo, Mariotto Albertinelli, Lucchere, Ghirlandajo, Philippo Lippi, Santi di Tito, Vasari, and Pontormo. Of these masters there are many excellent specimens in the Royal Gallery.

THE INFANT CHRIST SLEEPING ON A CROSS, by CHRISTOFANO ALLORI, is one of the most exquisite cabinet pictures of the school. Perfect repose dwells on the sweetest countenance; serene and quiet tones of colouring are perceptible throughout the picture, and call forth the strongest feelings of admiration. Next to this beautiful painting, THE SALUTATION, by MARIOTTO ALBERTI, seems to be the most deservedly popular. The subject consists of two female figures representing the Virgin Mary and Saint Elizabeth shaking hands. Delicacy and divine modesty never were more happily expressed than in the figure of the Virgin; so gentle! so meek! she recals the numerous associations of respect and tenderness with which we regard the sex. In the paintings of Fra. Bartolommeo, and in the works of several other masters, I have found the same figure of the Virgin Mary apparently copied from Albertinelli. In a conversation, however, which I had with the professor of painting, I was informed that it is really the property of Fra. Bartolommeo, and not of Albertinelli. As a corroboration of this, I was shewn a similar figure by Bartolommeo, in different points of view. The system of plagiarism is so common in Italy

even among contemporary masters, that it needed not have excited my surprise; this figure, however, of the Virgin being so extremely beautiful, I was curious to know its history.

THE MEDUSA'S HEAD, by LEONARDO DA VINCI, is painted in his highly finished manner; and, if it was his intention to excite disgust and horror, he certainly has succeeded. Nothing can be more revolting than the glazed eye, between life and death, and the blood flowing among snakes that almost appear alive, the pestiferous breath of Medusa mingling with their writhings.

In the second apartment of the Tuscan school may also be seen the famous sketch of the ADORATION OF THE MAGI, by Leonardo da Vinci. To the practical artist it is interesting, as helping to disclose the nature of his process; to all appearance it is the commencement of a picture which he had intended to finish. The general effect of light and shade is produced with asphaltum, in many places extremely *deep* in colour, especially behind the figures, and upon trees. The figures are light, of the colour of the pannel, which is of a warm leather tone, and their shadows are of a rich opaque grey.

There are many other beautiful pictures of the Tuscan school. The ST FRANCIS by CIGOLI, and the small picture of the same subject by Allessandro Allori; some pictures, too, by Carlo Dolci, Zuc-

chere, Vasari, Andrea del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, &c. are worthy of minute and careful observation.

The room containing pictures of the DUTCH SCHOOL boasts of many of the most delightful specimens of the various painters, and although they do not address the mind, like the works of the Italian masters, they have peculiar charms of their own, which will ever gratify the admirers of familiar nature. The execution of many of them in delicacy of pencilling, and fine discrimination of colour and effect, would not disgrace the higher branches of art. The pictures of Metzu, Mieris, Gerard Dow, Netscher, Terburg, Rembrandt, Van Balen, Schalken, Brower, Adrian Vanderveldt, De Lair, Slingland, Ruysdael, and many others, are extremely fine; and I have found, that they are more generally popular than the works of the other schools. Like pastoral poetry, they are understood and felt by all, while the works of Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Cigoli, and other great masters, like the poems of Homer, Milton, and Dante, are enjoyed by only the inspired or initiated few. For a similar reason, Raphael, Correggio, Guido, Parmigiano, and other painters of the Italian school, whose works are characterized by beauty, have a fairer chance for general admiration than those who have studied to embody conceptions of severe and abstract grandeur.

Among the paintings of FLEMISH AND GERMAN SCHOOLS, there are several excellent pictures, but

none that rank extremely high. The Tenniers, Albert Durer, Elzheimers, Denner and Brills, are the best. The GRACES was a subject above Rubens' conception of beauty, but it is pleasing to see, that the great master has condescended to copy a Bacchanalian subject from Titian, with all the sport and character of the original. The finest pictures by Rubens are in the same room with the statues of Niobe, and I shall not fail to give you some account of them. In the mean time, let me attempt to describe a splendid picture by Claude Loraine, which is unaccountably hung among the paintings of the Flemish school.

This exquisite and perfect picture represents the SUN-RISING among buildings, shipping, and figures; and, in point of composition, is equal to any of the finest of Claude's paintings to be seen in England. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive any work of art, in which more consummate skill, or a more intimate knowledge of nature, can be displayed. The sun absolutely appears to shine and sparkle upon the various objects, which are so judiciously arranged, as to give effect and sentiment combined. No *positive* outline appears among the buildings; the objects are so sweetly blended into each other, that nothing individually intrudes itself through the illuminated misty air, though, when curiously examined, innumerable interesting details develope themselves in the most captivating manner. On the fore-ground, the connecting

figures, colours, shadows, and touches of brilliancy on silver vases and musical instruments, unite with the whole subject, exciting altogether the happy feelings connected with a lovely morning. It is in such effects that the inimitable Claude, like the glorious sun which he represents, appears to shine. He does not aim at mere effect, nor combinations of objects for trifling purposes, but to excite sentiment and feeling, to remind us of past joys, and impart new delight.

In the same room with this beautiful picture there is another picture of Claude's, representing A RURAL SCENE WITH DANCING FIGURES, but, though very fine, it cannot be compared with the former. The repeated glazings have given it a dark and sombre cast, not in unison with the merry villagers, or the light and air which should be expressed in such a scene. Yet, when the picture is brought into a powerful light, it appears transparent, exhibiting the richest colouring in perfect harmony. On the subject of the composition of Claude, I shall offer a few remarks, when I have seen his pictures in the Doria-Palace in Rome.

In the apartment of the French school there are few names of great note. The Dutch, Venetians, Italians, and the modern English, have looked at nature for themselves, and discovered her various characters. But the French, with the exception of a distinguished few, have comparatively done but little. We look in vain for well selected

nature on those lofty principles of combination, which result from purity of thought. Vain-glorious frippery and mannerism, and trifling, mark their works. There is a difference surely between studying nature and looking at her works with levity and self-conceit. Their glancing over surfaces, their musings on ancient statues, and measurements of their proportions, have not shewn them where the great sculptors of old have found perfection; their works can barely please the eye, and seldom reach the mind. As nature allows no sinning against her with impunity, the French school, if so it may be called, stands comparatively degraded in the world's discerning eye. But from their numerous list of painters names may be taken, which fame and nature must acknowledge, and these are Claude Loraine, Nicolo, and Gasper Poussin, Bourdon, Le Brun, Le Sicur, Watteau, Borgognone, and some others; men who, though not in the very highest rank of art, are entitled to gratitude and admiration.

Landscape-painting has been ennobled by the pencils of the Poussins; and in this department, as far as it relates to original character, and a fine general view of nature, combined with a certain lofty expression, they stand unrivalled. The gallery of Florence, however, contains no good specimens of their works in this department.

Landscape-painting, in the grand style, appears to me to have been wholly indebted for its elevated

character to the scriptural and historical painters, and may have been suggested to them by their introducing into many of their pictures back-grounds of landscape, which would not admit of much detail, and regard only general and simple forms. Improving upon the hint thus suggested to them, it may be said, by accident, they have produced a higher style and a broader view of nature. But it is worthy of remark, that the grand style is, generally speaking, exclusively in their hands;—some, who devote themselves to landscape-painting solely, are more attached to beauty or the picturesque.

But to return to the room of the French school in the Royal Gallery. The portraits of PHILLIPE CHAMPAGNE, and PIERRE MEYNARD, are carefully finished, yet free and natural, though not in an elevated style. A HOLY FAMILY, by Nicholas Loir, is chaste, but a little vapid. Parrocel's and Courtois's battles are animated and clever in pencilling. Gagnerous of Dijon's pictures, in the style of Woverman's, are spirited, but far behind the master whom he seems to imitate. Le Naire has taste; his ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS is by no means despicable, especially in colouring. Bouher, Vanloo, and Jovenet, are completely French. Vouet is full of vapouring and flurry. Vermet's landscapes are masterly and firm, but somewhat flimsy; he has neither texture nor surface, nor does he often express the pure tones of nature. Clarisseau's ruins display mannerism, and are sel-

dom composed with taste; he gives too much when we want but little. As there are none of Le Brun's, Sebastian Bourdon's, or Fresnoy's works of any consequence in the gallery, I forbear to speak of them. A small upright Gaspar Poussin is well composed, but too dark. Niccolo Poussin's VENUS AND ADONIS is beautifully drawn and well designed; his Theseus, too, is a pleasing picture, but neither, comparing him with himself, has claims to extraordinary admiration. The best landscape is by Boguet, a modern painter, but it wants a middle ground; the transition from great objects to small ones is unpleasing to the eye; in other respects, however, the picture is well composed, the pencilling remarkably free and firm, and the aërial perspective well sustained. I could wish, however, that his pencilling or touches were less perceptible and proportioned to the various distances.

The apartment of PORTRAITS OF PAINTERS contains about 100 in number, executed generally by themselves. Rembrandt's, Rubens', and Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures have the most luminous and striking effect, and appear like diamonds among the rest; many of the others are admirable works of art, and as cabinet pictures, might perhaps be preferred for their exquisite finishing;—those especially by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Parmigiano, Tintoretto, Gerhard Douw, Carlo Dolci, Vandyke, &c.

The portrait of LEONARDO DA VINCI is a fine old head, with a mild expression and flowing beard, painted in his usual smooth transparent manner. The glazings are very thick, and in many parts of the picture are cracked and honey-combed in a strange and singular manner, yet not so much as to injure the drawing or beauty of the picture. In Rembrandt's portraits we can trace his magic pencil in every part, his fine eye for colour never fails to place the most delightful tones in harmony with each other.

MASACCIO DA GIOVANNI'S portrait is in fresco, an admirable sketch, but fresco does not seem well adapted for portrait-painting.

VANDERWERF carries his finishing to an excess, which is unsuitable to portrait-painting; his picture wants spirit, and looks like a coloured mezzotinto engraving:—even CARLO DOLCI loses character in his finishing. SCHALKEN'S portrait, too, (a candle-light effect,) is in the same predicament. Gerhard Douw, on the other hand, though he finishes very highly, contrives to give more spirit and animation: Denner is tiresome; when looking at his works, we can think of nothing but weary toil and months of painful drudgery.

A collection of portraits is a spotty and fatiguing exhibition. Those, however, who are fond of the study of physiognomy, may find much to amuse them. As noble liberal-looking men of

talent, I would class Reynolds with Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, N. Poussin, Titian, &c. as hard featured men of genius, Michael Angelo with Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto; Raphael with Vandyke, as gentle and amiable. The Caraccis have nothing peculiar in their countenances, and surely would not be taken for men of genius; indeed, in glancing over the whole collection, few heads seem to bear that character, and, least of all, the celebrated Jacob More, who might be classed with the Princess of Saxony, (a paintress,) with all due deference to Dr Spurzheim's doctrines, as a silly looking person.

There is nothing very remarkable in the Salle de Frate, except Cigoli's STONING OF ST STEPHEN, which is by much the best picture, and really a noble work in composition, colouring, and effect. There is also a picture by A. Caracci, and one by M. Angelo Caracaggio; a large design, too, of the Virgin Mary in Heaven, by Fra. Bartolommeo, in which it appears that this great artist began his picture on the most careful outline, shaded with a brown or bistre colour.

On examining the various grounds on which these celebrated men have painted, I am enabled to give the following list.

Raphael and Fra. Bartolommeo often used a tanned leather colour; Sebastian del Piombo, generally a dark leaden colour or black; Guido

and the Teniers, occasionally white; Titian, Claude, and the Poussins, a lakey brown; Peter de Lair and Salvator Rosa, sometimes black; Angelica Fiesole, a gold ground.

The hue or tone of the grounds have generally had an influence on the colouring of the pictures. Those that have been painted on a black ground have been sombre and dark; white grounds, have produced silvery, clear, and light pictures; such as have used mahogany coloured grounds, and allowed them to appear through their painting, have produced the most pleasing shades of grey, (I speak of landscape,) and these have often given a leading tone and guide in finishing. Yellow grounds have produced warm and tawny pictures, red grounds, pearly and clear ones, especially if the colouring be thin.

The gallery is filled with copyists, male and female, young and old, who are permitted to have any picture taken down. From what I have seen of this system of copying, I can have no hesitation in saying that it is a bad one. Those stupid people cannot be called artists; they are incapable of producing any thing of their own, and go to the gallery not for improvement, but to make a pitiful livelihood by their wretched imitations; their easils, tables, and desks, with their paltry miniatures and drawings after Raphael, Carlo Dolci, Guido, &c. are constantly in the gallery where they

carry on their trade. To me it appeared disgraceful, not only that the arts should thus be prostituted, but that such beautiful pictures should be degraded to such a purpose. Besides, the rage for copies may eventually lead the eye from nature, and all her charms, and prevent the real genius of the country from rising into notice, while money is thus squandered on objects so undeserving.

Such a gallery as this of Florence is calculated to be of the first advantage to the arts, when studied properly for improvement; but, as I have said, it may have the reverse effect, if prostituted to an ignoble purpose.

Beside the apartments of the various schools of art which I have mentioned, there is a room filled with the statues of Niobe and her family; a room with the famous Hermaphrodite, and many other exquisite statues, busts, and other marbles; rooms, too, of ancient and modern bronzes, and precious gems and coins, and ancient inscriptions.

The statues of the FAMILY OF NIOBE are well arranged, and have a grand and most imposing effect in number. Including the Il Pedagogo, and a figure like Narcissus, they amount to fifteen, and are supposed to be the work of Scopas or Praxiteles. The general appearance of some of the statues is theatrical, and not without considerable faults; yet the beau ideal in them all will

amply compensate their defects, and excite universal admiration.

Niobe, perhaps, appears too large or bulky; and in height, she cannot be less than eight and a half or nine heads; her right leg looks a little out of proportion, and the turning in of some folds above the inside of the right knee, which interrupts the flow of the drapery, is unpleasing to the eye: the child which she protects, is without a fault in form and character. The first daughter on the left of Niobe has quite the general air and appearance of the mother, and is in every respect a most beautiful and interesting figure: but while the shafts of Apollo and Diana are supposed to be dealing death and destruction around, a stronger expression of terror might have been expected: it is, however, a sweet and engaging countenance, exciting indignation against the gods, who, more vindictive than human beings, could destroy a form so beautiful for the harmless and natural vanity of a mother. The statue of her brother, which stands next in succession, is much inferior, and does not call forth the same tender sympathy: his right thigh is much too short, and the drapery which hangs over the leg, does not exhibit a good form beneath. Indeed, both thigh, and leg, and drapery, are defective, and the statue altogether has no pretensions above the middling rank of art. The second or following son is in an unnatural and theatrical attitude:

the point of the toe of the left foot, and the tip of the finger of the right hand, are in a straight line with the left hand; he grasps his drapery, which is twisted round his arm, and tightened on his shoulder; the right knee seems *fixed, not placed,* upon a piece of rock or stem of a tree; the head looks upwards, but with little or no expression. His sister on the opposite side, and next the mother, stands in a petitioning attitude, with her left foot raised upon a stone: the sway of the person is natural, easy, and graceful, and the drapery remarkably well cast. Upon the whole, this statue is finely conceived, though hardly referable in character to any disastrous circumstance. The third daughter, who is the second from Niobe on the left side, is in a crouching attitude, looking upwards, with her right arm extended, but a little bent, her left arm appears above her knee, but does not touch it; she rests chiefly on her left foot, her knee being considerably bent; the right leg appearing through the drapery is somewhat stiff, and indifferently formed: from some points of view, however, no defect arrests the eye, and it may be pronounced to be an admirable statue.

Two of the sons (the third and fourth) are in the same attitude: in my description, therefore, I shall chuse the fourth. He kneels on his left knee, his body being somewhat turned back; his right arm rests upon his right knee, the left on drapery,

which is placed upon a stone; the right limb projected appears in a straight line, and the foot is disagreeably turned up, so that the sole is perceptible. The left knee appears as if it were sunk considerably into the stone on which it rests, and in other respects is far from being pleasing or correct. The whole figure indeed seems constrained, and excites in the spectator a feeling of uneasiness, when he attempts to conceive himself in such a posture; yet there is certainly much to admire in both the statues. In the fifth son (in order round the room) there is a similar stiffness, but the head, and the anatomy of the breast, are incomparably fine; indeed, the whole figure has a superior air, and an elevated expression of ideal beauty.

The statue of the fourth daughter is extremely pleasing, but without any pretensions to refined or classical character; the right thigh is very short. The right arm of the sixth son is raised somewhat above his head, beyond which it projects about six inches. The hand is muffled up in drapery, which comes sweeping down in a circular form opposite to the left knee; a button fastens the drapery near the left groin, from which it depends in beautiful folds in a straight line down to the foot. From the inclination of the body and the projection of the right arm, the figure with its drapery resembles the shape of a half moon. The right leg may be a little too stiff, and the right arm too short; but the

statue altogether has more original character and more of that kind of beau ideal which should belong to the son of Niobe, than any other of the male figures. The head and breast are inimitably and carefully studied.

Next to this beautiful statue stands the one called Il Pedagogo, but what pretension he has to be placed among the Niobes, with his half boots laced in front, I am at a loss to know. He has nothing of their character, and appears of an order so much less noble, that they completely disown him.

The fifth daughter is perhaps the most graceful of all the sisters. Her drapery comes sweeping round, and winds with the form of the limbs in the most agreeable manner; she appears about to take a step, and the lightness and elegance of the figure can hardly be surpassed. I know not what to say of the figure resembling Narcissus, unless that it appears to have no connection whatever with the rest. I could wish the statue in the Corridor, which is supposed to be one of the Niobes, were put in its place; it would certainly be more like the set, and fully as good a statue as either the third or fourth son. Of all the statues in the Salle de Niobe, the Dead Son appears the best. He is represented lying on his back, his legs just crossing each other, the left hand reclining on his breast, and his right arm so much

raised as from some points of view to hide his face. As a just representation of nature and finishing, this statue has no rival. The learned and celebrated Mr John Bell has often visited this inimitable work, and pronounced it to be a most extraordinary display of anatomical accuracy.

It has been conjectured, I understand, by the ingenious Mr Cockerell, that this collection of marbles has been originally intended for the tympanum of a temple. I hope, however, that Il Pedagogo is not admitted in Mr Cockerell's arrangement. The representation, too, of the dead figure, with the marks of stabs or cuts upon his right and left breast, appears to have no connection with the family of Niobe. He is more like an unsuccessful gladiator; and compared with the gashes in his breast, the wounds made by the shafts of Apollo would have been comparatively small. This statue is likewise very highly finished in every part, even to the finest gloss, which seemed unnecessary if it had been intended to form one of this ill-fated family, as Mr Cockerell supposes that they were represented in the tympanum. None of the other figures are executed with nearly the same care, though, according to this hypothesis, they must have been more distinctly seen. It is true, that the Greeks were accustomed to give as high finishing even to the unseen parts of the statues, as to those which were most exposed to view. In this parti-

cular instance, however, when the other statues are less carefully finished, there seems to be no conceivable reason for the very high polish of the figure in question. One of the sons, indeed, is not sculptured behind; yet this is the only figure, which appears to have been a fixture, from the mark of an iron cramp, which is visible in the marble. But supposing them placed within a pediment, they would appear detached and single figures without any grouping, and would look various ways; one, indeed, with his back towards the spectator. Would this be consistent with Grecian taste?

Nor can I think that the figures would suit the acute angle of the tympanum. The heads would rise too high; or, if placed under it, Niobe would appear too small, leaving a vacant space above the figure. The third or crouching daughter, I understand, has been left out of this supposed arrangement. Now, if she is one of the Niobes, to whom she certainly appears as nearly allied as the Pedagogo, or the statue of the Dead Son, why was she denied a place among the other figures?

Besides the statues of Niobe and her family, there are in the same room (which is nearly thirty feet in length) several paintings by Rubens, Vandyke, Subtermane, &c. THE BATTLE OF YPRES, (a very large picture,) behind the figure of Niobe, is a performance of wonderful spirit, and fully conveys to the mind the awful confusion of such a scene.

The very horses, (admirably painted,) with their struggling exertions and eyes of fire, seem to revel in the horrible affray. The power of Rubens' pencil is irresistible; his fearless mind, like the hero of the battle, surmounts difficulties from which any other painter would have shrunk in dismay. He aims not merely at groupes of horses and warriors skilfully combined, as may be seen in the battles of Borgognone, Salvator Rosa, and others; but at one mighty field of human exertions, where all are determined to conquer or to fall! He even rouses the passions of the spectator, forces him to dash into the hurricane of battle, and for a time scarcely allows him to reflect, that he is contemplating a work of art. This extraordinary picture is painted in a very free manner, abounding in peintementos or corrections, and exhibiting such a display of varied feeling, as no other picture ever perhaps expressed.

HENRY THE FOURTH'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE INTO PARIS, after the battle of Ypres, a companion to this picture, likewise abounds in all the excellence of the master: the colouring, spirit, and character, all obey the inspiration of his mind; even the skies seem to rejoice in Henry's glory.

He who would sit down to point out the faults in these extraordinary pictures, would surely misspend his time. They are all perceptible, and left so by the master, who well knew that the para-

mount *feeling* and *sentiment* which they exhibit, would leave the liberal and enlightened mind no inclination to observe such trifling defects. I question whether, if such subjects were highly finished and every fault removed, they would strike so much as this powerful and energetic pencilling, with all its train of alterations and dauntless freedom.

The portrait of HELEN FORMAN, by the same master, is almost a speaking picture;—fresh as the morning! every tone as pure as the light from Heaven! What an example of his power of finishing, *when finishing is necessary!* and what a picture for modern portrait-painters to study! Vandyke's exquisite picture hangs near that of Rubens', and is in every respect as fine; the pencilling is delicate, yet free as air; and the character and natural expression, like fine poetry, finds an assent in every breast.

In the room of the HERMAPHRODITE is the celebrated statue of that name. The figure is represented lying in a beautiful flowing or eel-like form, upon a lion's skin. The head, which is turned towards the spectator, with the most innocent and captivating expression, is quite divine. Indeed, every part is perfect. It appears, perhaps, to most advantage when viewed from behind; and the whole statue suggests the idea, that the sculptor's model has been a lovely female.

Next in perfection to this exquisite piece of sculp-

ture is the colossal HEAD OF ALEXANDER; the countenance, apparently exhibiting great mental suffering; and the head of Jove, expressive of serene and quiet majesty. Then follows ANTINOUS in pensive sadness. This head. which is also colossal, was discovered at Rome so late as 1671.

The INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING SERPENTS is much admired; but the belly appears tumid and flaccid, indicative of weakness, an appearance very inconsistent with the nature of the subject.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, and two busts of CICERO, at different periods of his life, are full of character, as, indeed, are many others, which it would be tedious even to name.

The room of MODERN BRONZES contains innumerable works of beauty. The MERCURY, by John of Bologna, is not inferior to any thing of the antique. His foot rests upon a zephyr, and the figure is so light as to be quite aërial. There is a head too of one of the Medici Family, finely executed, and also a helmet by Benvenuto Cellini, on which are impressed figures of Charity and Fame, and several cameos in silver, of faultless workmanship. Ghiberti's SACRIFICE is likewise beautiful. There are some frames too of exquisite cameos.

Among the ANCIENT BRONZES, the most remarkable are a HORSE'S HEAD; the figure of a young man five feet in height, called the IDOL, and not unlike Antinous; a MINERVA, very ancient, but

imperfect in the beau ideal; a PHILOSOPHER, in a noble simple attitude, holding a scroll in his hand. All these ancient bronze statues have hollow eyes without eye-balls. Among the smaller bronzes, CUPID is represented dressed with *breeches*, a belt about his loins, and wings upon his feet: there are also innumerable Venuses, for love and beauty were the predominant divinities in ancient days.

The ROOM OF GEMS boasts of exquisite and highly finished works in precious stones. Those by Benvenuto Cellini are of the finest workmanship. I shall not attempt to describe these inestimable curiosities, not daring to trust my eyes among so many diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, topazes, lapides lazuli, &c. The apartment was always full of ladies, who perhaps regretted that one part of the Spartan discipline might not be practised by the fair in Florence.

In the ROOM OF INSCRIPTIONS are many Egyptian monuments, urns, ornaments, sarcophagi, &c.

The BUST OF BACCHUS is a specimen of the disagreeable effect of the mixture of marble and alabaster of different colours. From this mixture probably originated the Pietra dura, or the art of imitating various objects by inlaying with different coloured stones, the effect of which is not much more pleasing than that of the motley busts. The only workmanship of the kind which is at all tolerable is Mosaic, and it is astonishing to what

perfection it may be brought I refer chiefly to large pictures in various towns in Italy, and not to the small specimens which are brought to England. In the room of inscriptions will be found the MASK, an early performance by Michael Angelo. It is by no means like the work of a young man, but is full of spirit and character that indicates mastery. The BUST OF BRUTUS in the same room, and by the same hand, is unfinished, yet full of noble and manly expression.

Among the principal statues in the Corridors, the ROMAN MATRON, supposed to be the Empress Agrippina, will not fail to draw the attention of the man of taste. She is represented sitting in a simple graceful attitude. The drapery in small folds, beautifully yields to the turning of the body; altogether, there is something extremely lady-like and interesting in this statue; the hands and feet are delicacy itself! The head, however, is a restoration, with an expression of countenance by far too young for the figure. The Roman Matron is quite a model for ease, and it were well if the awkward females of this age had the opportunity of learning from it to sit properly upon their chairs.

The Corridors abound in Athletæ or Wrestlers, but they are all too like academy figures placed in attitudes. They have nothing of the beau ideal, and perhaps require none. In the statues of PAN and OLENTO, the latter listens to Pan, who is in-

structing him to play upon his reed; the groupe is pleasing, but the arms of both, placed above each other, are not in taste. The statues of some of the muses are good, but not remarkable for beauty. That of CALLIOPE is the best. The VENUS COUCHANT is exquisite in beauty and form; but it is to be regretted that her head, like the locks of some of our British Venuses, is not her own, the original being lost. The statue of MERCURY is a noble figure, but he should throw off his wings, and be reduced to a gladiator; he is much too heavy for the skies.

The BACCHUS by Michael Angelo is one of the finest statues in the gallery. A youthful figure stands with a fine easy sway of body, having a cup in one hand, and grapes in the other; a little satyr at his foot holding grapes up to his mouth. The anatomy and character are excellent, and do honour to the noble genius of the master. The mouth is a little open, and it is not difficult to perceive that the god has got quite enough of the juice of the grape, but this is delicately and prettily expressed.

On the opposite side is the famous Bacchus called the BACCO DEL SANSOVINO. It is also a youthful figure. He holds up a cup, and looks towards it with a smiling countenance; perhaps this expression is better than Michael-Angelo's; it shews the enlivening and inspiring quality of wine, while the former seems only to exhibit its intoxicating effect. The copy of the LAOCOON by Bacchus

Bandinelli is said to be little inferior to the original; the latter I have not seen, but if it is finer than Bandinelli's, it must certainly be divine. Donatelli's STATUE OF ST JOHN should not be among these admirable marbles; for, however true to nature, a miserable starved-looking creature is extremely disagreeable. In nature, misery excites compassion, but I question whether we should wish it to be much before our eyes in art. There can be no doubt, if this statue had the power of loco-motion, and could see the disgust which it excites, it would march off without delay.

From the number of empresses and other female busts among the various marbles, many of them admirable specimens of sculpture, we can form an accurate idea in what manner the ladies in ancient times wore their hair, and it is curious to perceive the endless variety of curls, plaitings, frizzlings, and braidings. But I should suspect, from the profusion of hair and high tupees, which many of them exhibit, that wigs and false hair are of great antiquity. In the vestibule there are many admirable marbles and bronzes, and likewise the busts of the Medici Family, from Lorenzo downwards, all of them with singular, and by no means pleasing physiognomy.

The BOAR is an admirable piece of art; a DOG, too, is extremely well executed, but the HORSE appears heavy and unnatural. The HERCULES in

bronze, and the grand and warlike figure on the opposite side, together with some basso relievos, may comprehend the finest of the works in the Vestibule.

In walking through the gallery, I have found that the general mode of criticising the statues adopted by the visitors, was to measure them according to the height of the Apollo or the Venus de Medicis, than which method nothing can be more erroneous. Apollo may be a certain number of heads in height, and so may the Venus; but surely it does not follow, that a statue of Minerva or of Juno should have the same proportions as a Venus, nor would it be expected that a Bacchus or a Hercules should count heads with Apollo. They are all different in character, and must be so in form and dimensions. In short, the proportions of statues must not only be characteristic of what they are intended to represent, but must likewise be made to please the eye, and answer the conception of the sculptor: the proportions of a Bacchus by Michael Angelo might not suit those of a Bacchus by Bandinelli, although the figures might be the same in size, and equal in beauty. So much depends on feeling. Is not *Nature* a great authority, who produces endless variety of proportions and dimensions in the human form, which might be selected by the painter according to his peculiar taste, and rendered in the highest degree pleasing?

LETTER XII.

FLORENCE.

The Cathedral.—Santa Croce.—Tomb of M. Angelo.—Santissima Annunziata.—Votive Offerings.—Organs.—Sopranos.—Pulpits.—Chapel de' Depositi.— M. Angelo's Statues.—Ghiberti's Gates.—Prison.—Madhouse.—Santa Maria Nuovella.—Society called the Buonuomini di San Martino.—And Society of Misericordia.

Few exhibitions are more fatiguing than a gallery of pictures and statues. The mind, constantly upon the alert, soon becomes exhausted. What, then, must a long account of them be? My conscience tells me that I have put your patience in this way to a severe trial, and that I must now relieve you with a little variety. Yet as there are few situations in Florence, where we do not meet with either statues or paintings, I cannot refrain from adverting to those which may come in our way, though I promise you it shall be but slightly. You cannot boast of that want of curiosity, which distinguished a certain noble Lord, who lately took a bet, and gained it, that he would not see the Vatican a second time; or another Englishman, who, for the sake of a little notoriety, spent many weeks in Rome, without seeing either St Peter's or the Coliseum.

The Duomo, or Cathedral of Florence, a mix-

ture of Gothic and ancient Roman architecture, is a noble edifice. In its dimensions, it is not much inferior to Saint Paul's, but without its simple dignity; some projection seems to be wanting at the bottom of the dome, which, springing from its support, even without a cornice, looks bare and meagre. The alternate layers of black and white marble of which the edifice is composed give little repose to the wandering eye. The inlaying and pannelling are finished with the utmost neatness, and the building, in general, embraces a great variety of the richest ornament; though it must be said, with singular incongruity. The twisted columns, supported on the backs of various animals, and even carried round the Gothic arches, are entirely at variance with taste and propriety.

On the Tower, which is separate from the Cathedral, are sculptured, in basso relievo, representations of the progress of man, from his creation, in the natural order of his wants and inventions, towards refinement; such as spinning, weaving, building, pottery, brewing, smith work, astronomy, religion, the arts, &c. These, though not executed in the purest taste, are sufficiently character istic for their situation. Besides these basso relievos, the niches in the higher part of the tower are filled with statues of the Apostles, the whole presenting a fine display of richness and effect. On entering the Cathedral, it appears extremely gloo-

my, the various objects being barely visible by the feeble light, which faintly gleams through the painted glass. This effect seems to be suitable to devotion, and calculated to keep in subordination the vain tendencies of the soul.

The eye soon becomes accustomed to the sombre shade, and traces out the beauties of Bandinelli's admirable basso relievos. On the screen of the high altar, constructed by Michael Angelo, the affecting group of JESUS CHRIST AND THE VIRGIN MARY, sculptured by that great master, seen in "the dim religious light," addresses our humbled tone of mind, and calls forth innumerable reveries on what we are, and what we may be. At one time, on visiting this magnificent Temple, we witnessed a scene of grandeur, which was extremely impressive. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the torrents poured upon the streaming glass. The sudden and vivid lights, like the rays of hope, that dart occasionally upon the heart through the gloom of sorrow, glanced upon the dripping creatures that were rushing in at every quarter, as if to implore the protection of Heaven, in this moment of terror.

Santa Croce contains the ashes of Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo, Machiaveli, and other illustrious dead. At all times we respect the memory of such great men, but, on visiting their tombs, we could almost bend the knee. Alfieri's monument

is by Canova, but, with all its beauty, is not successful. The female figure leaning over the sarcophagus, with the portrait of Alfieri, is by much too bulky; the head, however, is extremely fine, and would do honour to ancient sculpture.

The sarcophagus, on which is placed the bust of Michael Angelo, is raised above the eye; and at each end, and opposite the middle, is seen a female figure, representing Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. Below the centre figure is the following inscription:

MICHAELI ANGELO BONAROTIO
E VETVSTA SIMONIORVM FAMILIA
SCVLPTORI PICTORI ET ARCHITECTO
FAMA OMNIBVS NOTISSIMO
LEONARDVS PATRVO AMANTISS. ET DE SE OPTIME MERITO
TRANSLATIS ROMA EJVS OSSIBVS ATQVE IN HOC TEMPLO MAIOR.
SVOR. SEPVLCRO CONDITIS COHORT ANTE SERINISS COSMO MED
MAGNO HETRVRIAE DVCE P. C. ANN. SAL CIↃIↃ. LXX.
VIXIT ANN. LXXXVIII. M. XI. D. XV.

On each side of the bust are three wreaths of olive, bay, and oak, together with his arms. The principal part of the monument, including these various objects, forms a square, above which is a small fresco picture of a Dead Christ and the Virgin, painted by Michael Angelo, exquisite both in colouring and design. These monuments form the principal attraction in the church of Santa Croce.

" In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is

Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relaps'd to chaos."

The church of the Santissima Annunziata boasts of its peculiar sanctity, * beauty, and riches. In the small chapel, called the Capella del Socorso, within the church, the riches are prodigious. One splendid golden lamp, and thirty silver ones of great magnitude, hang round this little place of worship. The altar is composed of silver and precious stones; and there are besides twenty-five great silver candlesticks. From the appearance of the whole it may be said to be imbossed in riches, dazzling the eye with splendour. Can the worshippers of the Virgin suppose that she is to be captivated by the glare of worldly magnificence, or that her intercession may be gained by costly offerings?

In this beautiful church, which was a favourite of Michael Angelo's, there is an admirable statue of a Dead Christ by Bandinelli; he seems to have just touched the line which distinguishes perfect

* I remarked in this church, notwithstanding its sanctity, a circumstance which appeared to me to be peculiarly indecent. While service was performing at one end, some people were sweeping it at the other, enveloping in a cloud of dust two or three poor creatures who were praying; one of them, indeed, while he was counting his beads, was requested to get out of the way of the broom!

nature from *ideal* beauty: the expression of the whole is dignified, even to the feet. On the other hand, the Christ in bronze by John of Bologna, in the same church, is too much marked in the detail. Strong *anatomical expression* does not seem to be suitable to the character of our Saviour, at least it should not be carried so far as to intrude upon the sentiment. The cloisters are filled with frescoes by Pucitti and others; but there is one by Andrea del Sarto, Madonna del Sacco, in the form of half a circle, which is perfectly beautiful, and remarkable for delicacy of colouring. It is the same from which Morghen has made an exquisite engraving. The corridor, in front of the church, has likewise several admirable fresco paintings by the same master, who surprises us by the simple means which he has employed, never in any instance forsaking unaffected nature: on all his works is impressed a quiet elevated character, which is extremely pleasing.

Besides the innumerable fresco paintings in Florence, by painters whose names are unknown in England, the stucco walls of several of the houses are hatched with figures "al sgraffito," * of remarkable spirit and fine conception.

The Voti, or offerings presented to the churches

* By this term is meant the hatching of figures with brown colours, on plastered walls, in imitation of drawings hatched with a brush.

by bigotted individuals, are miserable daubings, and generally, I should suppose, painted by the persons who imagined themselves relieved by the interposition of the saint or saints, from their bodily diseases, accidents, or sufferings. To ascribe such benefits to inferior agents, and not directly to the Divine power, may appear modest, yet it does not suit our notions of the universal superintendence of God, and his parental regard for all his creatures, since not a sparrow falls to the ground without an act of his will.

In the time of Leopold, the cloister before the church La Santissima Annunziata was principally appropriated to the reception of these votive offerings, and they must have been considerable in number, and perhaps injurious to the mind, since he found it necessary to issue an order for their removal. They are, however, creeping in again; all which are now seen are of modern date, from 1795 to 1815, and generally represent accidents, such as falling down stairs, out of a boat, kicks from horses, a bone in the throat, carriages driving over women and children, inflammation in the throat, &c. Some of the best of them have been honoured with a place within the church, which, by the way, may be a delicate hint for the pious votaries to send better pictures.

The Monastery of the Church of St Mark's was suppressed by the French. In the refectory they

shew a painting in which St Dominicano appears at dinner with a number of monks: when they sat down they had nothing to eat, but on praying fervently, St Dominicano was served by angels, who came from heaven with laps full of *new-baked* rolls. It is but a poor picture; there are, however, the remains of better upon the injured walls.

Santo Spirito is the only church in which we heard a sermon preached, quite in the Presbyterian style, *without notes.* The congregation, however, consisted almost exclusively of women, children, and very old men. The pictures in Santo Spirito, by Cigoli and Fra. Bartolommeo, are not of the first order, but highly deserving of some examination. Cigoli never painted in vain.

Many of the churches in Florence have admirable organs; that of the church of St Gaetano is the best, and next to it is that in the Badia. The Abbe Cotte performs on the latter, and the former is played by a person of inferior talent; thus the power and expression of the finest instrument is lost by this unwise arrangement.

Soprano voices are not numerous. Signor Martini is at the head of all, and his notes and skill are truly divine. It has been calculated, however, that not above one in twelve of these artificial voices are found to succeed; *taste and judgment seldom accompany them.* The government have commanded, that females should henceforth take

the alto parts, after the present set of male sopranos has expired. For this arrangement, it is said, they are indebted to Napoleon.

The pulpits in many of the Italian churches are elegant, in particular those of the church of San Lorenzo. They are simple oblong squares of bronze without canopies, and enriched with scriptural subjects in basso relievo, supported on marble columns, and large enough to admit two clergymen

The Chapel de Depositi, the work of Michael Angelo, surprised me greatly: indeed, I could hardly imagine that a mind which comprehended every thing that was great, should have produced a work so utterly unworthy of him. Broken and divided into trifling parts, it appears more like the performance of an unskilful architect. I speak of the interior. The fine heroic statue, by Michael Angelo, of LORENZO DE MEDICI, (in a warlike dress,) is placed within these walls. In attitude, Lorenzo sits resting on his left arm, his fingers touching his chin. The right arm being partly turned round, the back of the hand is placed upon the knee. His helmet projects considerably, and casts a shadow over the face, which greatly heightens the sublimity of the figure. He appears to be meditating, and a more interesting figure can hardly be imagined :—the mysterious expression and character, impressing the spectator with awe, are quite

original, and place Michael Angelo far above the sculptors of his time.

Upon a sarcophagus, containing the ashes of Lorenzo de Medici, and immediately below his statue, are two reclining figures, (male and female,) said to represent MORNING AND TWILIGHT. The head of the male is left unfinished, yet is full of expression; indeed, both figures are excellent, exhibiting such noble uninterrupted contours, as none but such a genius as that of Michael Angelo could have conceived. Upon a sarcophagus immediately opposite, under the statue of Giovano di Medici, are two other reclining figures, representing DAY AND NIGHT; the female statue abounds in grace, and the drapery takes the most pleasing folds; with the exception of the lock of hair that falls upon the neck, the statue is completely finished, even to the highest gloss or polish, perhaps too much so, for the character of flesh, which even marble, as in some of the finest antique statues, should appear to represent. The head of the male figure looks over the right shoulder, but it appeared somewhat small, and perhaps placed rather too much to the left. Michael Angelo, after ascertaining general forms, seems to have finished as he advanced, and has occasionally preferred proceeding with the subordinate parts first. The back and shoulders of the last mentioned figure are remarkably fine, though rather broad for the proportion of the

figure; the head is left in the same state as that of the corresponding statue on the opposite side.

Were I to offer a criticism on these four statues of Morning, Noon, Twilight, and Night, I would venture to say, that they are not expressive of what they are intended to represent. I may likewise add, that, if we are to suppose the sarcophagi to contain the full size of the human form, the statues are out of all proportion too large, giving us the idea that the person entombed must be of a diminutive size; but, if they contain the ashes only, the objection does not hold. I could wish, however, they had less the character of supporters to the figures. There is likewise in the Chapel de Depositi a statue of the VIRGIN AND CHILD: the Virgin is left in a very rude state, but the Child is exquisitely done. Whether it proceeded from an inconstant disposition, or from any accidental circumstance, it is equally to be regretted, that this great man has left so many of his works unfinished.

Some of the statues in the cathedral and other churches are made of leather! From their appearance, I should not have discovered this, had not one of them been considerably injured. The material *for effect* seems to answer very well; and it would not be easy to discover, that these *saints*, like some of their predecessors in our Saviour's time, were *wolves in sheep's clothing*.

Ghiberti's BRAZEN GATES at the baptistry of St John well deserve the praise so universally bestowed on them, and it is not surprising that Michael Angelo should have said, that they were worthy of being the gates of paradise. The adjustment of every part is most agreeable to the eye, the breadth of them bearing a greater proportion to the height than is generally adopted in doors. Each folding door contains five scriptural subjects executed in all the gradations of relief. In grouping, drawing, grace, and beauty, the figures are truly admirable; the perspective, too, is well sustained, the distant objects being done in flat, the nearer objects in mezzo, and those close upon the eye in alto relievo. The flat relief, even to the trees and buildings, is executed to admiration; the architrave and frame are quite in harmony with the general richness of the whole.

Among the principal features of Florence, the prison, which was the ancient Palazzo del Potesta, is a conspicuous object. The architecture is by Lappo, and highly characteristic of his style. On entering the court, one is struck with a certain air of chivalry and gloom united; the walls are covered with various coats of arms, and the projecting roof throws a melancholy shade over all, and awakening some suspicion of personal safety, leads the mind back to those times of turbulence, when not a citizen could be trusted. We were

led to a great room in the centre of the building, and were not long in that situation before we saw a squalid crowd of wretched beings through the grates, which looked into their miserable dens, despair glaring wildly in their unsettled eyes! The nakedness of these unfortunate creatures, and the filth and vermin of their loathsome abode, had better not be told. Five of them were lying dead in a small room; but, whether from the jail disease, or other causes, I could not learn. Humanity and charity, I fear, were far away; and I am tempted to ask if the statue of Justice, which the Florentines have placed upon a lofty column, be intended as emblematical, since it seems to imply that justice is out of reach.

The mad-house, which was formerly a monastery, contains at present about two hundred patients. Love and religion seem to have turned the heads of the greatest number; one imagines himself to be Cupid; another, God; and another, the Devil. The girls who are deranged from love, are generally from fourteen to fifteen years of age: one priest is confined for writing against the Grand Duke. The establishment has only one physician and a medical assistant, even when the number is considerably greater. Those in a state of great delirium are tied down naked in their beds with cotton bandages, which do not hurt them. Each individual may have a cell, and the

name of the deranged person is placed above the door: there is one melancholy instance, however, of a father and two sons being confined in the same apartment.

In Santa Maria Nuovella, the monks of the monastery make the best medicines in Florence; the establishment is very considerable, and the public is plentifully served at an easy rate. I must confess I had peculiar satisfaction in seeing the floors of several of the cells strewed with herbs for distillation, instead of being inhabited by stupid indolence.

The society of the Buonuomini di San Martino, composed of twenty gentlemen, and which, in former days, was ever ready to relieve suffering delicacy in distress, has, in a great degree, permitted its philanthropy to become a shadow, which none but the veriest apparations of misery can grasp.

The society of the Misericordia, however, which numbers 400 respectable inhabitants, including some of the principal nobility, are still in active service, attending the sick, and burying the dead, and permitting no circumstance to infringe upon their duty, however painful and revolting it may be. Even plagues have been no check to their benevolence. When we reflect that Leopold himself, who was a member of this institution, has carried wretchedness and death upon his shoulders, it is impossible to refuse respect and admiration to an establishment of such distinguished and condescending humanity.

LETTER XIII.

FLORENCE.

Academy delle Belle Arte.—Its Pictures, Casts, Drawings, &c.—Character of the Prize Pictures.—A more extensive Study of Nature recommended.—Rules of the Academy in regard to admission of Students, Pri[illegible] &c.—Porcelain Manufactory.—Artists.—Bartolini, Benv[illegible]i, &c.—Morghen the Engraver.—Canova's Venus, compared with the Venus of Cleomenes.

LEOPOLD, following the enlightened views of the Medici family, turned his mind considerably towards the arts. Perceiving the consequence and respect which they acquired for Italy, and, indeed, every country where they have flourished, he patronized painting, drawing, modelling, architecture, engraving, and even Pietra Dura, or working in precious stones. The present government also, though, perhaps, too much inclined to encourage the Pietra Dura, has a considerable leaning towards the arts, which may be said to meet at present with very fair support in Florence.

The Academy delle Belle Arte is an honour to the country. It has not only produced artists of considerable merit in historical and scriptural composition, but likewise inspired a taste in various manufactures, and bids fair to be of farther and more extensive advantage to the country.

This institution has likewise a collection of early pictures, chiefly composed of those which belonged to the suppressed monasteries of Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, &c. Like the series at Bologna, and the Royal Gallery, it begins with Greek pictures; and here, too, the progress of improvement is but slow. Indeed, from the commencement to Philippo Lippi, there is no remarkable advance; with him drawing, especially of the feet and hands, and, I may add, composition and design, become very perceptible. Truth is successfully followed, and understood by Verochio Ghirlandajo, Lorenzo di Credi, and Perugino; and came at length to perfection in the hands of Raphael. The series, however, is still imperfect; and, indeed, unless better pictures of the various masters are exhibited together, it will be difficult to perceive the nice and delicate steps which the arts had made towards improvement. The collection of original Cartoons by Correggio, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Fra. Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and others, is extensive and superb; besides these, the academy has many admirable drawings and designs, by almost every ancient painter, as well as by the masters of the Academy. The casts from the antique are numerous and rare; and in addition to these are several Terra Cotta studies by Michael Angelo, especially his botze or first ideas of the figures representing Morning, Noon, Twilight, and Night. These are

extremely curious and interesting, and shew how faithfully he has kept to them in his sculptured figures in the Chapel de Depositi.

Besides these various means of improvement, the institution has a life academy, and a gallery containing the prize pictures, models, &c. of the modern artists and students of the Academy. Many of these are well designed, and display a considerable knowledge in drawing. The models, in particular, have many claims to praise. * The architecture and landscapes, however, seemed to rank but low. Many of the drawings in chalk are executed with the utmost neatness and finish, though as large as the statues from which they are copied. It may be doubted, however, whether the labour bestowed on these drawings might not be more profitably employed; and whether drawings of a smaller size might not be sufficient to give a correct idea of the originals, while, by enabling the student to obtain a greater variety, they would extend his knowledge of character and sentiment.

On looking over the various modern works in

* A basso relievo of the departure of Æneas by Salvador Bongiovanni, a *Sicilian* artist, might do honour to any age. For taste and purity of form, it has rarely been surpassed or equalled in modern times. The study of the ancient marbles does not appear to interfere with improvement in sculpture so much as in painting; at least, the overdoing of this study is not apparent.

the Academy, I found the same want of nature in all which I observed in the pictures in the academy of Parma or Bologna. They have too much of *a pretty showy* imitation of the antique, and there is in all a tiresome uniformity. This must arise from some defect in the mode of study. Indeed, I am still of opinion, that if an apartment for drawing and painting from nature, in a more general way than the mere naked figure, were introduced in addition to this, and the study of the antique, it might be of the first advantage. Why should colouring, drapery, grouping, and the various effects of light and shade, and reflected light from colour, &c. be omitted? These are all necessary, as well as the simple nude, and it is in these that the great defect of the modern Italian school seems to lie. There would be no danger of injuring, by this method, the taste of the *student of genius.* On the contrary, by an early discrimination of the beauties and defects of living objects in all their varieties and defects, (which might be pointed out to him,) combined with the study of the antique, he would be more in the road of the great painters of old, and have a fairer chance to obtain an immortal name. As far as a knowledge of art in sculpture or painting assists the study of nature, it is desirable; but if, by an unskilful direction, it produces nothing but a herd of imitators, it were better to begin the course again, and start from simple nature, advanc-

ing from one step of improvement to another; unless some means be taken to discover where the fault exists, and to correct it accordingly.

I could almost wish that the academy would establish an occasional change of pictures, instead of having the same collection constantly on exhibition. Pictures for instruction should not be allowed to pall upon the eye, or to produce in the students too strong a prepossession in their favour.

No young person is allowed to study in the academy without a good moral character. He must first present his petition to the president, who is always an artist of eminence, from whom it is handed to the committee, who determine the premiums, and if they approve, the applicant is held elected. Formerly the youth were provided with materials for study gratis, but the French introduced a change of system, and made a charge for them, which, I understand, is still continued, except to the poorest class. Improper behaviour forfeits the benefits of the institution; the time of attendance is indefinite. There is a gallery in which the works of the students are exhibited for sale, except the premium pictures, which must always remain in the academy.

When the youth contend for the prizes, they are first asked by the master if they propose to paint for the premium or principal prize. To this prize any native of Tuscany may aspire, but not unless he has been previously taught in

the Academy. The pictures are painted at home, that the judges may not know by whom they are done.

When the paintings or drawings for the prizes are finished, they are very properly (to prevent partiality) hung up on exhibition for three days, in order that the public may judge of their merit. The president, too, generally exhibits some of his works along with them, which serves, in some degree, to discover their defects. The highest prize at present does not exceed eight or ten guineas. The best of the unsuccessful pupils, that they may not be altogether disappointed, are encouraged by a medal.

There are two exhibitions in a year, instead of one as formerly. This was suggested by the French, who thought it better to divide the prizes, which were at one time of double the present value. Four young men are annually sent to Rome, where they generally remain for several years for the benefit of further study and encouragement; those, of course, are chosen from the most promising and able students. The expence is entirely defrayed by government.

On visiting the Porcellane, which is a celebrated manufacture of porcelain, belonging to the Marquis Ginori, I was immediately struck with the advantage of the Academy and the study of drawing, painting, and modelling, as referable to manufacture.

It was, indeed, extremely gratifying to find the arts so useful in supplying so many ingenious people of all ages with the means of living respectably, and of exciting a general taste, by the beautiful forms which they produced. The Marquis Ginori well deserves the approbation of his country, and it is pleasing to perceive how completely he has conquered feeling, in allowing his name to be annexed to the most insignificant production of his manufactory. The manufacture and sculpture in alabaster is likewise carried to a great extent, and many ornaments, vases, and figures, &c. are executed with spirit and truth. Bartolini, as a sculptor, is the Canova of Florence, and has produced some busts, particularly of British characters, that do him infinite honour. Santorilli, as a modeller and engraver of seals, is an artist of considerable merit; his best performances, however, are such as he produces from the antique, or celebrated modern works.

Benvenuti, the president of the academy, is at the head of history-painting, and may rank with our venerable West, though not so great an artist in original conception of his subjects, or in expressive execution. Fabre and other artists have considerable talent, but principally in the scriptural department. Portrait-painting is not so much a profession by itself as it is in Britain, nor does it seem to be so much encouraged. Benvenuti is the principal artist in

that interesting branch, but his pictures are not equal even to our second rate portraits in England. Miniature-painting is equally low; there is nothing to compare with our celebrated Thomson of Edinburgh.

Morghen may be said to be the first engraver in the world; his print of the LAST SUPPER gives him an immortal name. In the prosecution of that celebrated work, he had to encounter considerable difficulty from the ruinous state of the painting by Da Vinci; he did as much as could be done, however, from its poor remains, and had recourse to a good copy to assist him in the defective parts. This celebrated artist, in addition to his many excellent works, has it in contemplation to engrave the Notte (or Night piece) of Correggio,—a subject, in every respect, worthy of his genius. He is likewise desirous to make an engraving from our magnificent picture of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke. These, it must be confessed, are great undertakings for a man upwards of 65 years of age. His last work, I regret to say, is from a picture by Batoni, a master of little merit; and at present, his admirable talent is deplorably misemployed on a miserable copy after Leonardo da Vinci. Why he should make such a choice, especially with so many splendid pictures at his command, it is impossible to conjecture. He is apprehensive that his ardour

may be considerably damped in regard to the Notte and Charles I., from the difficulty of procuring good drawings of them. This celebrated man is liberal and communicative, and makes no secret of his art. When engraving, he sits close upon a window with his back to the light, with an inclined screen of tissue paper to reflect upon his work. He is a great admirer of the English school of engraving, especially of Woollett's works, many of which, with some of the best of the French school, cover the walls of his room. His establishment for printing, and the sale of his works, is very considerable; the British are his greatest purchasers; but it is to be regretted that he is so totally careless of his fame, as to offer the merest shadows of his plates for sale. The plates, both of the Last Supper and of the Transfiguration, should have been cut to pieces, long before they were brought to their present degraded state.

The VENUS OF CANOVA, in the Palazzo Pitti, combines most interesting modesty with grace and beauty. That great artist has, indeed, done honour to the fair sex in his delicate conception of their character. The Venus of Cleomenes, (De Medicis,) no doubt, has suggested much to Canova in this skilful production of his chisel, into which he has succeeded in infusing the general purity of his archetype. To heighten, if possible, the sentiment of modesty, Canova has brought

to his aid the addition of drapery. Still that virtue is not more delicately expressed, than in the simple and unaffected attitude of the Venus de Medicis; the departing from which, even in the slightest degree, would seem to injure her perfection. Although the Venus of Canova displays his consummate skill and knowledge of the female form, it must yield to its only companion, the Mistress of the World! *

* The statue of Venus de Medicis has been sadly mutilated. The head and arms have been broken off. It has likewise been greatly injured under the right breast and on the belly. The right thigh, and the foot and ancle, have been broken. The fingers and point of the great toe are entirely new. The restorations are admirably done, and produce no disagreeable effect on the statue.

LETTER XIV.

FLORENCE.

Description of the Pictures in the Palazzo Pitti, and likewise the Palaces Corsini, Gerini, Mozzi, Ricardi.—Palace of Marquis Amelio Puci, and Pandolphini.

THE Palazzo Pitti contains the most select collection of pictures in Florence; those taken by the French, sixty-three in number, being all restored. There are likewise some good statues, and the roofs of the various apartments are painted in fresco, by ancient artists of great celebrity; the *toute ensemble* presenting a splendid and princely spectacle. But how to convey to you any idea of the merits of the numerous pictures, I must own I am greatly puzzled. To name them all would be an endless task, and to select a few seems injustice to the rest This method, nevertheless, I shall be obliged to adopt; and perhaps it may be my best plan to give you my notes as I made them on the spot; beginning with the first, and advancing through the suite of rooms, and leave you to follow me or not, as you please.

First Room.

SALVATOR ROSA.

It is refreshing to see a pleasing landscape, after

the monotonous and fatiguing collection of scriptural subjects. We are here presented with a painting by Salvator Rosa, which is one of the finest pictures that I have seen by his hand. The composition consists of BUILDINGS AND SHIPPING, much in the style of Claude. It wants, however, that natural character, which always gives a charm to the works of that inimitable master. Salvator is never without manner, but in this picture, it is less offensive, and the colouring, which is light, accompanied with harmonious tones of grey, is natural and pleasing. Its companion by the same master, at the opposite end, can only be called a splendid wreck.

RUBENS.

A LANDSCAPE in a grand style: the great leading line of the picture runs from the left corner at the bottom, nearly to the right corner at the top, and is pleasingly relieved by a flat horizon. Accidental lights appear to travel up the face of a lofty mountain, touching various divisions, wood and buildings; the fore-ground in shadow, gives ample relief to all. The general tone of colouring is grey, and natural, without any positive darkness, the richness of colour on the figures near the eye, being sufficient for the purpose of removing the various objects to their proper distance. The whole is admirably diversified with various inci-

dent; and the buildings, though not so well drawn as those of Poussin or Claude, are, nevertheless, well conceived and freely pencilled. Its companion is a pastoral subject, fresh, natural, and in the most fascinating harmony, evidently representing a SCENE IN HOLLAND, surprising us by the effect which may be produced, with skilful management, out of a few fields and scraggy trees. The figures carrying turnips in the fore-grounds are not only admirably painted, but introduced for a special purpose, as will soon be discovered by those who know the value of a brilliant touch of light. The shadows of both of these pictures are warmer than the colour laid upon them: of the latter there is an engraving by Bolswert.

SALVATOR ROSA.

His BATTLE PIECE is expressive of turbulence, violence, mystery, and incident; yet a little spotty, from the circumstance of the principal white horse not being well connected with the other illuminated figures. The Battle piece by Rubens, in the Salle de Niobe, is much superior from its leading the mind completely into the field.

TITIAN.

Titian is the prince of portrait-painters! Never was a more lovely, innocent, feminine expression painted, than his PORTRAIT OF A LADY. It is nature

without caprice, captivating every heart that is susceptible of the charm of modesty..

REMBRANDT.

PORTRAIT OF AN AGED MAN. I have often seen pictures of masterly execution, but this outstrips them all! Such a piece of feeling! no softening, or finishing; the truest tones of colour *are laid* together; and evidently done at once, with an eye conversant with the purity of the palette. The pencilling is rich, full, and translucent, shewing, as it were, an internal light in the picture, which beams upon the admiring spectator. When the painting has been advanced a certain length, Rembrandt seems to have retired a step or two, and with a few broad touches, combined the insulated parts and inharmonious tones, shewing the most sovereign power over his pencil and materials.

Second Room.

Called P. Cartona, from the pictures on the roof, painted by that master.

TITIAN.

Half length portrait of CARDINAL HIPPOLITO: matchless in dignity! the terms in painting and the nomenclature of colouring are so imperfect, that it is impossible to give any idea of this superb production of the pencil. The Cardinal appears of

the family of the mighty. He is represented in a military dress of brown; on his head is a turban-looking cap, one hand is laid on the hilt of his sword, the other rests upon his staff; the noble and manly expression of his countenance making a lasting impression on the mind.

Portrait of PAUL THE THIRD, by Titian; an exquisite picture of an Old Man in a crimson dress; he looks serious, and commands respect.

CIGOLI.

A DESCENT FROM THE CROSS; a wonderful picture in composition, splendid colouring, and grandeur of style. This is by much the finest picture of the master in Florence: it would do honour to the pencil of Raphael or Correggio, and, indeed, surpasses many of their works. It leaves upon the mind a solemn and impressive effect, as if the moral world had received a shock by the awful event which it represents. The SAINT FRANCIS by the same master is true to nature. In colouring, Cigoli surrounds his brown and rich colours with blue and greyish tones, which always have a good effect.

Third Room.

RAPHAEL.

The famous picture MADONNA DELLA SIGGIOLA, to which persons of all nations bend their knee,

graces the wall of this apartment. It is a mellow picture, but somewhat dusky and brown. I know not how it happens to have charmed the world so much; there are better pictures by Raphael, in Florence, even in the Palazzo Pitti. The Infant Christ appears a fine chubby looking child, but the legs are certainly too bulky for his size, and would better suit an infant Hercules.

FRA. BARTOLOMMEO.

His picture of SAINT MARK is strikingly grand, and at first sight might be taken for a work of Michael Angelo's. It may appear ridiculous, but I have often fancied what kind of voice such tremendous figures might have; I never could suppose it to be but rough, gruff, hoarse, and unpleasing.

The HOLY FAMILY by JULIO ROMANO shines among the shining; and none of the other masters shew more beautiful drawing, composition, or expression.

The paintings by ANDREA DEL SARTO are always well drawn and coloured, but occasionally, especially when he introduces many figures, their grouping is imperfect; and sometimes there is a want of aërial perspective.

RUBENS' GROUPE OF HIS PARENTS AND FAMILY.

Few pictures excel this excellent family piece. It

is luminous and fresh as the day; every difficulty in combination is happily overcome no unpleasing division appears; and the pencil wanders in all the mazes of intricacy with captivating freedom! What a delightful art portrait-painting seems to be in such creating hands! By them the evanescent glances of character are immediately caught, and rendered permanent.

The celebrated portrait of CARDINAL BENTIVOGLIO, by the pencil of VANDYKE, said to be one of the finest by the master, well deserves a place among the first works in that department; the subject is dignified and imposing effect.

CARLO DOLCI.

ST PETER: This picture of the saint is as large as life, and the colouring of the flesh is clear and natural, but the drapery, which is painted with pure ultra-marine, appears a little glaring. Colouring, how beautiful soever it may be in itself, is always faulty, unless it be accompanied with character and expression.

CHRISTOFANO ALLORI.

Judith with the head of Holofernes, admirably painted; but Judith looks very stupid and haughty, holding the head with the utmost indifference; the old lady behind her with her head wrapped up in

flannel had better have been represented at a spinning wheel.

Fourth Room.

CLEOPATRA, by Guido, beautiful, clear, and light in colouring, but perhaps rather too white and chalky for nature. This often occurs in the pictures by Guido; the silvery style is very pleasing, but the excess of it is perhaps as offensive as sombre darkness.

MORONI.

Portrait of the NURSE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, a strong hale-looking woman, somewhat like a lady in appearance, extremely well painted, rich and natural, more like the style of Titian than Moroni's usual manner. Moroni deservedly stands high, and this picture does him ample justice.

TITIAN.

A HOLY FAMILY REPOSING, painted in his usual broad, full-toned, and magnificent style. No one can pass this picture without confessing that the Venetian manner of colouring is well adapted to scriptural subjects. It hangs among the works of Raphael, Caracci, Julio Romano, &c.; and its mellow quiet character interests the mind, while the strong or direct colouring of the Italian school occasionally attracts the eye, and interferes with

the sentiment. The pictures by Paul Veronese likewise maintain their place, and the style and colouring deserve to rank in the highest department of art.

RUBENS.

A HOLY FAMILY. This picture seems to be a collection of portraits; florid and ruddy health appears in all. St John is a beautiful little cherub with curly locks. The fault of this picture is, that familiar nature is too perceptible, and this leads me to say, that likenesses of individual persons, or children, never appear adapted for such a subject; as a compliment to a worthy family, it may be very well, but a higher view of nature is absolutely necessary for any reference to Scripture.

Fifth Room.

CARLO DOLCI.

A small picture OF A HOLY FAMILY reposing. St John is asleep, Joseph reclines reading a book; delicacy of pencilling can go no farther, but the picture is spotty to a great degree; every figure is a picture by itself, contributing nothing to the general effect; even a piece of white linen, which is held up by the Virgin Mary, is forced upon the eye, showing neither good taste nor good design. Carlo Dolci, with a few exceptions, has failed when he attempted more than a single head or figure; this I have often had occasion to remark. It is indeed

to be regretted, that beautiful painting in his hands appears incapable of exciting interest in composition; his means are too scanty, and his whole machinery too perceptible for the poetry of painting.

Raphael.

The Virgin upon the Throne, a picture of great size, and containing many figures; powerful in effect, and one of his finest paintings. The pictures in England by this immortal master give no idea of the splendour of his works, his texture and surface, or fulness of pencil.

Sebastian del Piombo.

The Martyrdom of St Agatha, from a design by Michael Angelo. This picture, light and rich, is very different from his usual style of colouring, which is dark, solemn, and impressive. The subject, however, is extremely disagreeable; we can have no pleasure in looking at a couple of brutes tearing off the breasts of a beautiful female with irons. How Michael Angelo, and Sebastian del Piombo, could employ their splendid talents on such a subject, (if this was really their conjoint work,) appears unaccountable. I would rather they had been engaged together in detailing, like Dante, the sufferings of the infernal dominions, which might, at least, have had a good moral effect.

JULIO ROMANO.

His DANCE OF THE MUSES is full of spirit and taste, and the drawing exquisite; the figures, perhaps, may appear a little hard against the *gilded* background, which, from its shining appearance, gives a dead greyish tone to the flesh. The names of the muses are marked under each figure.

Large Room.

GEORGIONI.

A picture of great merit, consisting of the portraits of JOHN CALVIN, MARTIN LUTHER, AND HIS WIFE. Luther is represented playing on a harpsichord, and Calvin has a mandoline in his hand. In their countenances there is nothing very expressive or remarkable; certainly not indicating that they were the great reformers.

TITIAN.

A HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR, in the grand style. Rays of light emanate from the head, and the countenance, though manly, is extremely mild. His dark hair hangs straight upon blue drapery, which covers a vestment of red.

BASSAN.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN. A good picture, without his usual vulgarity; the best, indeed, I have seen of

this master. Occasionally Bassan's colouring is very fine, translucent, and rich, and this picture would do honour to a greater name. His works are numerous every where on the Continent; he painted with a rapid pencil, and does not seem to have given himself much trouble in composition. Similar attitudes appear in many of his works; there is no mistaking them; a good broad back presents itself to the spectator, united with a certain Dutch character, in most of his pictures. He thought, however, for himself, and, notwithstanding his mannerism and sameness, he well deserves a name.

There are many other admirable pictures in this great room by Titian, Cigoli, Perugino, Guido, Caracci, Caravaggio, Luine, Holbein, &c.

Small Room adjoining the large one.

RAPHAEL.

Portrait of LEO X.; a very surprising picture. We can only think of the real personage. The fulness of dignity and lofty character expressed in this celebrated picture, conveys the idea that Leo was formed for great undertakings. Two secretaries appear behind him, and for a time we almost imagine ourselves in his presence. No painter, not even Titian, has surpassed Raphael in his finest portraits; and this picture of Leo X. is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world.

TITIAN.

A VENUS WITH FLOWING HAIR, a half length picture. Titian has had some singular fancy regarding the beauty of hair, and in this painting it would seem he imagined he could not give enough. It is of a reddish tone between the flaxen and carrot, and would descend down to the heels, were it not held in the hand, which is covered with it. In painting and colouring the picture is inimitable, but why Titian should have given his mind principally to the hair, I own I am at a loss to conceive. Neither the neck, breast, arms, nor hands, are visible. Yet, who shall say it is not a captivating picture?

JULIO ROMANO'S copy of Julius II. is heavy, and without the clearness of the original; this seems surprising from so great a master.

M. ANGELO.

THE FATES.—One of the three pictures in oil, said to be painted by his immortal hand. It is a clever sketchy performance, and very different in pencilling from his HOLY FAMILY in the Tribune; so different, indeed, that I should almost doubt whether it is really a production of his pencil. The Fates are represented as mere skin and bone, with a sort of fiendish expression, extremely revolting.

RAPHAEL.

The MADONNA DELLA IMPAGNATA is considered one of his chef d'œuvres, especially in richness of colouring; the drawing, too, is almost faultless. In composition there is nothing wanting; but in expression it may not be equal to many others of Raphael's works;—take it all in all, we shall seldom look upon its like again.

DOMENICHINO.

A half length, perfect in colouring and pencilling, especially the flesh. The whole tone of the picture is most agreeable, the grey hues in the back-ground harmonizing with the rich colours, and producing a bewitching splendour.

In these notes I have mentioned only a few of the leading pictures in the Palazzo Pitti. Many others, highly deserving of particular notice, are omitted, but such as I have described may, perhaps, enable you to judge of this magnificent collection. They are invariably hung in gorgeous frames on dark green and crimson velvet grounds; and here I may remark, that the olive and yellow grounds are better adapted for landscapes and light pictures, but especially drawings; a salmon colour likewise is favourable to landscape painting.

The gardens of the palace are laid out in regular walks, partly on the slope of a hill or hanging ground. Numerous statues grace the various ave-

nues and verdant lanes, and cool refreshing fountains invite the eye to dwell upon their silver lines.

The cypress trees and shrubbery beautifully combine with the various delightful views of Florence; and if there is a paradise on earth, it is certainly there. The public are not permitted to walk in these gardens, except on Sundays and Thursdays, when they are generally filled with gay and fashionable people. The finest views are from the Belvidere, but especially near the palace itself, where the various objects are at no great distance from the eye; and part of the Palazzo Pitti appears in the striking scene.

In the CORSINI PALACE the pictures are but second rate, except a FEMALE HEAD, crowned with a wreath of leaves, by Carlo Dolci. The dress is blue with golden stars. In finishing it has all the characteristic expression of the master. The SEBASTIAN and a HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR, said to be the productions of his pencil, are by no means in good taste. The latter may be an original, but the former I suspect is by an inferior hand. Carlo Dolci, however, as well as other celebrated masters, could sometimes paint very indifferent pictures.

A picture of the DEATH OF PRIAM, by Benvenuti, president of the academy, and one of his best works, hangs in the Corsini Palace. In design and drawing it is not inferior to English art, but in all other respects it is greatly defective. It

does not delude the mind into the real story, so as to make us forget pretty colouring, and accuracy, and care, and all the train of attributes, which are trifling when compared with that commanding energy of expression, which seizes on the mind, and transports us as parties into the awful scene.

The GERINI PALACE is full of pictures, very few of which are fine, and these few are likely to disappear very soon; the proprietor being very desirous to dispose of them. The best are as follows: A ST SEBASTIAN by Guercino; the figure is too young for a saint or hero of exalted sentiment: A VIRGIN AND CHILD by Vandyke, exquisitely coloured, and forcibly pencilled: A small picture by Raphael, of an INFANT CHRIST, natural and beautiful: A ST SEBASTIAN by Guido, very little colour, excellent in drawing and anatomical expression; quite in his silvery style, but by no means a first rate picture: A sketch by Rubens of the ASCENSION, freely painted, but mannered to a great degree: THE MARTYRDOM OF ST ANDREW by Carlo Dolci; the head of the saint is finely painted, but it is common nature: A HOLY FAMILY by Fra. Bartolommeo; broad style, but bad drawing: An ANNUNCIATION by Paul Veronese, masterly in pencilling, and admirable in colouring: A HOLY FAMILY by Guido; Joseph holds the Infant Christ

with great feeling, and seeming fatherly attention; there is a corresponding expression of pleasure in the face of the child, which is natural and captivating: A LANDSCAPE by Salvator Rosa; very good; and uncommon in composition. Some BATTLES; Borgonone's are free, but not first rate: A few Landscapes by Both (if they are Both's) are tawney and bad: Innumerable pictures composed from the various ruins of Rome, all indifferent; triumphal arches, temples, and sarcophagi, are strangely jumbled together, without taste.

The MOZZI PALACE can boast of a few good pictures, particularly a Carlo Dolci, finer than that in the Gerini Palace, and, of its kind, perhaps one of the best in Florence. The subject is the ADORATION OF THE MAGI. A fine ideal expression of beauty pervades the figure and attitude of the Virgin and Child. The head of Joseph is exquisitely painted, and likewise the figure presenting the gift to the Infant Christ. From the Magi appearing immediately on the fore-ground, the Virgin seems rather small, and the swarthy figure too large. The hands, generally, are indifferently done, and the picture wants effect. Carlo Dolci's usual spottiness, when he introduces more than one or two figures, is very perceptible in this painting, and extremely unpleasing; yet it cannot be an indifferent work of art that can boast of exquisite finishing, nature, and expression.

The MOUNT OF OLIVES, by Guido, is beautifully painted. Guido is fond of yellow and orange back-grounds; they are certainly calculated to heighten silvery effect, and the clear reflected lights, to which he seemed so partial. A BOY'S HEAD, by Correggio, is quite a little gem of nature. A HEAD, by M. Angelo, in fresco, very grand; the crispness of touch and play of pencil is very pleasing. It is a delightful mode of painting that does not allow the fire of genius to be extinguished, but excites an additional glow by the ready means which it affords for expressing every change of thought.

The SAINT LUCIA, by Guercino, is a captivating little picture; delicacy, beauty, and finishing, prevail in every part; the hands especially are exquisite: Guercino's taste is always pure. The pictures by Borgonone in this palace are very sketchy; but, what sketches! few men have had a freer pencil, uniting truth with spirit. In his BATTLES OF RADICOFANI AND PERUGIA, the back-grounds are merely scumbled over the priming in the slightest manner, the priming itself occasionally answering for the shadows.

There are several paintings by Salvator Rosa, but they are all slight and careless. In his shipping he has introduced ropes in situations that never could exist.

Most of the ancient masters have painted portraits. An admirable portrait by Paul Veronese, fi-

nished in a fine general, yet very careful manner, will not fail to attract the eye. It would seem that those illustrious men were fully aware of the great advantage of painting faithfully from nature, uniting her varied character with the noble conceptions of their own minds.

Zuccherelli's STORM, with MACBETH AND THE WITCHES, engraved by Woollett, is in this palace; it is a slight clever picture, but certainly with no pretensions to the praise of well studied nature.

Benvenuti's picture of the SAXONS SWEARING FIDELITY TO NAPOLEON BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON is one of his best paintings. Napoleon is represented in his grey frock coat, and the principal light falls on him and a group of officers behind. Napoleon is on the right, the Saxons on the left. The principal figure next to Bonaparte is an aged man, who is offering his oath of allegiance. The picture, considering the materials, is very well composed. A collection of figures, in modern military uniform, have seldom a good effect. Even in this painting, they are unpleasing from the tightness of every part of the dress; they appear stuffed, and seem to have no joints. Benvenuti's taste for architecture is always good and applicable to his subject. In the Palazzo Mozzi we were much amused by the Custodi's giving the title of Monsieur to Michael Angelo and Raphael.

The RICARDI PALACE is by much the finest build-

ing in Florence. The noble projecting cornice at the top has a very grand effect. Within, however, there is a melancholy gloom, which immediately throws a damp over the mind. The chapel, in the interior of the palace, is dark and dismal to the last degree; without a torch, it would be impossible to see the walls. When the light was brought, we perceived saints in glass coffins, relics of various descriptions, sculls, and other emblems of superstition. By the light of a taper, fixed to a rod, we examined the fresco paintings by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing the Visit of the Magi. They are very ancient, and, notwithstanding the formality of many of the figures, and the want of nature in back-grounds, they have considerable merit. The figures are like nothing of the present day, yet they seem to be copied wholly from nature. The variety is endless and amusing, offering much to admire, and little to condemn.

The roof of the gallery is painted by Luca Giordano, and represents the Course of Human Life. His light sketchy style is well adapted to this department of art, the occasional errors in his drawing being less offensive than in his paintings in oil.

The marbles in the Ricardi Palace are, in general, but indifferent. A few, however, are good, particularly two basso relievos in small square

frames. The two DANCING FIGURES may be Greek workmanship, but certainly not of the highest kind. The basso relievo of the CENTAUR is the best.

The palace of the Marquis Amelio Puci has no pictures of any merit. We were much pleased, however, with the furnishing of several of the apart ments;—one of them I shall attempt to describe. The body of the room was a pale light green, the borders, ornaments, and pannels white, with beautiful basso relievos in the centre of the squares. The roof was also green, enriched with ornaments in white, corresponding with that of the walls. The doors, each composed of one solid piece of wood, quite plain, without pannels, simply gilded round the edge, were of a light brownish yellow; the shutters of the same colour. The window curtains, of dark green satin, were lined with the purest white silk, with a deep rich fringe. The chairs were of a delicate pale grey, with white and green silk bottoms. There was something so chaste in the appearance of the whole, that I could not resist taking a note of it; several other apartments were fitted up with taste. The doors, particularly, looked remarkably well. Strange to say, the entrance to this beautiful suite of rooms was most offensively mean and dirty. The curtains to the windows, were of common cloth,

and the tables were, of fir, and of the rudest workmanship. The Italian Palaces, in short, present a singular contrast of richness and apparent misery.

The architecture of the PANDOLPHINI PALACE is simple and grand. The projecting cornice of the roof, like that of the Ricardi, unites well with the belts and friezes. On viewing it from without, the entrance being composed of beautiful columns, springing up among evergreens and elegant plants, one expects to advance into an elegant dwelling. By the help of a piece of common rope, you ascend steps on which the dirt is never disturbed, and are surprised to find yourself in a filthy room, with wretched brick floors.

With the exception of a cartoon of a colossal Cupid, the Palazzo Pandolphini contains nothing in the shape of art.

Wine is sold in almost all the palaces, not wholesale, but in single bottles. A small arched opening, not exceeding eighteen or twenty inches, just large enough to admit a flask, with a door and knocker, may be seen in the front of the building, generally near the principal entrance. Nothing can appear more ridiculous than the hand putting out the flask of wine, while a carriage is driving up in great state with princes and princesses. The wine is of various qualities, from a penny to fivepence a bottle,

containing nearly a quart. At present, the best wine is sold at the Corsini Palace.

Since I have spoken of a carriage with princes and princesses, I may inform you, that the fashionable drive is the Cascine. The nobility and gentry generally assemble at an early hour after dinner, and drive among the avenues, or halt in the space from whence the different walks commence. Here the ladies, with their Cavalieri Serventi, will flirt for hours, and a more stupid scene can hardly be imagined. This situation, however, affords strangers the best opportunity for seeing the Tuscan Fair; and I am much inclined to think they will be greatly disappointed, not only with their persons, but their voice and manners.

One of the most agreeable country drives near Florence is to the monastery called the Certosa, a few miles from town. For a short way we are confined between walls, which intercept the view; but we soon reach the open country, and are presented with varied ground and hills, beautifully covered with olives, vines, and innumerable picturesque and pleasing buildings. The monastery is built on a circular hill, and the building, which is extremely irregular, seems of various dates. This, however, is favourable to picturesque effect, and there are few subjects in Tuscany which a painter would sooner study. The great square with

in the monastery, is surrounded by a colonnade supporting the roof.

Each hermit had two or three small apartments to himself, besides a little plot of ground. Some of them were employed in turning, painting, or reading; some cultivated their gardens; while others would mope in gloomy melancholy. When they met each other, they seldom spoke, silence being a virtue of the order of St Bruno. Their food was put upon shelves, which turned upon a swivel, in a small wicket, on the outside of the wall, near the door of their apartment, forming something like a cupboard within. The serving monk, by pressing the wicket, brought round the shelves; on which the various viands were no sooner placed, than the hungry hermit was ready to remove them. One of their principal amusements after meals was to feed about two hundred cats, which came mewing and squalling under the windows of the monastery from the woods below: so much do our social feelings require some objects for their exercise, that, in the absence of human society, they impel us to a kind of intimacy even with the inferior creation. The rooms were cleaned when the hermits went to prayers.

This was one of the monastic establishments suppressed by Napoleon; but the present government is to permit its restoration. The cells

and rooms are repairing, and on the 6th of November, the Festival of St Bruno, twenty-six of the order (which never consisted of more than forty) are to re-enter with all their characteristic state and silence.

In the small chapel I perceived mock candles upon the altar, but no good pictures on the walls. The CRUCIFIXION, by Mariotti is but indifferent; nothing can appear more ridiculous than the angel holding two cups to catch the blood from the hands and side of our Saviour. The frescoes by Pucetti have greater merit. He has succeeded well in his picture of THE DEATH OF SAN BRUNO, which happily unites ideal beauty with identity in many of the portraits of the monks. In the cloisters there is some good painted glass, from designs after Raphael; this was hid when the French suppressed the monastery. The mahogany seats are also designed by his universal genius.

Fiesole is the favourite drive, both with the Florentine and the stranger; but the road is so narrow, that if two carriages happen to meet, it is possible they may not have room to pass. I have met with several i stances of this, which have occasioned great delay, and some danger of unpleasant accidents. But all our risks have been rewarded by the exquisite views which the hill of Fiesole presents. "One vast world of wonder spreads

around, and all the poet's tales are truly told." The finest time to view this splendid scene is about twelve or one o'clock, before the sun gets round to destroy the breadth of effect. The antiquarian will have a feast at Fiesole;—Cyclopian walls of huge uncemented blocks, not parallel, but composed of stones of different sizes, and some of them indented into each other;—an amphitheatre, and foundations of noble buildings. The man of feeling, too, will be pleased to see the clusters of the vine suspended over the dark portals, where gladiators and wild beasts have entered for destruction.

Bello S'guardo, and the Villa Strozze, offer the finest scenes imaginable, and S. Miniato al Monte gives the noblest view of Florence.

LETTER XV.

FLORENCE.

Visit to the three Sanctuaries, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna.—Reflections on Monastic Institutions.

On our excursion to the three celebrated sanctuaries, we followed the Arno's "shelvy sides;" and a little beyond Pelago, we struck off for the mountainous regions in which Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna are seated, among all the attributes of the sublime and romantic scenery.

Vallombrosa, though not exactly agreeing with Milton's description,* has still that lofty character which bids the imagination be free and uncontrolled, and has suggested a delicious paradise to the divine poet.

But, although Milton's description of paradise be not strictly referable to Vallombrosa, which served him as a study, but of which he never intended to make an accurate delineation, yet it bears a nearer resemblance to it, both in general character and in detail, than the verses of Pope,† quoted by Eustace, as being the best poetical description of that famed retreat. There is nothing in

* Parad. Lost, Book 4. line 131—143.

† Eloisa.

the lines of Milton so unlike the original, as "the lakes that quiver to the curling breeze," not even the "cedar and pine, and fir, and branching *palm*." *Lakes* there are none, and *palms* there are none; but I can more easily conceive a palm than a lake among the sylvan scenes of Vallombrosa. Then, again, the winding streams that *shine* between the *hills*, though they glitter very prettily in the poet's page, have no reference to the deep ravines, hiding the fretful brooks in gloomy shade. In short, our imaginations were so raised by the various descriptions of Vallombrosa, both in verse and prose, that we felt a little disappointed with the general view of the place itself.

The poet and the painter, in their descriptions, seem to view natural scenery in a different manner. Both, however, must be charmed with the magnificence and splendour of the wooded mountains of Vallombrosa; both must be struck with the beauty of the chesnut, and the gloom of the sable pine. They may likewise be equally charmed with the various effects and local features of the place; a similar sentiment may impress the mind of both. But the poet, in his description, selects from detached parts which may not be seen together, combining them so as to give what he conceives to be a general idea of the whole. The painter, on the other hand, though he may also select, must make his representation a faithful portrait, strictly re-

ferable to his subject. He, therefore, is more particular in his examination of the component parts, in order to judge whether they may be favourable for picture; whether, in short, the details, and the great characteristic features, are in unison with each other. In this respect, the painter may not be altogether satisfied with the general appearance of Vallombrosa. The uniform curved lines of the hills, the formal building, the regular pavement, are all against the sentiment inspired by the poet, or the florid describer, and certainly not compatible with the ideal beauty in the painter's mind; yet the latter, in his representation or portrait of the scene, has to contend with these, and I doubt whether there be any point of view in which the sanctuary, with the "darksome pines that o'er its rocks recline," can be taken so as to answer the expectations excited by the poet. But what painter, on seeing Vallombrosa, would not confess that *parts* of the scenery are fully equal to the finest description whatever, and that he could select such as might enable him to produce a composition which would be striking and sublime? But would it be Vallombrosa? yet it is by similar means that the poet makes his beguiling pictures.

The suppression of this famous monastery has certainly not improved the morals of the inhabitants in its vicinity. Without employment, they have generally become a wretched set of mendi-

cants, teasing the traveller beyond endurance; even the monastery was no sanctuary to us from their persevering and harassing persecution.* Vallombrosa in such a wretched state! it was absolutely painful to behold it.

One small room, containing a miserable bed, two chairs, and a table of rude construction, was the only part inhabited in the vast and extensive buildings. In the ancient kitchen, three or four men, like as many robbers, were sitting round the fire. Deplorable, however, as the place appeared, we determined to pass the night there, and having brought some provisions with us, we had a rousing fire kindled in the small apartment, and the crackling flames resounded through the range of empty galleries. In the morning, we viewed the interior of the deserted building, and in the room which was the library, we found the shelves still remaining, with labels describing the literature which each had formerly contained. A fresco picture or two, and some remains of ornament, still further heightened the appearance of desolation.

The hermitage, called the Paradisino, appeared as if it would shortly be a ruin; and from the wretched condition of the whole establishment, we

* Since writing the above, I have learned that several of the monks have returned, and that the monastery, in course of time, is likely to be on its former footing.

can hardly believe that the majestic organ, or the voices of the choir, will again sound, where

> "Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
> "A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

Our way to the Sanctuary of Camaldoli lay over mountains, through woods and valleys; but we often looked back on the foliaged hills and banks of Vallombrosa, and the smooth and pastoral downs above the woods.

The noble ruins of Romena, chief of Val d' Arno Inferiore, courted our admiration, and we were also delighted with the distant towns and winding waters. Entering the Vale of Prato Vecchio, we were struck with its riches and varied verdure; and could not well believe that the glorious sun of Italy that threw his rays across the Apennines, into scenes of the most bewitching beauty, was shining upon the extremity of human misery.

In less than half a mile from Prato Vecchio, we began to ascend the barren mountains leading to Camaldoli. For a considerable way many of the hills were water-worn and channelled, suggesting the idea of their being *skinned*, the bones and muscles being exposed to view. No trees clothed the savage banks, and in many places not a blade of grass. Such a scene of varied desolation is seldom to be met with, even in the Apennines.

Many huge logs of pine from 80 to upwards of 120 feet in length, lay across the rugged road. Camaldoli at last appeared—a paradise in a desert! Lofty banks covered with wood rose on each side of the monastery, a building of various ages, extensive and picturesque; behind, enormous aged pines sprung up like columns supporting the hills above! On our arrival at the convent, which is of Benedictines, we were received by the prior, who presented us to the superior, a nobleman of courteous and engaging manners. The prior shortly after led us to his study, where we found a tolerable library. It contained some English books, among which was Buchan's Family Medicine, a work which, I understand, is in great repute in Italy.

When Napoleon held the imperial sceptre, this monastery was suppressed with that of Vallombrosa, its possessions sold, and every moveable of value carried off. But on his dethronement several of the monks returned, and, for a time, had many *meagre days*, till they could, as formerly, sell the pine for their support. The revenue which this yields, though not extensive, enables them to maintain about a hundred persons, who cut the wood, and convey it to the bottom of the mountains to be floated down the Arno to Leghorn. The expence and difficulty of transporting these prodigious logs, by the winding roads and rude bridges across ravines, is very great, thirty oxen not being able to drag a

single log above seventy or eighty yards a-day up some of the intricate and steep ascents.

The worthy prior conducted us in our walks to several delightful spots, and, had we not passed such sterile scenes, we could not possibly have supposed that a desert was so near. No uncultivated speck appears; the sides of the hills are clothed with luxuriant foliage, and their heights reserved for pasture;—shewing a uniform richness from below, and altogether offering a delightful assemblage of verdant lawn, rich wood, and sparkling waters.

About two miles above the monastery, among the rocks and pines, is seated the Sagro Eremo, a little town of hermits' cells, each consisting of three small rooms, constructed on the plan of the founder of the hermitage of St Romualdo. "Here," as a learned author observes, "the unfeeling saint established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory." *

The dismal wilderness of pine, and the moaning

* "No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men, bound to stand erect, chaunting at choir for eight hours a-day, their faces pale, their heads shaved, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute, the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age."—*Forsyth*, p. 88.

winds, the forsaken church and mansions, and the recollection of the appalling austerities of the monks, left a great impression of melancholy on our minds. Not a soul inhabits these gloomy regions except the forester, who at one time imagined he had seen the ghost of St Romualdo.*

We remained nearly two days with the hospitable monks below, and found our accommodation and entertainment excellent. The first was a meagre day, but on the second we had better fare, and several strangers who had come to purchase wood were present. The Padre Foresteraio,† and the Prior himself, were seated at the table; two or three hermits attended as domestics, and never allowed our glasses to be empty. Our entertainment on the meagre day consisted of macaroni dressed with cheese, eggs and mushrooms prepared in various ways, pancake, cauliflower, a dessert of grapes, figs, nuts, a sweet cordial, and coffee. We found in Italy a

* We asked this credulous person if the spirit had on the habit of the order, and on his replying in the affirmative, we puzzled him not a little by inquiring whether he thought it possible that there could be the *apparition of a flannel gown*; and whether he might not as well imagine the ghost of a tobacco-box, or a hat, or a pair of worsted stockings, which were all as well entitled to a soul as the Benedictine habit. In this point of view, even a white sheet, the usual accompaniment of ghosts, might be included.

† A person appointed to entertain strangers.

much greater variety of mushrooms than we had ever seen in our own country, and very superior in quality. Many of them grow in the woods, and are certainly of a very suspicious appearance, though we ate them, with great relish, and without the slightest inconvenience. On the second day we had an omelet, skate, and fried soles, macaroni, mushrooms, (a favourite dish with the monks,) toasted bread rubbed with garlic, anchovies, vegetables, a dessert; and each dish was presented in succession.

The Prior and the Padre Foresteraio partook of very little themselves, being almost exclusively occupied in attending to their guests. The happy faces, the easy manners, and good living of the Camaldolese, incline me to believe that the discipline has relaxed since the days of St Romualdo. They strictly attended, however, to their prayers, and even in the middle of the night we were wakened by the convent bell.

On leaving these retreats, it is understood that a present should be left in money for the benefit of the poor, and this, of course, should be more than an equivalent for the expence of entertainment.

We descended the mountains, for the town of Bibiena, seated on a rising hill, and forming the most interesting feature in the plain below. From thence we travelled to the sanctuary of Franciscan Friars, founded by St Francis. The mountain

ways leading to it were similar to those which we had lately left; but La Verna itself is very different from Camaldoli in situation and character. Wild and savage nature reigns among the cliffs and pinnacles, hollows and ravines. The monastery, placed on fantastic rocks upon the most aspiring apennine, seems to command the world below. The sublime character of the scene itself, with the vast map of nature spread around, expanding the mind, and turning it to the contemplation of Almighty power, seems peculiarly adapted to the devotional purposes of those who have chosen it as their abode.

Removed as this sanctuary is from human habitation, we found it surrounded by a crowd of people who had come to attend a fair. A fair on the rocks from whence the devil hurled St Francis! where, too, the saint received from heaven *stigmata* corresponding to the five wounds of Christ.

This establishment was not suppressed by the French Emperor, although it had considerable possessions. The Franciscan monk is a favourite with the people. In the convent they were settling petty differences, soothing irritated passions, and recommending forgetfulness of grievances. In short, if we may believe all we hear, the lawyers are their only enemies. The superior received us with the utmost kindness, and though at the head of the *begging monks*, was as much of a gentleman as the head of the Camaldolese. He sat with us during

dinner, but only out of compliment; he tasted nothing, but recommended wine and good living for a journey. We are beggars, he said, and can offer you but little; that little, however, was an excellent dinner of stewed and fried beef, roasted pigeons, macaroni, omelet, and anchovies, good wine, and a dessert.

Reflecting on these monastic institutions, one cannot help regretting that so much heart and mind should be lost to the world by misguided piety. Immured within the solitary precincts of the cloister may be found talents and virtues, that might have adorned and improved society. Why should these be buried in monastic seclusion? Active employment is not more incumbent on us as members of society, than essential to our own individual happiness. It is the great law of our nature; and the mind, if not engaged in laudable and useful occupations, will either sink into hopeless languor, or seek relief in pernicious and degrading pursuits. Monastic institutions, in general, then, may be considered as injurious to society.

The order of Saint Bernard, however, is well entitled to respect and gratitude. Along with monastic duties, active usefulness is enjoined. The brethren are obliged daily to descend a league on either side of the mountain, attended by large sagacious dogs, kept for the purpose, in order to discover or aid such as have been overwhelmed by avalanches, or are exhausted by fatigue in passing

the alpine barrier. When arrived at the convent, every traveller, without distinction, may, on ringing a bell, receive as much soup and bread as is sufficient to recruit his strength, and prepare him for the remainder of his journey. Medical attendance is also provided gratis. Women are not admitted into the convents, implying that the absence of temptation is the best security of the virtue of these pious fathers; and it must be confessed, that, whatever we may think of their gallantry, their prudence at least is deserving of commendation. But how much more heroic and praiseworthy is he who stands the brunt of the warfare of life, and contends courageously with the enemy, instead of flying from the field? In every legitimate view, therefore, of human duties, it would seem, that it should be our endeavour to acquire, by discipline of the mind, those powers which fit us for fulfilling our duties, and for contributing to the general happiness and welfare of our fellowmen.

LETTER XVI.

LEGHORN.

Road to Pisa.—Tower of San Miniato.—Pisa.—Road to Leghorn.—Remarks on Brilliancy of Colouring.—Leghorn.—Taste for Dancing.—Lazarettos.—Fate of Dr Smollet's Diploma.—Remarks on Cemeteries.

THE country between Florence and Pisa, by Empoli and Portadera, is rich with vineyards and Indian corn. The Arno changes character with the varied ground, gliding, rippling, or murmuring. Our fancy, yielding to the shifting effects, sometimes skimmed with the shadows of the clouds along the vale to dusky woods, hills, and valleys, and entered the sparkling cottage, the castle, or the palace; sometimes it followed the illuminated sails upon the river, and threaded with them the intricacies of the scenery. In this delightful manner we reached the peaceful town of Pisa. But before I speak of it I must not forget the Tower of San Miniato, said to have been the property of the family of Napoleon before their settlement in Corsica. It stands upon a rising hill near the little town of Scalla, surrounded by some ruined walls which seem to have been intended for defence. Its lofty situation commands Val d'Arno, bounded by the Apennines,

beyond which we distinguished the peaks of the Madonna rising bright with snow.. These mountains, formidable as they appear, were no defence to effeminate and voluptuous Italy, when opposed to the irruption of the hardy nations of the north, who were attracted by its rich luxuriance and its genial climate.

The Arno flows through PISA, whose beautiful buildings are reflected in its tranquil bosom. The air, elastic and bland, is free from that overpowering heat which we occasionally felt in Florence; for the vicinity of Pisa to the sea gives it the advantage of cool refreshing breezes.

Though this town cannot boast of the magnificence of Florence, yet the Duomo, Baptistry, the Campo Santa, and the leaning Tower, form a cluster of noble and interesting objects; but simplicity is wanting in them all, especially in the Baptistry. Some projecting cornice or bold commanding line is required to keep in proper subordination the innumerable details which fritter and destroy its symmetry. The sculptured marble columns, brought by the Pisans from the Holy Land, and the brazen gates, are likewise faulty in that respect, though the workmanship of both is beautiful.

Many pictures of considerable merit, chiefly by Andrea del Sarto, Sodomo, and Perino del Vaga, grace the walls of the cathedral; of these the works of Sodomo rank highest, and confer an honour on

his name. His picture of the SACRIFICE OF ISAAC is delicately conceived, well drawn, and richly coloured.

The corridors round the ancient cemetery, called the Campo Santa, are filled with various Grecian and Roman sarcophagi, basso relievos, busts, vases, friezes, capitals, &c. many of which are extremely fine. The sarcophagi, especially, are superior to any that we have seen in Italy: and one vase, on which is exquisitely sculptured a Bacchanalian subject, was often studied by the immortal Raphael. Some modern sepulchral works are delicately finished, but a little too profusely ornamented. In the chapel of the cemetery we were shewn a picture by the famous Pisan, Junto, *before the time of Cimabue*; it is painted upon leather, and is a curious specimen of the infancy of art.

The frescoes in the Campo Santa, considering the early period in which they were painted, possess considerable merit. In the works of Benozzo Gozzoli we may trace a happy choice of nature, expressed with ease and taste. In those, too, of Buffalmaco, Giotto, Aritino. and Veneziano, several figures are drawn with an ease and freedom, which would not discredit a more refined period of art. The whole of these are now engraving by Lascino, professor of the Academy, and will certainly be a treat to you in Britain. In those

engravings you may discover many parts, which ancient and modern masters have not scrupled to pass for their own inventions.

In the Academy della Bella Arte we saw little to admire, either of ancient or modern art. The students were copying wretched prints; they would certainly have been better employed, had they been studying in the Campo Santa.

From Pisa to Leghorn the country still continues under corn and vine cultivation, the latter forming, as in Val d'Arno, the divisions of the fields. Part of the country, however, still requires improvement. Though the plain is monotonous, the lover of scenery may still discover something to admire. The peasantry and children, busily employed with the riches of the harvest, were seen in groupes tearing off the withered leaves from the Indian corn, while others were spreading the golden treasure upon the various thrashing floors before their cottages. The brilliancy of the maize subdues the other hues of nature, and suggested hints of splendid harmony, shewing that colours, when well arranged, is often more agreeable to the eye than when aërial tones prevail. The full and *gem-like* brilliancy of Italian landscape, in the autumnal season, must captivate the dullest eye.

Our road was bordered with festoons of vine, rich with clustering grapes. Under this voluptuous drapery the mendicants would take their sta-

tions; yet, strange to say! would leave the fruit untouched.

On arriving here, the contrast between Leghorn and tranquil Pisa was very striking. Every where is seen bustling and active trade: the streets are filled with Turks, Greeks, and Jews; and these, with their varied costumes, mingle in the jostling crowd of speculators; the clamorous, discordant sounds, and yelling cries, confounding our sense of hearing. Awnings project into the streets, with tables and seats for business or refreshment. In the evenings, the native fair accompany the men to coffee-houses, which are elegantly lighted, and from the street might be taken for assembly rooms. Art does not exist in Leghorn, save in the alabasters in the Via Grande, the enchained figures at the harbour, or the tombs of the Campo Santa.

The Theatre is elegant, and the acting tolerable. Opera dancing attracts the natives most, but I cannot say that their taste is pure. To them elegance has not such charms as meretricious action. Whirling on one leg at right angles with the body, and stopping suddenly on the toe, calls forth more applause than easy attitude or graceful motion.

I know not whether dancing can, to any degree, interest the mind, but surely it does not touch the finer feelings of the heart. To enjoy it, we must

be in health and spirits; but music, soft, entrancing music! sooths the hour of sadness, lightens the pressure of distress, and prepares the mind to encounter severer trials, or greater pain. Who that has heard your own "breathing flute" bring, as it were, the voice of angels from afar, and "dissolve the listener into ecstasies," can deny the magic power of music?

In the Lazarettos here every precaution is taken to prevent contagion, especially by touch. In the Parlatorio, those in quarantine may see their friends, or converse on business; but to prevent all contact, or any thing being transferred from one party to another, the room is divided in the middle, by a passage five or six feet wide, and in this division guards are always placed. Few situations are without their interest. In the Parlatorio may be seen a father, who may have been separated from his family many a tedious year, yet prevented from clasping his wife and children to his bosom; brothers kept aloof from their sisters, and lovers from each other.

Persons in quarantine must be extremely careful not to come in contact; otherwise the one party, however short his term of quarantine might have been, must remain till the release of the other, whatever may have been his destined period of confinement. We happened once to see an instance of the vigilance of the Guardiana: A person care-

lessly approached within an inch of a gentleman who had lately entered. Guarda! was called as loud as possible, and Jesu Maria! Sacro Christo! Diavolo! Bestia! ran over his wicked tongue as quick as lightning, to the terror and dismay of the poor offender. Money from persons in quarantine must be passed through water, and their letters are taken with tongs, and fumigated before delivery. Yet, notwithstanding all the precaution used, it is possible that disease may be communicated; and knowing the fatal effects of touch, I must confess I felt some apprehension, while near a person who had lately recovered from the plague, lest some little active insect might pounce from him upon me. Although a physician is appointed to the Lazaretto, an invalid has little chance of proper medical assistance. The doctor is not allowed to feel his pulse, unless he chuses to be confined till his patient obtain his freedom. While speaking of physicians, I may inform you, that a gentleman, on visiting a lady here the other day, saw, among some papers on her table, the diploma granted to Dr Smollet by the University of Aberdeen. Wishing to obtain the curious document, he waited on the lady a second time, but, upon inquiry, he discovered that she had cut it down for thread paper.

In the Campo Santa, or British burial ground, we saw the sepulchre of this celebrated character;

and surely, if we may estimate the respect or veneration paid to his memory by the innumerable names inscribed upon the marble, Tobias Smollet has had an ample share; not a single part is left uncovered by the various strangers who have visited this beautiful, yet melancholy field of tombs. Amongst these, we went to visit the grave which contained the remains of Francis Horner, the brightest ornament of our country. To this great man I could wish to pay my tribute of admiration and of grief. Let that tribute be a tear. The voice of private sorrow could scarcely be heard amidst the public lamentation; and on my part, it were, indeed, a vain and presumptuous attempt, to describe that high intellectual and moral excellence, which the eloquent of all parties have emulously eulogized, and which, while it shed unrivalled brilliance on his public career, illumined and gladdened his social and domestic circles.*

Comparing the various cemeteries, which we have seen abroad, with those of our own country, I cannot help regretting, that, in this improving age, our public burial grounds have been so much ne-

* The affectionate and unwearied attention, the sympathy and lingering hope, with which Mr Leonard Horner watched over his brother, not only excited the admiration of his countrymen who witnessed it, but deeply interested the feelings even of the Italians.

glected. These abodes of the dead may teach an important moral lesson to the living. A field seems thus to be left open, which taste may fairly occupy with advantage, and where it may heighten, direct, and purify the emotions which such scenes are fitted to inspire. At present, the prevailing sentiment which they excite is one almost of disgust. Wild weeds of the rankest growth incumber the graves, where they are allowed to rot, as if in emulation of the corruption which they cover. The pleasing and tender melancholy, which naturally breathes from such hallowed ground, is put to flight by the unsightly rubbish which obstructs the stranger's approach to the more conspicuous monuments, and thus consigns to premature oblivion those names which they can, at best, but a few short years record. Such is the state of the church-yards in most of our towns and cities. In the country they are still worse. There animals of every kind are sometimes allowed to feed upon the graves. "I am not disposed to abridge the privileges of the clergyman: Let him be allowed, if he pleases, to cut his crop of hay annually from the sod. I wish him every good that the dead or the living can bestow, but I wish also, with pious reverence, that the bones of our forefathers be suffered to rest in peace. The burying grounds abroad, with few exceptions, are clean, elegant, and tasteful, the fit abode of the

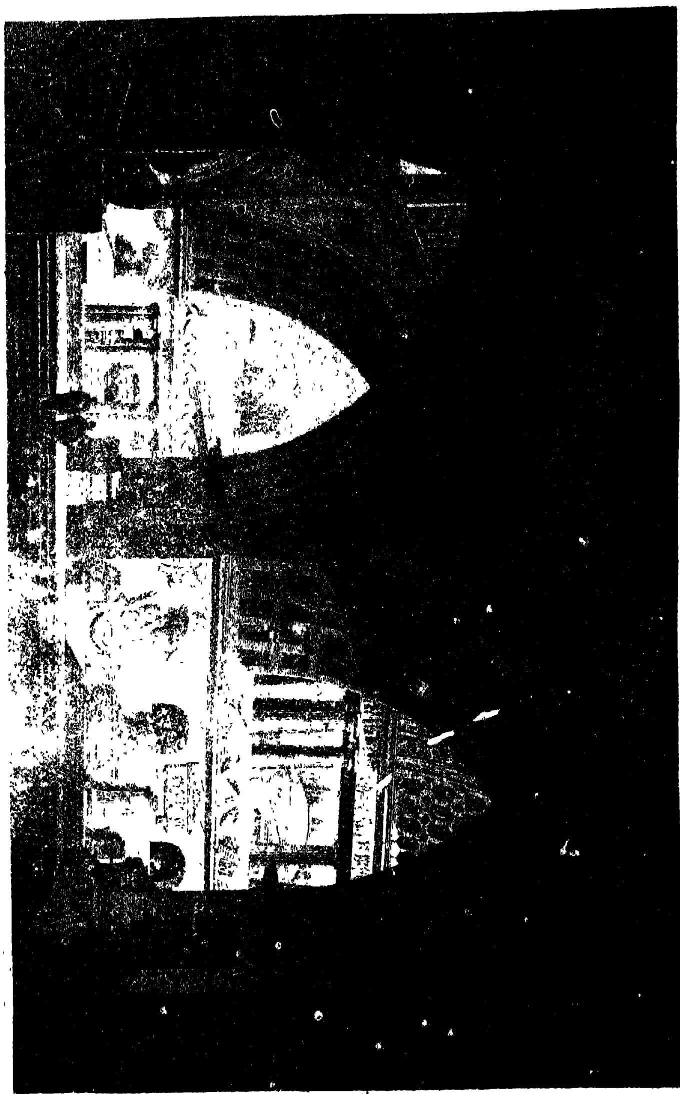
dead, and pregnant with instruction to the living.* The deplorable state of ours seems to have arisen rather from want of thought, than from any intentional neglect: for where shall we find a people who reverence their ancestry more than the Scotch, or have a greater pride in recalling their memory? From this circumstance, I venture to hint at an improvement, which, if not adopted, cannot at least be taken amiss. The annexed plate may suggest some improvement, or it may serve to give an idea of the disposition of the tombs, and the decoration suited to the place. In populous and wealthy cities, the plan can easily be adopted, and to almost every situation will, in some degree, apply. The church-yard is supposed

* Even the Turkish burying grounds are more attended to than ours. They are generally places of favourite resort. The principal promenade in the evening for the inhabitants of Pera, (the chief appendage to Constantinople,) is a very extensive cemetery, which slopes to the harbour, and is planted with noble cypresses, (the funereal tree,) and thickly set in many places with Turkish tombs. The opulent Turks have their graves railed in, and often a building over them, in some of which lights are kept constantly burning. The inscription on the head stones is usually a sentence of the Coran inscribed in characters of gold, especially in the cemeteries about Constantinople. The Turks, too, like the Welsh, adorn the graves of their friends, often by planting some flowers about or upon them, sometimes the myrtle, at other times the amaryllis.

to be surrounded, in part or in whole, with a lofty covered arched way, surrounded with sarcophagi, tablets, and slabs for receiving inscriptions, recording the names and virtues of the deceased, * and conveying to the heart of the beholder the most impressive lessons of morality and religion.† Here, too, the most delicate and tender sentiments might be excited, divested of every unpleasing concomitant. Here the dead, who afforded us example while living, might still read to us impressive lessons. The choice passages of the sacred writings might be extracted for our use: here if any where they would lead us beyond that narrow bound which circumscribes mortality. What a powerful auxiliary to the labours of the divine! This would impress his lessons on the heart, and

* In the church-yard at Glencorse, near Edinburgh, I have observed a tomb-stone, erected by a grateful master to his faithful servant; this cannot but have a good moral tendency, besides doing infinite honour to the heart of him who placed it there.

† Few cities possess so favourable situations for elegant cemeteries as our northern metropolis. Such an arched way as I have described, enclosing an extensive square on the Calton Hill, where the highest part of the ground should be reserved for the mausoleums of the great, would be not only one of the finest ornaments of that beautiful promenade, but one of the most interesting features in a town, which has been not undeservedly styled the modern Athens.



send them forth as our pilots, among the rocks and quicksands of life. *

From the roof of the house of our inestimable friend Mr Macbean,† with whom we live, we have a distant view of the petty empire of Napoleon, and, if we can procure a proper vessel, we shall depart for thence without delay. On our return, we shall take the road by Lucca and Pistoja to Florence, and, with as much dispatch as possible, proceed to Rome.

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* I cannot resist mentioning a circumstance which strongly marks the rapacity of the French commander, immediately previous to their expulsion from this part of Italy. The French general was in treaty with a Jew for the sale of the grave stones at Lido near Venice, and upon the promise afforded by the negociation, some had been torn up and carried off, and others were lying in various directions, pushed from their bases, and prepared to be transported. The change, however, of political sovereignty, though in other respects injurious to Venice, protected the sanctity of those asylums of the dead.

† I must not omit this opportunity of expressing how much we are indebted to the uncommon attention and kindness of Mr Macbean, brother to Æneas Macbean, Esq. Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh. When, after our return, my accomplished and excellent friend Mr D. lay indisposed, we had the command of his whole house, to the utter exclusion of every person but his own household.

LETTER XVII.

ELBA.

Coast of Italy from Leghorn to Populonia.—Fishing of Anchovies.—Elba.—Palace of Napoleon.—Napoleon.—His Improvements and Popularity.—Revenue of Elba.—Political Importance.—Appearance of the Country.—Game.—Noxious Animals.

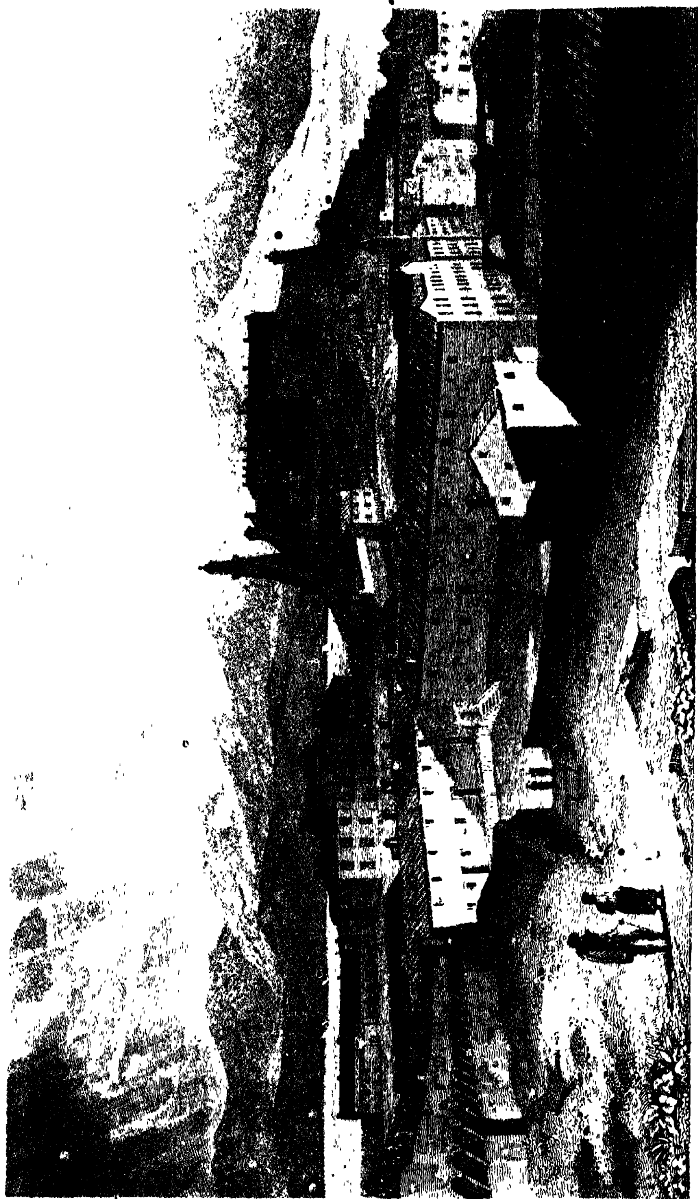
We had no sooner decided on a visit to Elba, and made a few arrangements for that purpose, than we found a passage in a boat which belonged to the island, and immediately embarked. Our voyage, of sixty miles, occupied two days, during which we sailed along the coast of Italy, as far as Populonia, and the promontory of Piembino. The coast is barren and uncultivated; the interior mountainous, and covered with brushwood; with one or two distant towers about half way up the mountains. Between the rocky headlands of Mount Neró and Piembino is a long sweep of low sandy beach, with three or four lonely and diminutive castles, intended as a check upon the piratical incursions of the Corsairs of Tunis and Algiers; who, ever since the dominion of the Crescent was established in Africa, have infested the shores of the Mediterranean. The islands of Gorgona, Capraia, Corsica, Elba, and some high insulated

rocks, rose above the horizon in distant perspective towards the west and south. Between these and the shores of Italy, in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, are fished multitudes of the finest anchovies. The shoal of these fish lies about six feet below the surface. The fishing is precarious; one boat may catch two thousand weight in a night, while others, in the same station, do not find a single fish. They are salted along the coast; those of Gorgona being the most esteemed. In the evening of the second day, a little after nightfall, we found ourselves under the batteries of Porto Ferrajo. The tall light-house on Fort Stella served to discover to us the situation of the palace of Napoleon, now the house of the governor; but, except the challenge of the centinel from an old dismantled tower, and the regular cadence of our oars, not a sound was to be heard in this famous harbour, where the Turks, the French, and English, in their numerous fleets, had so often carried terror, or fraternity, or protection.

The gates were shut when we reached the Lazaretto. Our arrival was notified to the governor, and on an examination of our bill of health, (a precaution as invariable as necessary in all the Christian states of the Mediterranean,) an order was issued for our admittance. A few galliots and feluccas were anchored along the quays, but it was evident that the commerce of Elba must be very

inconsiderable. We were conducted to a tolerable inn, where we found a supper and beds,—and a knavish landlord.

Next morning, we paid our respects to General Count Strasaldo, the governor, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction. The old general received us with the greatest affability, and conducted us through his house and garden; pointing out whatever he thought might interest us in both, as connected with Napoleon's residence in Elba. The palace is a plain house of two stories with wings, situate on the ridge above the town, between the forts of Falcone and Stella, which crown two rocks somewhat higher, and at a short distance from each other. It commands towards the south a fine view of the town, harbour, and mountains, and on the north of Piembino, the coast of Italy as far as the mountains of Lucca, and the islands to the west. Not a boat can stir without being observed. The whole of this ridge, which is a rocky promontory or peninsula, projecting into the bay, is without a bush, if we except a fig tree in the small garden of the palace. The houses and the rock, (for it is nearly destitute of herbage,) the bastions, and flanking walls of the fortifications, being all white, are not a little distressing to the eyes, and the heat in summer would be almost insupportable, did not the sea breeze temper and freshen the air. But we agree with heat,



and in the month of September it is here comparatively moderate.

You will naturally expect a variety of particulars relative to Napoleon's habits, plans, and projects in his diminutive empire. This, at least, was to us an interesting subject for inquiry, and perhaps the information which we picked up may not be uninteresting to you. His restless activity attended him every where. On his passage, he had designed a national flag, for his imperial island, and actually had it made by the sailors of the frigate which brought him to Elba; and before he set foot on shore, he had it hoisted on the fort, and saluted by the ships, as they came to anchor in the roads.

His mode of life was peculiar. He rose at two in the morning and studied till daylight, being particularly fond of French history and Egyptian researches. At daylight he went out on foot, or on horseback, whatever the weather, to superintend his public roads, or the building of his country house at Saint Martino, about three miles from the town. At nine he returned to breakfast, which consisted of a dish or two of meat, of which he eat sparingly, and various kinds of wine, of all of which he tasted. A cup of coffee followed. He then retired to bed, and slept two hours; after which he remained in his cabinet till the evening, (in summer,) receiving strangers, directing his government, giving audi-

ences on business, arranging his plans, and latterly, perhaps, preparing those spirited proclamations which he issued on his landing in France.

In the evening, attended by Bertrand or Drouet, he took an airing to Saint Martino or Longone, with more than his usual state, and always in his carriage. He dined at eight, and never without company. Persons of distinction he placed beside him; but at the opposite side of the table there was left an open space. He eat rapidly of a great variety of dishes, calling for them promptly as he wanted them: a few glasses of French wine, swallowed hastily, concluded his dinner; and a dish of coffee was the signal for rising from the table, which all were expected to obey, whether they had dined or not. Half an hour sufficed for this meal. If ladies were at table, he would generally help them himself, and sometimes, when gay, was full of compliment to all around. When thoughtful, he said nothing, and nobody presumed to address him. His drawing-room after dinner was usually the little garden behind the palace, where he spent the rest of the evening in conversation with his friends. He retired at eleven, but his mother, and his sister Pauline, still remained till the company separated. On Sunday he went regularly at twelve o'clock to where all the authorities were expected to nd; the mass was celebrated in the palace. A levee followed, when he addressed himself in

order to each person, round the circle. When officers attended with their colonel, it was his practice to inquire what was their rank, and where they had served, and to ask the explanation and use of some military manœuvre. If pleased, he passed on; if not satisfied, he sometimes expressed his opinion, rather candidly than courteously, to the commanding officer present. He noticed every thing, and always asked the reason of whatever he remarked as additional or wanting in uniform or accoutrements. His eye was every where; and military gentlemen were often much more comfortable after this catechism than before it. The *perché*, or *why*, was always on his tongue.

When he arrived in Elba, he was to the last degree unpopular. The visitations of the French had left lasting memorials among the suffering inhabitants; but his address and liberality soon operated a change. He began instantly to alter and improve; to make roads, and to raise buildings. In a few weeks, a theatre was erected for the evening's amusement of the Elbese; an old church was converted into a spacious barrack; an easy carriage road was made into the town, and conducted by the best level towards the opposite extremities of the island; others were lined and levelled. Five thousand men were constantly employed at six Pauls, or about three shillings a-day, in these various undertakings; and the peasantry witnessed

suddenly the effect of improvements, which, till then, perhaps, they had scarcely imagined. The influx of foreigners, attracted by curiosity to see the individual, who had been unceasingly present to the hopes and fears of almost every man in Europe, during by far the most eventful period of its history, brought money and occupation to the islanders. They seemed to receive a new existence, and for the first time, perhaps, to regard themselves as holding an ascertained place in the map of the world; a place not only comparatively, but actually distinguished. Within nine months, 867 English alone had been presented to Napoleon. Besides, this was only a foretaste of the blessings in store;—long years of prosperity, astonishing improvements, an imperial revenue, actually overflowing into the pocket of every peasant, peace with the world, a national flag respected, an independent and commercial state. Can any one conceive, as the effect of all this, any thing short of the strongest attachment to the man, whose appearance among them was working such a change? Add to this his insinuating address. Napoleon,—who had bowed with his single arm the stubborn necks of emperors, and shaken the foundations of the oldest European thrones, that seemed to have existed but by his licence,—talking unattended, and familiarly, with any common peasant whom he met with in his walks, interesting himself in his condi-

tion, listening to his story, hearing, and, when possible, redressing his complaints,—was calculated to make an irresistible impression; and he has done so. The populace are said to have wept when he left their island, from the regard to his safety. Had he sufficiently regarded his own, he would not have given them occasion for tears.

It was his policy, latterly, to confine his employment to natives of the island; these are, of course, attached to him by gratitude. Much of their more general regard is referable, doubtless, to motives of interest and expectation; and, for the Tuscan government, the way to remove it, is, to aid the natives in those improvements which had been begun under Napoleon, and to give the utmost encouragement to commerce; to take, in short, a very warm and parental interest in the prosperity of Elba. The next step will be, to give occupation to those employed by Buonaparte, whom they regarded as their sovereign. In serving him, they obeyed that legitimate authority, which the powers of Europe had established over them. I am inclined to think, that the Tuscan government will be wise in this respect; unfortunately, their exhausted and slender resources cripple their power, how much soever they may be disposed to promote the improvement of the island.

The revenue from Elba is, however, considerable, though accounts differ as to the expence of

the insular government. The salary of the governor is 12,000 livres. The present military establishment amounts only to 1200 soldiers, 400 of whom are natives.

The criminal jurisdiction is appointed by the grand duke, who bears the expence. The civil magistracy are annually chosen by lot. The gonfaloniere, or first magistrate, is taken from that class who are rated, in the public valuation roll, at three Pauls yearly of tribute to the sovereign. Of this class there may be about sixty. The four Anzeani are chosen also by lot from the second class, who stand assessed at one livre or two Pauls. These superintend the police of the island, and the duty of one Paul per barrel on all exported wine defrays the expence of this establishment.

Besides this, the government has the monopoly of salt and of metals. About 30,000 bags of salt, each 200 libs., are annually made, and used or exported. That which is exported to Italy, sells for ten Pauls, or about five shillings a sack, but the natives have it at the half of that sum. The value of the iron mines at Rio I could not ascertain; but between 220 and 260 men are continually employed in mining, and 22 vessels, from 40 to 100 tons each, in exporting an ore which yields of pure metal at least 60 per cent. The return from this source must be considerable. Next, the right of fishing the tunny is leased at an annual rent of 36,000 livres.

Notwithstanding this, I have been told, though I cannot believe it, that the expence exceeds the revenue by 70,000 livres. Would the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with an impoverished treasury, retain this island at such an expence? This, to be sure, is no argument to ambition. Ask England. The Grand Duke would still less willingly see it in the hands of any other power. It is the key of Italy on the west; the whole Italian coasting trade must pass through the channel of Piombino. In the hands of a naval power, it would command the commerce and marine of Italy. The natives wonder that England should not have reserved it for herself. Such a dependence would have compensated to them the loss of Napoleon. Next to this, a trade with England, especially in wine, is an object which some of the chief proprietors are at present endeavouring to establish. On this subject, and the progress of agriculture, the improvement and capacities of the island, we had much information from two gentlemen of the name of Fossi, of the most respectable family of the Porto Ferajo. A day or two after our arrival, we made an excursion with one of these gentlemen to the western extremity of the island. The information which we obtained in this little tour may be thus detailed.

The island presents, at a distance, ranges of high mountains, either covered with small brushwood, or stony and barren. Among these, however, there

is a lower range of hills more or less cultivated with numerous little flat valleys, rich in vineyards and various fruits. These retired valleys and little plains are all divided and cultivated like orchards. From the practice of burning for pasture, the wood and shrubbery upon the hills is in general small, except where the suggera or cork tree abounds. The rest consists of evergreen oak, arbutus, covered at this season with its vermilion fruit, wild myrtle in flower, lentanello, heath higher than our tallest broom, and a plant called mucchia, which covers the most barren spots, delighting to grow among stones and sandy soil, and diffusing, to a considerable distance round, an odour somewhat similar to that of nutmegs. Multitudes of sweet smelling herbs perfume the air; mint, lavender, and thyme, and many other aromatic herbs and shrubs, to which a botanist would find a name, are scattered with profusion over every hill and thicket. The sea breeze wafts over the island the united fragrance of this "wilderness of sweets:" it was at first delightful, and we often lingered a little to enjoy it; it soon, however, became less pleasing, and at length almost overpowering. Among the scented mucchia, the red-legged, or Barbary partridge, is found, but not very abundantly, except near Campo and St Ilario, on the south-west extremity. Game, indeed, is not in plenty, and chiefly consists of birds of passage from other

countries. The beccafico, pigeons, turtles, and quails, are seen only in their transit to the opposite continents. A species of small hare is the only *quadruped* of game kind.

Among ruined walls, and on the bare stony mountains, we meet with the scorpion and tarantula. The scorpion is of a small species, and poisonous only in October. The tarantula, a large insect of the spider kind, is very venomous; the instantaneous effect is a total loss of strength; the antidote is well known to the apothecaries, but I could not learn its name. After a long search, we found two of them in their holes; one of them was quite covered with clusters of young, and bit and jumped about furiously. The hole was about one inch and a half wide at the mouth, and six or seven inches deep. It is made in the bare red earth near the stony tops of the mountains. The cure of the bite of the tarantula by music and dancing is quite fabulous. Besides these, we saw on three occasions a pretty large sort of serpent. I measured one, which was about four feet in length, but it is doubted whether they are venomous. The progress of cultivation seems, however, to be fast abridging the dominion of such creatures. But, that I may not exhaust your patience, I shall reserve my observations on the agricultural improvement in this island for my next letter.

LETTER XVIII.

ELBA.

Agriculture.—Vineyards.—Terms of Tenure.—Want of Grain.—Fruit Trees.—Wines.—Malaria.—Count Strasaldo.—Fossi Family.

The agriculture of Elba received almost its first impulse from the English in 1792. The new demand for agricultural products required greater exertions, and these were repaid by the necessary supply. The French continued the system. All the houses which now enliven the face of the country have been built since the year 1792; before that period, nothing but mud cottages were to be seen.

The vines are rapidly displacing the brushwood covering of the mountains, and, in a short time, may leave the richer valleys for the culture of grain. Elba seems amazingly adapted for the vine. The heat of the sun, the variety of soil, mountains which afford, by their elevation, all the necessary degrees of temperature, and actual experience, warrant the assertion. Already, the annual produce may be estimated at 60,000 casks of the best quality, containing about 10 gallons each, with about 500,000

barrels of the common wine. The best wines are the Bianillo and Aleatico, red; the Muscat, both red and white; the Riminese, white. A champagne, of superior flavour, is made of the Procanico grape, and of the Muscat before it is dried in the sun, which is necessary previous to the manufacture of the Muscat wine. We have drunk Aleatico equal to the best Constantia. We mentioned our doubt of its keeping sound for any length of time, and were told, that the common wine had been sent to Holland, had been returned, and again sent back, and at the end of eighteen months seemed a different and superior wine, and this without brandy. The wine called Bischillato has been exported to America. Proprietors are now beginning to manufacture with a degree of care in the choice and selection of the grapes, which promises a variety of very excellent wines, if the encouragement of a market can be found. This may become, in a few years, a considerable source of commercial and agricultural profit. The export is chiefly confined at present to Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Leghorn.

They begin to cultivate their new vineyards in December, and continue their labour through January and February. The population, however, is at present inadequate, and about seven hundred peasants go annually in the end of September from Lucca to assist in the vintage and the cul-

ture chiefly of vine. These peasants return to Lucca on the first of May. Their hire is a certain quantity of coarse bread, and a little wine daily, with their bed, implements, and twenty-five Pauls, or about twelve shillings a month. The Elbese are better fed; each labourer receives about two Pauls a day; two anchovies at breakfast; at dinner, two anchovies, or stock fish with beef soup; and again in the evening two anchovies, as at breakfast, and one bottle of common wine. They bring their own bread, and furnish their own implements, and work from daylight till twenty minutes after sunset.

Eight men, thus fed, will clear and plant in a week *un cento di vigna*, containing six hundred vine plants. The vineyard is in its perfection in the fifth year, when, if the season be tolerable, and the soil good, a cento of vines will produce, at an average, from twelve to fourteen barrels, worth, according to its quality, from ten to fifteen Pauls; "*Piu vecchia la vite, piu forte il vino*;"—"the older the grape, the the richer wine," is the maxim; and at Procchio, the vines are of one hundred and fifty years growth. The best hills front to the sun; red stony ground being always the most suitable. In the valleys, the produce is one half greater; but the wine will not keep. At Campo, for example, the common wine falls off in nine months. The Muscato grape is exposed twenty days to the sun, after it has been gathered

bunch by bunch. For want of hands, the fine southern district from Capoliveri to Acona, which is wholly composed of the red stony soil, so favourable for the vine, is still untouched.

The land is leased out to the peasants for a proportion of the produce; a half, a fourth, or a fifth, according to the quality of the soil. A fifth seems to be the more frequent proportion, and hence the tenants who hold farms of this extent are called quintazoli. By a law of Leopold's, the tenant cannot commence the vintage without the landlord's permission; the value of the landlord's part, and the quality of the wine, depending materially on the time of gathering. One would think, however, that the tenant's interest would be a sufficient security; yet experience of the contrary has most probably dictated the law: for Leopold was a truly patriotic prince, the avowed enemy of unnecessary restraints, and rather faulty, perhaps, in overturning too suddenly ancient customs and laws.

The perfection of agriculture in this island would be, to confine the vineyards to the mountains, and cultivate grain in the valleys and plains. The proprietors are all sensible of this, and are clearing the brushwood rapidly away. The want of grain is felt by every one. The inhabitants consume a great deal of bread-corn: as they raise upon the island only a two months supply,—to meet the demand, from four to five thousand sacks, of

one hundred and seventy pounds each, are annually imported; each pound contains twelve ounces, and the sack costs to the importer about twenty shillings sterling, or twenty-six Pauls. It is brought from the Maremma of Piombino, Leghorn, and the Black Sea, and is sold by the importer to the consumer at twenty-five shillings a sack. The whole value of their wine does little more at present than supply them with bread; and the following vintage is generally pledged in the spring by the peasantry for corn. The island will probably ere long nearly supply itself; at least its supplies of wine will be much greater, and the growth of grain much nearer to the amount of the annual consumption.

The lower grounds abound with large fig trees of different kinds, affording a succession for several months. Near Rio and Longone, where they are most numerous, we observed many large white-washed ovens for drying the fruit. The figs are gathered in the heat of the day, dried till the evening, put into the oven after it has been heated and swept, to the depth of four inches, upon little sieves made of twigs, and of an oval form. One night, or at most two, are sufficient; they are then barrelled up for winter use. Besides these, they have several kinds of apples, and particularly the sort well known in France, if not in England, and eaten, like the medlar, when apparently rotten; and

in some places the pomegranate. Their grapes are delicious; we have almost lived upon them, and bread, and almonds. Every peasant offers them as you pass his vineyard. At this season, almost every man you meet has a large bunch of grapes in one hand, and a crust in the other. Often, in our country excursions, we made our repasts in the same manner. Two plants flourish luxuriantly in Elba, which are no where else to be found growing wild in the same latitude. The one is Opuntia, or Fico d'India, called at Gibraltar and in England the prickly pear; it has a very thick fleshy leaf, covered with spines; one leaf grows out of another, and round the edge of the highest leaves the fruit is attached. They should be plucked at sunrise, or it becomes less easy to detach them from the plants. The sweet is rather insipid. The other plant, which is seen in vast abundance at Longone, is the aloe, which is said to blossom in England once in a century. The flower stalk is about twenty feet high, covered with flowers. We were too late for this sight, as a high wind had destroyed most of the blossoms, and the remainder were already in seed.

At the mineral wealth of Elba I have already hinted, when mentioning the revenue; to this, particularly its iron, it is indebted for its chief celebrity in ancient and in modern times. Virgil, in his tenth book of the Æneid, calls it "Insula

inexhaustis chalybum generosa metallis." The side of a high hill is cut down, wholly composed of the richest iron ore. The appearance of this hill at a distance is red as freestone; when you walk over the refuse, it glitters as if you were treading on myriads of brilliants. The Romans had worked it, and lately a gallery was discovered, with many of their mining implements, blistered and mishapen with rust.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the directors of the mines. It was impossible, in civility, to refuse their pressing invitations to partake of the exquisite fruit and wine, which each of them had provided. They were not to be denied; so we did our best, with good will and a hearty appetite, to please all.

I must preserve the names of Signor Golandi the administrator, whose handsome family of daughters were not easily overlooked: (indeed, the women of Upper Rio, and generally throughout the island, possess a considerable share of good figure and good looks; all rather embonpoint;) Signor Bobilier the accountant, a man of reading and information, with a well selected little library; and Signor Cabone Garbajlia, who could never be satisfied that he had shewn sufficient kindness. They are all fond of news, inquisitive about England, and possessing, with regard to it, information which surprised me.

The chief workmen receive only one livre, sixteen sous, per day. They are simply miners. None of the ore is smelted here, but is exported for that purpose to Genoa, Naples, Folonica, Cecina, and other places, where charcoal abounds on the coast of Italy. Marquesate, eanite, and many curious minerals, are found about the mines; yellow ochre is prepared in quantities for paint. In ancient times, as well as at present, the ore seems to have been always carried to other places to be melted. There are, however, in opposition to this fact, considerable remains of the refuse or scoriæ of the furnace, near an extensive set of vaults, and foundations of unknown antiquity, opposite to Porto Ferajo. Celtenso, a Gothic writer, who visited Elba in the sixth century, asserts that, in his time, the ore was purified in the island. At present, there is too little wood for that purpose; and the less of woodland, the better for Elba.

One would imagine, that in a country abounding, as this does, with almost every useful or elegant production, with charming scenery, and a delightful climate, strangers would be anxious to select a residence; and so, perhaps, they may, when certain changes have been made, though being but a small island, it pleases better for a short visit, than a lengthened stay. Besides this, however, there is one serious objection, the prevalence of malaria for four months in the year, from June till October. It is chiefly

to be dreaded in low marshy situations, where there is stagnant water, and decayed vegetation. The neighbourhood of the salt pits is greatly prejudicial, not as they say from the salt pits actually in use, but from those which are unemployed, and the wet grounds and ditches adjoining to them.

Few places are more noxious than the country between Porto Ferajo and the mountains. During the dangerous season, all the peasantry flock in on their little horses, as we have often seen, with their wives and families to sleep in the city. A single night in the country would be followed by a tertian, or a quartan ague. At the village of Pila di Campo, in another part of the island, where the land is low and flat, though not in the least marshy, our guide was, in a single night, seized with fever and ague, which hung by him for eleven months, and deprived him of the use of one of his ears. Unlucky indeed is the man, who, at this season, fails to arrive before night-fall at some safe village. These, as Rio St. Ilario Pierro, St Marcian Capolivero, and Poggio, are purposely built high upon the mountain, to ensure their exemption from this dreaded malady.

It is occasioned by the carbonic acid gas, which rises in dense fumes after sunset from the rank vegetation and stagnant water, and is very perceptible to the smell. The want of draining and clean and wholesome cultivation, is the chief cause. The government, to whom the

salt pits belong, seems quite inexcusable, in permitting any of the pits to remain foul and neglected, when the effect is so pernicious to the health of the inhabitants. But the government is as yet too recent to have done all, and every one admits, that the Grand Duke is a most amiable and excellent man.

They do not say so much of all his ministers; yet he could not have chosen a better governor for Elba than the Count Strasaldo, whose conduct and countenance are alike benign. He is much liked, for his maxims of government are wise and moderate: a man of 75 is not likely to be fiery and intolerant; years and experience have subdued his passions, and an age so pregnant with change has taught him to regard, with liberal allowance, acts of ancient opposition. In fact, in the first proclamation which he issued on his arrival, he declared his respect for freedom of opinion, when unattended by acts of hostility to the government. Some of those who were the most attached friends of Napoleon he respects, countenances, and recommends to public employment. I never saw a man who bore in his countenance the legible stamp of more goodness. He returned our visit two days after our arrival, gave us a constant invitation to the evening conversaziones at his house, and would have furnished us, had we needed them, with let-

ters of introduction that would have ensured us a welcome reception from the best families in every part of the island.

The kindness of Mr Fossi rendered that unnecessary. That family had sacrificed almost their whole fortune in their early resistance to the French. Since 1792, it has risen again to affluence. Mr Fossi's brother is an officer in the English service, and gave us the introduction to which we were indebted for such marked attentions. His father was a barrister, a man of genius and learning, and the friend of Metastasio. His uncle, Pandolfo Barberi, is the present prior of St Lorenzo in Florence. From both the brothers I have had much, and, I believe, accurate information. They are both equally anxious to promote the trade of the country, especially with England, in the article of wine; and are, at present, employing themselves in ascertaining to what perfection, as an article of commerce, the wine of Elba can be brought.

LETTER XIX.

Quarry of White Marble.—Napoleon's Country House at San Martino.—Lucera.—Volterrajo.—Monte Cristo.—St Pierro and Ilario.—Granite Pillars at Secheta.—Pianoso.—Poggio.—Waterspouts.—Napoleon's Departure.—Sketch by Napoleon.—Napoleon believed to be in England.—Tunny Fishery.—Variety of Fish.—Magnetic Mountain.—Elbese Sailors.—Populonia.—History of Elba.

A QUARRY of white marble, said to rival that of Carrara, has lately been purchased by the Fossis from the government; it is close to Longone, and was discovered by Bonaparte. Out of it a statue of himself was sculptured, and the beautiful urns, vases, and baths, which are still to be seen at his country house of San Martino. We accompanied Mr Fossi to see it; it is plain, with windows in front, and two stories high. The entrance hall is large, and in the Egyptian taste; on this floor there are five other apartments, the servants were lodged below. In front, and still lower, was a kitchen and a complete set of offices; on the top of which, level with the under story of his own dwelling-house, was a broad flat terrace, commanding, through a valley filled with vines, a distant view of the harbour and bason of Porto Ferajo;—the city projecting into the sea, which appears like a fine lake surrounded by mountains.

We saw several ravens on the neighbouring hills, which, when other provisions fail, will condescend to a fig, and with their characteristic sagacity, they always select the best. In our way back, we took a circuit along the mountains, to see the remains of the old Roman fortress of Lucera, which caps the narrow summit of one of them to the south of Porto Ferajo, and which, as well as that of Volterrajo on a conical mountain to the east, is a conspicuous feature in the landscape from the capital of Elba. Both were furiously besieged by Barbarossa in 1543, when he united with the French in their attack on Savoy. Lucera fell, and was blown up by the Turks. Volterrajo maintained a successful resistance; but the slaughter of the natives was such, that Giacomo Appiani, Prince of Piombino, to whom Elba belonged, was obliged to procure the departure of the Turks by the delivery of the son of Sinam, the friend of Barbarossa, who had been made prisoner by Charles the Fifth, at the surrender of Tunis, and whose detention in Piombino was the cause of this sanguinary assault. A solitary chapel now stands among the ruins of Lucera.

The mountains of St Marciano, at the west end of the island, and said to be five thousand feet in height, seemed to promise some romantic scenery, and we resolved to visit them, and to make the tour of the whole western district.

The first part of the road was conducted by Bonaparte along the sides of high hills, following all their sinuosities, and enjoying a fine sea view of Capraia and Italy, till we descended into a fertile plain covered with vineyards, and turning to the left across the island, took the road to San Piero di Campo. The conical island of Monte Cristo, a steep and barren rock, lies at some distance to the south, being tenanted by monks of the order of Camaldoli. In 727, the monastery was dismantled, and the monks made slaves. In the ninth century, it was again laid waste by the Saracens, and in 1453, on the alarm of another attack by the Turks, the monks retired finally to Pisa, and built the monastery of St Michael in Borgo. We passed through Pila, where our guide had formerly caught the malaria fever. Here we saw several trees of pomegranates, and the first date palm which we had seen growing luxuriantly in a wild state. The track or road is extremely rocky, the surface of this district brown and parched, particularly where the crop had been gathered in, as no grass springs among the scanty stubble. The villages of St Piero and St Ilario stand high on the mountain sides, without a single tree on the bare granite. The houses are very massy, and closely built together, but have much appearance of desolation; within, they are very roomy and clean, and the people polite, and rather well-looking. The

mountain sides consist of brown granite gravel, and granite rock, worn into deep little ravines, and sprinkled with rank heath, (stipa,) low arbutus, and a few trees.

Not to be wanting in curiosity, we went to see the granite pillars at Sacchetta, about three miles off, and much talked of in this island. Two are finished, lying near the shore, with the words "Opera Pisana" on one of them. Two are quite in the rough, at some distance up the hill, together with another large mass of the same rock, which, though it gets the name of the Ship, was obviously intended for a great vase or cistern. They were intended, it is said, for the cathedral of Pisa. Perhaps the vase was to be a baptismal font,—but they are not worth a visit.

From this we have a good view of the little flat island of Pianoso, where Posthumius, the third son of Agrippa, and of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was confined by order of his uncle. In the same manner, Seneca the philosopher was banished by Caligula to Corsica, which we could now see. The remains of the baths of Tiberius are still distinctly discoverable from the same place. Many Roman marbles have been dug up in Pianoso. It has been since laid waste by the Genoese and the Turks, and occupied by the English. Count Strasoldo is at this time taking possession of it, as a pertinent of Elba, with a view of making that

fertile little island a granary for the use of the larger.

On the mountain near St Ilario, raised upon an isolated mass of granite, is the very ancient square tower of St Icovanni: it is thought to have been built by the Romans for prisoners of state.

We were sumptuously entertained at St Pierro by a friend of Mr Fossi's, and in the evening went a mile farther to St Ilario, where we supped, and slept at the house of our conductor's brother. The place contains about five hundred inhabitants. Hither, too, the peasantry from the lower villages resort at night during the unhealthy season. The place has still the remains of strong walls, that more than once successfully resisted the assaults of the Turks. Our countrymen, too, had, during last war, made several landings,—surely to no purpose but to waste the lives of themselves and the poor inhabitants, for they never remained twenty-four hours together.

Next morning we were on our march by six o'clock to cross the high mountain above Poggio; in order to breakfast at that romantic village. The view from the top, and in the descent to Poggio, is remarkably fine; about half way down we enter a forest of aged chestnuts, which clothe magnificently this district, and that of Murciano, and make them striking exceptions to the other parts of Elba. Below us lay the harbour and little vil-

lage of the Marina of Marciano, with boats at anchor; between us and which the lower hills and valleys were all covered as usual with vines.

A fine winding road, of about a mile, led us to Murciano, another romantic town, castellated on a rocky prominence. From a high point, a little further on, I observed a deep scar to the west, where about a year past a waterspout broke, carrying in an instant soil and inhabitants through a deep ravine down into the sea. Such waterspouts are frequent in the Levant in the fall of the year. This phenomenon is finely described by Falconer in the Shipwreck. We did not climb up to the chapel of the Madonna, even though Bonaparte had honoured it with his presence. After paying our respects to the Potestà, or Judge of the place, who had kindly invited us to partake of refreshments, when we met him at Saint Pierro, where he had been shooting, we returned to an excellent dinner at two o'clock, at the house of the worthy curate at Poggio, with whom we had breakfasted. It was a meagre day, but he had deferred his mess of macaroni (though he had eaten nothing that day) till he could join us in the only way which his scruples allowed, at the excellent and substantial dinner which he or Mr Fossi had provided.

The evening was showery, and we were pressed to stay all night, as the road to Porto Ferajo (ten miles distant) was, for the first five miles, through a

narrow, stony, and mountainous track. The evening, however, seemed to improve; and the weather to dissemble, till we were fairly in its power, and then came on such a storm of lightning and rain, as is rarely met with in more northern latitudes. Umbrellas were quite ineffectual, and the close and vivid flashes made me think them scarcely safe : to ride fast was impossible in such difficult roads. We attempted once to take shelter, but we soon concluded, that we risked less from the rain and lightning than from cold and fever. When we reached the good road, the poor ponies were exhausted; "nathless we so endured," proceeding at a walk to Porto Ferajo. The gates were already shut, and we had to send to the governor for leave to enter. This we obtained promptly, but before the drawbridge was lowered, we had waited a full half hour, drenched and exposed to the noxious air, and suffering from apprehension as well as fatigue. Our friend Mr Fossi agreed with me, that a hearty supper, and a glass of generous wine, were excellent restoratives. Our third companion, Mr Mellini, did not quite recover from the consequences of this drenching during our stay in Elba. This gentleman also showed us every possible kindness. His brother, the Colonel of Engineers, who introduced us, was the intimate private friend of Napoleon, and attended him in his last progress to Paris.

Napoleon is here understood to have been driv-

en to this step, by learning that the sovereigns at Vienna had determined to remove him to a securer prison. Had they attempted this, they would have repaired a gross blunder, by a less pardonable violation of treaty. To place him in Elba was ridiculous: but in the face of a solemn treaty, to remove him by force, would have been infamous, at least for England. The other parties had little character to lose. Policy is their principle of action. However, Bonaparte sent a small boat to watch the English frigate into the port of Leghorn, and in two hours after he was actually at sea. But he found himself far from easy, either in mind or in stomach. He asked Colonel Mellini to try an impromptu for their mutual amusement: when the following Italian verses were in a short time produced.

"Stanco di tanti tradimenti il pondo,
Abbandona il Lion L'Elbano regno,
In qui volea, d'eterna pace in segno,
Il centro augusto stabilir del mondo.
L'Elba lo piansi; e sú dal mar profundo
Sorge Nettuno di rispetto in segno.
Giason ne esulta, e á ospite si degno
Offre il vel'di Medea, dono fecondo.
Turba di duci ed insignati, fuori
Escan dal tempio rincentrar lo, e mesta
Piu non si asconde ed illui spera onesta
Italia, e via riprendi asta e cimicero.
Milano ed gia l'idea ravvolge in testa,
Che il destin de' cangiar del mondo intero."



"Fatigued with the oppression of conspiracies, the lion quited his Elbese realm, in which he wished to fix the august centre of the world, in token of eternal peace. Elbă wept for him, and Neptune, in sign of respect, emerged from the deep sea; Jason rejoiced, and to so worthy a stranger offered the fleece of Medea, a rich gift. A crowd of generals and distinguished warriors came out from the temple to meet him; and Italy no longer, in sadness, concealed her partiality, but awoke to honest hope, and quickly resumed the spear and helmet. She saw him, and already cherished in her mind the idea, that he was to change the destiny of the whole world."

It is sufficient to remark, that fiction has ever been the animating principle of poetry, and that poetry and prophecy have long ceased to be united. The old Greeks used to throw out many sarcastic gibes at the oracles of Delphi, and marvelled that the God of Poetry should deliver his own prophetical responses in such execrable verse.

We have got a curious sketch by Bonaparte, which will amuse you on our return. It is a design for the uniform of his Corsicans, and was done to assist his explanation of it to Colonel Mellini. A very pointed question was one evening put to me by the colonel: "Whether, if he, once my declared enemy, should throw himself on my generosity, I would act to him as England had done

to Napoleon ?" To say "no," without explanation, would have been to disavow the conduct of my country. I told him, that though, as an individual responsible only to myself, I might have done otherwise, yet that, as one of a confederacy, which had been nearly destroyed by his violence, and could attribute the act of surrender to nothing else than weakness or despair, I should have considered myself bound, by every principle of humanity, honour, and self-preservation, to secure myself and my friends against the probable renewal of such terrible disasters; and that England, in sparing life, had done enough.

It will surprise you to learn, how obstinately it is believed that Napoleon is still in England, and that the government intends to bring him forward again, as an engine of European policy, and the torch that is to kindle afresh a European war. I assured them as obstinately that the policy of England was peace, and that the exhaustion of a long war made it absolutely necessary, unless her honour was grossly assailed; that nothing could be more detestable to the mind of a Briton, than the notion of bringing forward Bonaparte, under any circumstances, to embroil Europe, or to undo that which she had spent so many hundred millions to effect: that such a cause could only be acceptable to the admirers of Machiavel.

The people of Elba may be very content, if they

do not turn ambitious. They seem to be equally removed from poverty and riches. A moderate fortune is from two to three hundred crowns a year. There are no beggars; whether this arise from the general distribution of property, or from the measures of government. Twice only was I asked for charity, and that not by common mendicants.

Though there are no overgrown fortunes, certain individuals are pretty affluent, particularly a Mr Senno, who rents the tunny fishery at 36,000 livres a year. The amount of the produce is unknown, but the mode of fishing is curious; and in the months of June and July, the season for fishing, many people from all quarters come to see it. Nets are anchored to the bottom, in the shape of an oblong, with meshes, through which the fish (weighing, at an average, from 100 to 200 lbs. each) can easily enter. These are made of a kind of rush, of which the fish are said to be fond. Within are strong nets, which, when drawn up by ropes from the bottom, where they are allowed to rest, divide the oblong into three apartments, securing, at the proper signal, the fish in each. When an order comes for 2000 or 3000 pounds of fish, Mr Senno rows out to one of his nets, and smoothing the surface of the water with oil, can see the tunny playing below, and can pretty nearly ascertain the quantity. Boats are then stationed

round and at the cords attached at the bottom to the nets. These are quickly hauled up, one after another, and drawn closer together at top. The tunny, feeling themselves confined, instantly begin to fight, and then the fishers strike them under the throat as they come to the surface. The fish is so strong and so violent, that it still requires much address to avoid serious mischief in getting them into the boat.

The greatest variety of excellent fish teem around the shores of Elba. I may mention haddock, turbot, skate, cod, the common and red mullet, soals, *grayling*, whitings of great size, pike, pilchard, a few salmon, tunny, besides at least thirty other kinds, for which I can find no English name. The tunny is boiled half an hour, cut into small pieces, exposed a night to the air, and then with a little salt put into small jars under a covering of Florence oil, and sent to Leghorn, Genoa, and Rome: it will keep well for two or three years.

Before I set sail for Elba, I must not forget my loadstone; there is an entire mountain of it near Capoliveri. The compass of ships sailing near the south-east point of the island is said to undergo the greatest confusion and derangement; I had not an opportunity of ascertaining this, but I brought away two large bits of the rock. The derangements of the needle are of no consequence to the Elbese, for they never employ a compass

in their coasting trade: in fact, they are, perhaps, the worst sailors in the world. But you shall judge.

After taking leave of our excellent and hospitable friends, from the governor downwards, we set sail with a wind that should have carried us to Leghorn in six or seven hours. At ten in the morning we had run half way, when a squall of wind and rain, which rent our rag of a sail, not stronger than an old shirt, made them run back to Populonia with all possible speed. A calm succeeded, they would not row in a calm; a light air sprung up, they must have their sail mended, though they had another untorn; and besides, certain other vessels on the same course were still at anchor. Presently these stood out to sea, but the captain asserted, that, as they were ships of war, they must seek a port at night, and that we should arrive as soon. In short, it was clear that he had determined to lie all night quietly at anchor, though in the most dangerous place of this pernicious clime. There was no help for it; we tried to sleep in the small hold, stretched upon damp salt, suffocated with heat and stench, and devoured by fleas; our legs, exposed under the open hatchway, were wet with showers of noxious dew. It lightned during the night, and though the wind again sprung up, the skipper expressed his fears of a "grosso mare," or rough sea, though it was as smooth as a river.

I was so angry at his ignorance, unwillingness, and cowardice, that I told them downrightly that they were no better than a pack of land-lubbers; and that it was evident why Lord Exmouth, in his first expedition, refused to take a single Italian in his fleet. I afterwards mentioned this unaccountable timidity, and I was again told that they are the worst sailors in the world. The Romans, before the Punic war, were as skilful and courageous at sea. The "robur, et æs triplex circa pectus," so much vaunted by Horace, is a rare production on the coasts of Italy. How sadly degenerated since the days of John and Andrew Doria!

But in all disappointments, such as ours, there is some alleviating circumstance. We saw the Etruscan remains of Populonia, a city which attached itself, like Elba, to the fortunes of Æneas, near twelve hundred years before the birth of Christ.

> "Sexcentos illi dederat Populonia mater,
> "Expertos belli juvenes."

Here were the earliest furnaces for melting the ore of Elba. The ancient city may have been large, for the ruins seem extensive. The present is a small fortified village on the top of the promontory, and near are a few blind arches, the only part that bears a Roman stamp. The extreme insalubrity of the place in part accounts for its decay. The great *Maremma* of Piombino, which connects this promontory with the high land

of Italy, though rich in vegetable produce, is absolutely uninhabitable: being even more pernicious to health than the Campagna of Rome. The people look relaxed, swollen, and sallow. They have a Walcheren fever continually among them: it is of the same kind as that which prevails in the fens of Lincolnshire, and the Hundreds of Essex, though much more malignant and fatal. Bad diet, and perspiration from labour, increase the susceptibility: and hence this fever is prevalent chiefly among the working class.

It was my intention to give you a short outline of the history of Elba, but my time is at present too short for any thing more than the hastiest sketch. It has belonged to the Etruscans, the Romans, and the Goths, in the ancient and middle ages; and then to the Pope and the Princes of Piombino. It has been attacked by Genoese, Spaniards, and Turks; and, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was annexed by Charles the Fifth to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, as a means of protection against Constantinople, Tunis, and Algiers. The Prince of Piombino then became the sovereign, while Tuscany and Naples held the property of Porto Ferajo and Longone; till, on the breaking out of the French revolution, it was successively held by the French and the English, and, in 1814, was retained by Buonaparte; since that time it has passed undivided under the power of Tuscany.

LETTER XX.

FLORENCE.

Return to Florence by Lucca.—Baths of Pisa.—Lucca.—Baths of Lucca.—Observations on sketching rapidly.—Pistoia.—Prato.

On our return to Florence, by Lucca, we again passed through Pisa, and availed ourselves of this opportunity of visiting the baths. They occupy about a hundred houses of various elevation, situated at the bottom of calcareous mountains, the lower declivities of which are covered with luxuriant olive trees; the earth being thrown into terraces, and supported by dry walls. We met the river Serchio, which, in breadth, resembles the Tweed at Coldstream in Scotland.

The small principality of Lucca belongs to the Duchess of Parma. On entering, and on leaving it, strangers must submit to the trouble of having their trunks examined, or purchase exemption from this ceremony, by a present to the Doganna or custom-house, besides a stated sum which it is entitled to demand. We saw some of the peasantry employed in sprinkling the ground with liquid manure, while others were irrigating it with large scoops, such as our bleachers use in watering linen.

Lucca is a town of considerable beauty. It is surrounded with walls, which would form, however, but a very feeble defence against a besieging enemy. The towers of the churches, rising above these walls, have a fine effect in the rich and beautiful landscape; the view being bounded by the Apennines, which ascend in the most fascinating forms to the skies.

On a nearer inspection, the churches are less pleasing than in their distant effect. That of San Martino is not destitute of external beauty, were not its architecture frittered away in numberless unmeaning arches. Inlaying with white and black marble is still to be seen in every town; but certainly its pretensions, like those of most pretending things, greatly exceed its merits. Among the treasures of this church is a piece of timber, said to have been part of the true cross, and held, of course, in peculiar veneration.

In the church of San Romano there is a painting of the CRUCIFIXION by Guido, unaffected in colouring; and in drawing, accurate and expressive. For the picture by Bartolommeo, I cannot say so much. The church of San Michele is disfigured by Gothic trifling; ornamented shafts of columns may suit a light rural building, but in a large edifice they are always out of character.

The celebrated Baths, at the distance of a few miles from Lucca, are situated among mountains,

whose inviting aspect would, of itself, have rendered the temptation to visit them irresistible. Our road lay through valleys which presented, as we advanced, the finest variety of romantic scenery. The sun was just sufficiently elevated above the horizon to produce that aërial effect, which softened and blended into each other the lines of the mountains; the river, broad and deep, bore on its sparkling waves the glory of the skies; towns and villages of picturesque appearance were seen on the acclivities and in the valleys; and noble chestnut trees, uniting with the profusion of charming objects, formed the most delightful pictures. Bridges of singular construction spanned the rapid stream; and rafts of wood were either hurried down the current, or glided under the hanging branches which obscured the evening light. But what language can describe the scenes which the baths and the neighbouring buildings on the mountains command? Surely such scenes must have the most cheering influence on the heart of the invalid, while he enjoys, at the same time, the benefit of a pure atmosphere, secure from the danger of sultry hours. The man of taste and feeling will miss a luxurious feast, if he visit not the vale and the baths of Lucca.

Another of our excursions from this interesting town was to the palace of Prince Bacciochi, who married the sister of Napoleon. Richness,

united with simplicity, appeared in every apartment. The Princess was greatly beloved. Roads, bridges, and many other improvements, were made at her command, and the principality of Lucca became a paradise.

On our way to Florence, we passed through Pescia, a clean, well paved, and pleasant town. From the bridge we had a view, which we sighed to leave. Proceeding on our journey, we soon came to the town of Serravalle: it crowns a sloping hill, and its picturesque situation, with the whole scenery around, reminded us of the interesting compositions of Poussin. On crossing the rising ground below the towers of Serravalle, we came within view of Pistoia. Travelling hurriedly, we could have only a passing glance of many a charming scene. This we regretted the more, because we found it impossible to retain so vivid an impression of their characteristic beauties, as to enable us to describe them with accuracy.

In general, it may be observed, that description, unless written on the spot, can never convey a distinct idea to the mind of one who has not seen the original; and even when drawn up with every advantage, the impression which it communicates must be, in some degree, vague. Were twenty artists to form a picture, even from the most correct description of scenery, they would all be different, and not one would be true to nature. A few slight lines with

the pencil, under whatever disadvantages, would embody more of the reality of the scene, and control the imagination within the limits of truth. That I might not lose entirely a variety of interesting subjects, I attempted to make what may be called carriage sketches, done when we were travelling at the rate of from five to six miles an hour. Such sketches, if revised, while the recollection of the originals is yet tolerably fresh, may impart a pretty accurate general idea of any scene, which is not too varied and complicated for this rapid mode of delineation; at least, they will aid the imagination more than any verbal description. It must be observed, however, that this applies only to scenes at such a distance from the eye, as to afford time to sketch nearly the whole, before the respective parts are materially varied in their aspect by our change of place. It is almost unnecessary to add, that this loose mode of drawing ought by no means to be adopted, unless every other be impracticable.

Pistoia, a town of considerable extent, is adorned with many curious and splendid edifices. The Baptistry, the Cathedral, and the adjacent buildings, as seen from the Piazza del Duomo, form noble combinations for the pencil. The alternation of black and white marble still prevails, but is here less offensive than in most of the other towns in which we have seen it.

The great ward of the hospital of Pistoia, like that in Florence, is open at each end; and, through the iron gates from the street, we may perceive the sick lying on iron beds in two parallel rows. We walked into it, and found that great attention was paid to the comfort of the sick: the physicians, aware of the value of cleanliness, have the hospital kept in the highest order; even more so, indeed, than most of the palaces of the princes. On the principal front of the hospital is a basso relievo extremely well executed, in some vitrified substance, representing persons attending the sick in various diseases. At Pistoia we were greatly imposed upon by our knavish landlord, and were obliged to apply to the police, who did not hesitate to reduce his exorbitant charge. Indeed, a British subject has only to apply for redress in Italy, and he may rely on immediately obtaining it.

The country between Pistoia and Prato is flat and tame, except towards the Apennines; but its amazing luxuriance would make the eye of the agriculturist beam with delight.

The Duomo of Prato is gloomy and grand, though not without decorations of silver and gold: the miserable people begging and praying at the same time, absolutely drove us out by their importunity. On the outside of the cathedral, fronting the street, is a beautiful marble pulpit built quite upon the corner of the edifice. It is supported by

a right angular pillar with brackets and rich carving. The body of the pulpit is circular, and in the compartments are sculptured, in the finest taste, several dancing angels. From the centre of this exalted seat is a beautiful column supporting a canopy, but the symmetry of the design, the taste in the detail, and the excellent finishing, is superior to any thing we have seen of the kind, and led me to wish I could have procured a model of it for our churches in Scotland, where the taste and form of some of the pulpits are comparatively mean.

From Prato to Florence there is little variety. The country is much the same as it appears on the opposite side near Empoli. The crops of Indian corn, when green, are very beautiful, but in autumn the leaves have a dry and withered appearance, shewing too much of the stalk, and as the plants are considerably separated from each other, they do not properly combine for picture. The golden grain is not visible till the leaves encompassing it are stripped away; it is with these leaves that the flasks of wine and oil are covered, and I believe they are generally used for stuffing mattresses, being infinitely more elastic than straw.

LETTER XXI.

PERUGIA.

Road to Rome.—Arezzo.—Pictures in the Cathedral.—Italian Sky.—Intrinsic beauty of Dew Drops.—Lake of Thrasimene.—Perugia.—Pictures, Academy, and Buildings.—Pictures by Raphael, Perugino, and Guido.—Observations on giving such pictures to youth to study from.—Casa della Penna.—Petrifying Spring of San Phillipo, applied to the formation of Casts.

WE left Florence for Rome, on a delightful frosty morning. The countrymen were wrapped up in their great coats as in the * coldest climates, and the women carried choffers with charcoal to keep themselves warm.

The gossamer hung with its diamonds from bush to bush, and the dew drops fell in momentary glances. The olive had assumed its darkest colour of ripeness, and the crops were surprisingly rich. The grape had long since been gathered, and

* The Italians seldom use the arms of their great coats *except occasionally as pockets.* The coat is generally hung upon the left shoulder, the sleeves hanging loose.

nothing but a few golden leaves appeared upon the festoons, which were suspended from the trees.

Upon a rising hill some few miles from Florence, we took our farewell view, and fortunately were on that point of elevation which brought all the interesting objects together. The numerous towns, villas, and palaces, combined, and gave the appearance of one vast and mighty city. But when we ascended, the objects separated, and in some degree lost their interest, by being scattered in the landscape. The Tuscan olive, too, which is generally planted in rows, looked rather formal. The second crop of barley was in the ear, (28th November.) The Italian streams, beautiful and fanciful as they often are, winding among rich or romantic scenes, want transparency to do justice to the varied beauty which graces their banks.

From Piano Della Fonte the country opens to the east, and the Apennines assume superior grandeur. Arcades, projections, and colonnades, seemed the favourite style of building, and we were struck with the beauty of Incisa. Frying of fish and roasting of chesnuts in the streets was here the principal employment of the lower class.

From the beautiful scenery of Renaccio on our left, we travelled to Levane, where we passed the night. In the morning, the mists rose in horizontal lines, leaving the tops of the hills uncovered, and occasionally the sunbeams penetrated through

them, disclosing many smiling villages and buildings. The smoke from the burning chaff upon the fields rose but a short way when it took a horizontal direction along the sky, as if pleased to follow the curious mists in all their haunts through olive groves and russet glens. The peasantry, singing the morning hymn, were pruning the vine, or digging with long handled spades. Every circumstance in a country so foreign to our own, excited peculiar interest. The sun, throwing his playful beams among the rich confusion of silver mists, half discovered towns, purple hills, and richest verdure, gave an enchanting cast to nature, which before we had never witnessed. Every incident, in short, even to our white horses' manes, opposed to dark shadows or varieties of colour as we moved along, gave amusement, and hinted the value of a little brilliancy, especially where monotony prevailed.

Much of the country on our way to Arezzo is composed of clay and gravel, and the hills are strangely worn and channelled by the surface waters. Arezzo itself, seated on a gently swelling hill, commands a lovely plain surrounded by mountains of pleasing form and moderate elevation. This city was the birth place of Vasari, and the cathedral contains several of his works; indeed, the high altar may be said to be covered with them, both before and behind. His ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, which is held in high estimation by the priests, is absolute-

ly bad in most of the essential parts. St George himself is but a common figure, without dignity, and the horse, miserably drawn, appears little better than the portrait of a rocking horse : and what can be more revolting than a figure which is near the dragon, the flesh stripped off, and appearing to contain disgusting putrid bowels? Every part, indeed, wants dignity and taste.

The MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES, by the same master, is greatly better, but SAN DONATO and ST PETER are the best of his works. I should, however, mention the Virgin in the picture of the ASCENSION, which is pretty good; the angels, likewise, have at least some drawing to recommend them. Vasari's portraits of himself and parents are all extremely vulgar in the expression, though better painted than his other subjects. In the cathedral is Benvenuti's celebrated picture of JUDITH AND HOLIFERNES. Judith stands elevated upon steps holding the head, surrounded by several figures, all of them well designed, and in better composition than appears in any other picture of the master. Sabatelli's painting, which is a companion to Benvenuti's, looks poor and spiritless.

In this cathedral is an ancient altar, curious in the workmanship, which is said to have cost no less than L. 15,000. Twelve priests in rich robes were officiating to five beggars, who kept importuning us

for charity while the prayers were in their mouths. Arezzo, indeed, sadly abounds in this appendage of Italian travelling, rendering examination almost impracticable by their incessant teasing.

In the principal square are some handsome buildings, especially the customhouse designed by Vasari. We were also pleased with a circular temple, which had all the character of antiquity, mouldered, corroded, and covered with many interesting hues of age. After visiting the square and the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, we went to see the Casa Petrarcha, or house of Petrarch, into which we walked as if it had been our own. At present it is inhabited by a physician, and is greatly modernized, having all the external appearance of a comfortable dwelling. On the front is an inscription relative to Petrarch, bearing date 1810.

We left Arezzo for Camoscia, near Cortona. The second spring presents the most refreshing greens on the various fields, but the trees retain their russet robes, and do not appear to bud a second time, at least not to produce any effect upon the landscape.

The Italian skies are clearer than those of Britain, and occasionally we see them very brilliant. To-day, towards the evening, the horizon appeared of the brightest orange, with an intermediate and harmonizing colour of the most delicate hue of carmine, which lost itself in purple; the colour of the mountains was of a blackish neutral tone, which

greatly contributed to the splendour of the sky, especially when it was likewise opposed to the dark cool grey of the olive groves. A little wandering stream went sparkling on, as if it had been covered with a thousand diamonds.

No traveller stopping at Camoscia should omit the opportunity of seeing Cartona, the capital of Etruria. It is a noble ancient town, with Cyclopean walls, situate upon the acclivity of the hill immediately above Camoscia. It contains much to interest the curious visitant, especially its academy, museum, and library. The views are inimitably fine; particularly from some points where part of the ancient city is brought into contrast with the rich country and distant hills of Radicofani, and the Thrasimene and Clusian lakes. As we travel on, no circumstance seems in vain. The very breath of our horses in these frosty mornings gives a value to many a singular scene: affording an accidental choice of clearness or general effect, and appearing pale, or of an amber colour, as the sun may shine on it, it suggests the value of each effect upon the various objects,—ever teaching something to the observing mind.

The dew drops on the bushes, or trembling and sparkling on the spray, never failed to charm us. The associations of purity, freshness, and coolness, might enter into our emotion of delight; but it certainly arose, primarily and chiefly, from the *intrinsic beauty* of the dew drops. We are so formed by nature as

to derive pleasure from particular colours, and forms, independent of any reflex feeling; and the infant, when first it sees a rose or a diamond, or its view is directed to the glories of an evening sky, displays a kind of transport, which surely cannot, without overstrained ingenuity, be referred to any previous association. A lower degree of pleasure may, in the same manner, be excited by objects of inferior beauty, while from others the infant will turn away with indifference, or shrink in disgust.

When we left Cortona, the beautiful and extensive lake of Thrasimene soon appeared, bathing the shooting promontories with its pellucid water. The lovely peaceful mirror reflected the mountains of Monte Pulciana, and the wild fowl skimming its ample surface, touched the waters with their rapid wings, leaving circles and trains of light to glitter in gray repose. As we moved along, one set of interesting features yielded to another, and every change excited new delight. Yet, was it not among these tranquil scenes that Hannibal and Flaminius met? Was not the blush of blood upon the silver lake of Thrasimene?

"Her aged trees rise thick, as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook has ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters
red."

After passing the stream of Sanguinetto, we entered the Papal territory. Nothing could exceed the fulness of the olive harvest; yet our satisfaction in contemplating the bounty of nature in this luxuriant country, was greatly checked by seeing some miserable beings, almost as black as the fruit, picking up such as fell upon the ground. Surely man, with all his faults, deserves a better fate than to starve amidst abundance.

Advancing to Perugia, we were presented with fine varieties of swelling hills, buildings, and olive groves, and Apennines in the horizon tippped with snow.

Perugia crowns the summit of a hill, as indeed do most of the towns in Italy, to escape Malaria, the invisible enemy of the plains. From the tower of the cathedral, looking east, we see Assisi, the birth place of St Francis, seated on the bosom of a hill, and overlooking a rich and fertile plain. Various parts of Perugia seem to mix with the almost shapeless hills bounded with higher Apennines. The south presents the ramparts, ancient walls, towers, and cupolas of the various monasteries and churches. To the west, we see the numerous buildings appearing, as it were, to climb the ridges of the hill on which the city stands, yet overtopped with majestic mountains. From the north, the city seems to hang in air, the smoke

and vapours from below, rising against its aged walls.

After examining the panorama from the tower, we entered the Cathedral, in which are several pictures by Pietro Perugino, and various other masters, besides rich carvings after the designs of Raphael.

The painting of the MADONNA DELLA GRAZIA, by Pietro Perugino, is honoured with a silver crown, diamond ear-rings, and pearl necklace, and is likewise surrounded with innumerable offerings of hearts, legs, arms, and feet. When we went to see this picture, which is hard and formal in its execution, several poor people were devoutly praying at the shrine; and to our astonishment, they were suddenly turned away, that we might see the picture! The paintings in the cathedral are generally but indifferent. ST SEBASTIAN AND ST LORENZA, by Scaramuccia, are perhaps the best.

In the church of St Augustine there are many paintings by Perugino. Grace may be traced in the figures of OUR SAVIOUR AND ST JOHN, baptizing in the river Jordan, although the drawing of them is but indifferent.

JOSEPH AND MARY WORSHIPPING AT THE BIRTH OF CHRIST is a mellow picture, without hardness; the heads especially are excellent.

Raphael's MADONNA AND CHILD, with ST NICOLO, ST BERNARDINO, ST JEROME, and ST SEBAS-

TIAN, is but ill composed. The Virgin sits uncomfortably in the sky, with three angels' heads to support her feet. The ADORATION OF THE MAGI, likewise by the hand of Raphael, is very like an early painting by Perugino.

Barocchio's pictures are free and broad, but overloaded with drapery; they have nature, however, to recommend them in many parts, which certainly makes up for a multitude of faults.

The MADONNA AND CHILD, with ST AGATHA, ST LUCIA, ST PETER, and ST PAUL, is the best of Perugino's works, and may be said to surpass those by Raphael in this church. The ETERNAL FATHER, too, by Perugino, is a favourite specimen of the master. The carvings of the stalls in the choir, from designs by Raphael, are extremely fine; and the seats are easy: a muttering monk advanced to one of them, and threw himself into it seemingly to sleep. In the Oratorio Della Signora are fourteen pictures by Sasso Ferrata; the best of which are second and third from the door. Many of the figures are well drawn, in good attitudes, with a general pleasing effect of light, and shade, and colour.

We were rather late in going to the church of San Pietro. The church was dark and gloomy; but an obliging monk, without the slightest ceremony, snatched down one of the prodigious wax lights from the altar, to shew the various paintings

by Vasari, Sasso Ferrata, &c. He also led us to the robing room, in which are several small pictures by Perugino, which appear to have been portraits of monks turned into saints. In execution, they are masterly and free;—a little painting, too, by Raphael, of CHRIST AND ST JOHN, is excellent in colouring and infantine expression. The French have greatly injured the church of San Pietro, by the removal of the frescoes, and marks of violence may be seen in many places. The curious missals and illuminated books, they seem to have thought below their notice, or it is more probable they were concealed from them. In the Academy Della Bella Arte are several of the first attempts in painting of Pietro Perugino, and of Raphael, his immortal scholar. They appear to be but a step beyond the works of Giotto or Cimabue; one of Guido's earliest works, too, of a boy paring an apple, is hung with them, and certainly does not indicate his future excellence: it is painted on a pannel at least three inches thick, and primed with stucco. The innumerable instances which we have of early paintings on stucco grounds, on pannels, shew, that the departure from fresco or absorbent grounds was not altogether sudden, and that the final adoption of oil grounds was the result of time and much experience.

The first attempts of the great masters are certainly encouraging, and much information may be

derived from them; but they are surely a dangerous collection for young practitioners to study. It is, true, they shew the first glimpses of genius and improvement, but they shew no more. Taste is ill-defined, apparently accidental, and not sufficiently under rule to guide an inexperienced mind. Yet the students of this Academy draw and paint from these early pictures, and from great cartoons, after the extraordinary and singular figures in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. The masters of these subordinate academies should be careful, lest they lead the youthful mind astray. I have seen no good productions of any of the pupils, and I am now convinced, that making enormous and elaborate finished drawings in chalk, is little better than a waste of time. The Academy have few paintings, except by Giotto, Cimabue, Albert Durer, Perugino, and Raphael's early works, all of which seem to be painted by receipt.

In the museum, with which the academy is connected, are some antiquities, chiefly such as were found in the neighbourhood of Perugia: many of them are beautiful and curious, consisting principally of busts, sarcophagi, friezes, vases, terra cottas, &c. In the Gabinetto Anatomico, which is also connected with the academy, there are many anatomical preparations in wax. Some heads with the brain taken out, are yet accompanied with vermilion coloured lips and smiling faces: and here I

may mention, that we have seen even greater absurdities in the celebrated Gabinetto Fisico in Florence, especially in the apartment of the gravid uterus, one of the most indelicate exhibitions ever opened to the public eye. There is no reason why these preparations should be made disgusting to the sight, yet consistency with nature should certainly be observed.

In the Casa della Penna there are many paintings, but few of any merit; yet it is a collection one would not wish to pass. A picture by Subtermans, and one by Annibal Caracci, with some sketches by Salvator Rosa, are the most deserving of notice. The landscapes, imitations of Gaspar Poussin, are all indifferent. We were greatly pleased with the design of AN ENCHANTMENT by Salvator Rosa, painted on a black ground. A magician is represented holding a warrior's sword of tremendous size, over a variety of charms and spells. The warrior behind appears with anxious eye looking towards his sword, and a figure, indicating to what it will lead, rises in the mysterious scene with a flaming crown: a multitude of devils and strange forms, the usual accompaniments of enchantment, are indistinctly seen hovering in the gloom.

The most remarkable specimen of architecture in Perugia is the ancient arch of Augustus, in which strength and elegance are most agreeably united. No cement has been used in its con-

struction, yet it appears as if it could still defy the elements for many centuries. The Palazzo Publico is striking in effect. The Porta de San Pietro is extremely beautiful, and the fountain near the cathedral is chaste in the design: indeed, the Italians always shew considerable taste in their wells and fountains, enriching them with some appropriate ornament.

Perugia abounds in the finest subjects for the pencil; and the man of taste must be greatly charmed with the inimitable views, especially from the Piazza della Prome, and the ancient ramparts. He may also find innumerable works of art in many of the palaces, churches, and private houses, that might well reward the trouble of searching them out.

A learned gentleman, who has lately visited the celebrated baths of San Phillipo, about fifty miles from this ancient city, has shewn us several casts, which are remarkable for their sharpness and peculiar beauty.

They are produced by a petrifying spring, which is applied to the formation of cameos and various ornaments. Our friend, imagining the process might be interesting, has obligingly favoured us with an account of it, which is as follows.

The spring issues from Monte Amiato, about four miles from Radicofani; on the route between that town and Sienra, and is situate about half a

mile from the road side. The water is in such quantity as to form a large torrent, and so hot that it cannot be borne by the human body at its source. Very anciently baths were established there, and are still kept up. They are called Bagni de San Filippo. The water is perfectly transparent, but holds in solution a considerable quantity of sulphur, and an immense portion of carbonate of lime. Soon after the escape from the mountain, the sulphur is first deposited, and then the earthy matter, in such quantity as to have formed itself into a small mountain some hundred feet high, and nearly half a mile in length. This constant deposition of fresh earth is continually changing the place of the spring, and gradually approaching it nearer its source in the mountain. Of this petrifying water, advantage has been taken to form casts, somewhat in the following manner. An impression of the medal is first taken in sulphur, or, what is still better, on glass, and the impressed figure or mould is then placed in the course of the stream to receive the deposited matter. As, however, it is desirable that the dissolved earth be deposited in a certain state and condition, a series of three or four pits are sunk in the earth at a short distance from each other, and communicating by means of tubes. In these pits, deposition to a certain extent is successively made, till the water at length arrives at the last stage, refined, as it were,

and charged only with its desired portion of earth. It is then made to fall through a tube on two pieces of board, two or three inches broad, placed crosswise thus +, the effect of which is to break the stream, and throw off the water in all directions. Beneath this crossed piece is another similar one, and a third still lower, but all of them crossing in different directions, the more completely to break and disperse the column of water that falls on them. These crossed pieces are then surrounded by frame work of wood, of a pyramidal form, within which are arranged the impressed sulphurs or glass, previously touched with a solution of soap to smooth the surface, and facilitate the subsequent separation of the cast. They are disposed all round the pyramidal case, and placed somewhat obliquely forward, opposite the several series of crossed sticks, and at the distance of about a foot from their extremities. In this position, they receive a continual and equable dash of the water, which deposits its earthy matter on the impressed surface, and which matter takes with the greatest fineness and precision the figure of the body on which it consolidates. The cast, thus obtained, may be made of any thickness, but in small figures; it is commonly from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch. The time employed in its formation is ten or twelve days. The pyramidal frame is of use, not only for disposing the moulds in the manner described, but also for

guarding against all currents of air which might disturb the process of deposition; it is not designed, however, to exclude the entrance of air.

This manufactory was established by the late Peter Leopold, who so magnificently patronized all the sciences and arts. It is at present under the direction of Signor Pagliari, an artist of great ingenuity, who readily explains and exhibits all the stages of his process. His charges are in proportion to the dimensions of the cast.

For a cast of 1 inch diameter,	1 Paul, or 5d. English.
$2\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
4	3
5	6
6	9
7	10
8	20
one foot 6 inches	30

By an ingenious variation of the process, he is able to form a cast of differently coloured marbles, so as to present a white figure in relief on a blue or yellow ground, and *vice versa*. This is done by first forming the cast white as usual, then separating from it all the parts not projecting in relief, and exposing it as before to a second process of deposition, from water previously coloured. The coloured carbonate attaches itself to the white figure, and this forms a ground on the stratum of coloured matter on which the white matter rests,

but in a manner so as to form one solid and continuous substance.

I know not whether the petrifying springs in Scotland or in Derbyshire are sufficiently strong to produce casts in so short a time as ten or twelve days, but I should think the experiment might be tried with probable success, in small and delicate cameos, which would not require any great degree of thickness.

LETTER XXII.

ROME.

Journey to Rome.—Foligna.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Spoleto.—Terni.—Narni.—Otricoli.—Civita Castellana.—Nepi.—Arrival at Rome.

SOON after leaving Perugia we crossed the Tiber, flowing with its numberless associations, and exciting that feeling of respect which is due even to inanimate objects so famed in history. While our anxious eye hurriedly examined its magnitude, its banks, and scenery, we could not help exclaiming: Can this be the yellow Tiber of the Augustan age? this the Tiber that still laves the walls of the eternal city? How different the reality from the pictures of imagination, which, with all our knowledge of its character, still delights in amplifying it into a majestic flood!

This famous river, near Perugia, reminded us of the Clyde in Scotland, though perhaps not quite so large. The water, of a whitish colour, leaves a considerable deposite on the vegetation on its banks, occasionally producing singular petrifactions. We passed Assisi on our left, and admired its towers,

cupolas and arcades, from the splendid edifice of the Madonna degli Angeli, in the plain below.

The women of the country wear the panno, a piece of cloth folded on their head, and hanging down the back. Crosses and chapels increased in number as we advanced. These crosses are generally decorated with a hammer, a spear, a pair of pincers, and a sponge; and occasionally a cock surmounts the whole. Near Spetto we observed a curious mode of harrowing; the harrow was an oblong piece of wood, on which a man stood, holding by the tails of oxen, and kept switching them along. In every implement of husbandry the Italians are much behind, and have advanced but little since the days of Virgil.

Foligna is seated in a plain, surrounded by mountains at a moderate distance. In a convent there we saw an unfinished picture of a HOLY FAMILY by Raphael, carefully outlined in bistre on a tanned leather-coloured ground, and evidently designed according to some ideal rule of beauty; circles were described for the cheeks and nose of the Infant Jesus, and the same forms might be traced throughout the picture. In this painting Raphael has finished carefully as he advanced. Foligna, in former days, could boast of the famous picture of the MADONNA DELLA FOLIGNA, by Raphael, now in the Vatican at Rome, and still contains some curi-

ous relics of ancient art, particularly a silver statue as large as life, executed with considerable taste.

As we advanced on our journey, the towers and steeples of Trivi appeared singular and striking, by the contrast of a stormy sky. Clouds hung heavily on the dark and dismal hills; and strange and gloomy appearances amused the eye with marvellous opposition of colour; white visionary grey, threatening fiery reds, and brassy tones, stared through dusky blue, and blackish hues of purple; while the pale and sickly-coloured buildings appeared against illumined showers.

Nothing can be more provoking than continued rain while travelling amidst the lovely scenes of Italy; yet such was now our lot. We could not, however, pass the temple of Clitumnus, though it was pouring an Italian shower. *

This pretty little gem stands on the acclivity of a bank overlooking its crystal waters, which have their source at the distance of some hundred yards towards Spoleto. The temple, fronting the river, is of an oblong form, in the Corinthian order. Four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are covered in spiral lines and in forms, to represent the scales of fish; the bases, too, are rich-

* The showers in Italy are generally very violent, even when they are of long duration.

ly sculptured. The tympanum contains no figures, but the ornament and cornice are well detailed. Within the building is a chapel, the walls of which are covered with many hundred names, but we saw none which we could recognize as British. Can it be, that this classical temple is seldom visited by our countrymen, though celebrated by Dryden and Addison? To future travellers from Britain, it will surely be rendered interesting, by the beautiful lines of Lord Byron, flowing as sweetly as the lovely stream which they describe.

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal, that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze, and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk white steer
Grazes; the purest God of gentle waters!
The most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

"And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in the glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its babbling
tales."

4th Canto, Childe Harold.

Spoleto, one of the most picturesque towns that we have seen in Italy, is built on the slope of a hill, and extends to the plain below. Its magnificent castle, partly built on Cyclopean walls, crowns the whole, and, as seen with the lofty aqueduct which stretches from hill to hill, forms a perfect and most pleasing landscape. On our arrival there several workmen were excavating, and had just discovered some arches of an ancient Roman bridge, *below* the bed of the present river. Several other remains of great antiquity are to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, especially of the temples of Concord and Mars,* the former being remarkable for its finely proportioned doors, exquisitely carved in the richest ornament. Twelve of the ancient Corinthian columns are within the church, (of the Crucifix,) which seems to be built on the foundation of the ancient ruins. Our stay at Spoleto was very short, which we regretted much, as there are few towns which so well deserve investigation. The painter, especially, must be charmed with the variety of excellent material which it affords for classic composition.

The Strada Romana winds through very pleasing scenery of varied hills, woody banks, and

* We did not see the Temple of Mars, finding it to be at some distance from the town.

groves, and through such scenery we travel with little intermission all the way to Terni.

Terni is seated in a plain, and almost surrounded by interesting mountains. Those especially towards the celebrated fall are extremely grand. When we arrived in the town, two carts full of robbers were taken to the prison. These wretches were for a considerable time the terror of the country, and rendered it extremely dangerous to travellers. Terni may be said to be a pretty town, but the appearance of poverty and misery destroys our enjoyment of its beauty; the houses and streets are generally good; indeed, surprisingly so, considering the wretchedness of the beings that inhabit them;—an observation which may apply to almost all the towns in Italy. If the palaces are uncomfortable and dirty, it can hardly be expected that the dwellings of the poor can be in good condition.

The remains of antiquity at Terni are trifling. Part of an amphitheatre, faced with reticulated stone and a vitrified substance alternately, is all that was pointed out to us, except a small church, which is called the ancient Temple of the Sun. Paintings there are none. Even the cathedral offers nothing except a Mary Magdalene.

The great attraction in this romantic country is the noble fall of Velino. As we advanced to it, we found the scenery bold and majestic, approaching,

in many parts, to the sublime. The mist from the tremendous fall was seen from afar, obscuring the rocks and wooded banks. Our road wound around perilous precipices, presenting the most fascinating scenes, and all the fantastic wildness of nature. After we had crossed the shoulder of a lofty mountain, of bare and precipitous rock, the romantic village of Papignina appeared on the summit of a hill, uniting in the finest manner with the adjacent objects, and forming an unrivalled subject for the pencil. The feelings, I should think, with which a painter would delineate and study such a perfect picture, might be envied by the most enlightened man of taste. Beyond this admirable scene, we distinctly heard the thundering Velino, though it was still invisible. Imagination then began to work, and formed innumerable awful pictures;—but the striking scene itself soon dismissed them, and presented one more terrific than any which the fancy drew. The stunning sound, the mist, uncertainty, and tremendous depth, bewildered the senses for a time, and the eye had little rest from the impetuous and hurrying waters to search into the mysterious and whitened gulf, which presented, through a cloud of spray, the apparitions, as it were, of rocks and overhanging wood. The wind, however, would sometimes remove for an instant this misty veil, and display such a scene of havoc as appalled the soul. But hear Lord Byron:

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies; and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald! how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yields in chasms a fearful vent!

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shews
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings thro' the vale: Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity!
As if to sweep down all things in its track
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

From Terni to Narni, we travelled through a vale of pleasing appearance, but not so highly cultivated as those of Tuscany. The ruins of an ancient bridge of Augustus presented to us a noble specimen of Roman architecture. One arch remains entire, and the massive ruins of something like two others of different dimensions (nearly twice the breadth) grace the varying Nera.

The beauties of Italian landscape crowded fast upon us. The town of Narni offers a succession of the finest compositions. Its ancient walls, towers, and splendid gate, are most attractive features, and we could not pass them without an exclamation of delight. Narni, seated on a hill, commands the whole plain towards Terni, and the picturesque mountains which terminate the view. When we pass Narni, and descend the hill, the finely wooded banks, precipices, and distant mountains, appear to great advantage. The town itself, crowning a lofty ridge, came finely into view, and seemed to have been placed, as if on purpose, to complete the picture. The wooded hills of Italy are different from those in Britain. The richness and fulness of the clustering chesnut, and

the grey and sober olive, afford a splendid mass of foliage, often extremely broad and grand, and always pleasing by the varied and opposing colours. We soon exchanged the woody hills for banks of furze, and broken grounds of the richest tones of vegetation, diversified with grey rock gravel, and brilliant hues of soil. The brown and yellow earths especially harmonized with the chastened greens and greys of plants and pendent brushwood.

The country, after we leave Narni, assumes an extensive and undulating character. Luxuriant olive woods cover hill and dale, giving a universal richness to the whole; and this, with the exception of some defiles of gravel, is the general expression of our journey to Otricoli.

That curious and ancient looking town stands on the ridge of a hill of no great elevation, and is, with its crumbling walls, extremely picturesque, giving a peculiar value to the plain which stretches to the horizon. The windings of the Tiber sweep and curve in the most delightful manner, and always come in opportunely, where a little diversity seemed to be required. In the town, near the principal church, we observed several fragments of antiquity; an altar, two capitals of Corinthian columns, frieze and inscriptions in the walls. These may have been brought from ancient Otriculum, the site of which is at no great distance from the present town. At Otricoli the limestone is compact

and pure, and, what to us appeared extremely curious, rests upon the debris of the same material; the solid lime being about six feet in thickness. Indeed, the country is altogether singular; one great plain rises above another, and, on looking across the vale, one could not suppose there were any lofty banks or precipices; none being perceptible to the eye as it passes over the plain. Yet we met with very deep ravines, with water flowing at the bottom. Descending from the higher into the lower plain, the same appearance of solid lime above the debris occurred. The peasantry wore frocks as with us in England. Flocks of wild goats were numerous, and the shepherds' dogs were always white. Crosses, marking scenes of murder, occasionally appeared, and the caverns, and some ruins upon the road, seemed fit lurking-places for banditti.

Before we reached the castle of Borghetto, the sky frowned upon us. Soracte was black and dismal, and the blast began to bend the olive trees. It was evening before we reached the romantic town of Civita Castellana; but such an evening of lightning and thunder we had never witnessed. Clouds of the strangest form and colours gathered and opposed each other, and hastened into uncertainty. Pale grey vapours flew swiftly across the most solemn dark and purple hues, clustering

together, and hanging with ragged edges from heaven to earth! The war of the elements was proclaimed! the silver lightning flew, and the thunder rolled; the wind and the torrents strove against the subdued appearances of nature. All was light, all was dark, with incredible quickness of alternation! The towers of Civita Castellana now looked sad and gloomy, and now appeared in the utmost brilliancy of light amidst the growling of the storm. When we reached the bridge which leads over the tremendous ravine to the city, we almost believed that we were entering an enchanted town.

And, truly, whether in a storm, or under a serene and azure sky, Civita Castellana must appear a bewitching place, abounding in every attribute of the grand, the beautiful, or the picturesque. Nothing, in short, is wanting that the pencil might demand to produce the finest pictures. The most romantic banks, rocks, wood, and waterfalls, are crowned with buildings, which would have charmed a Niccolo Poussin, or a Salvator Rosa. We have met with finer towns; but certainly none so full of charms to a painter's eye! On the following morning, we had a view of the country from the fortress, which itself is a noble object, especially from the bridge. Monte Soracte appeared to great advantage, and com-

pleted many compositions, which had the fortifications for the commanding feature. In its general aspect, the country appears a rich and cultivated plain; but, close upon the town, the deep ravines wind and twist about in various directions, and seem more like enormous fissures or awful rents in the surface of the earth, than tracks worn by the action of the waters. The whole country is volcanic, the rocks are composed of tuffa, and with this material much of the fortress is constructed. It is not hard like stone, but tough, yet sufficiently adapted to withstand the weather; black cinders appear in the grey ashes, and give a kind of mottled character to the crumbling walls.

In the town, many of the buildings have an appearance of great antiquity. The arch was the favourite form with the ancient Romans, and their windows are always in good proportion, seldom without some finishing or framing round them. In the superstructures upon the old foundations were many fragments of ancient times,—capitals, parts of columns, and friezes,—but none of them of perfect workmanship. Civita Castellana has a greater air of antiquity than any town which we have yet visited; but whether it be the ancient capital of the Veientes, which helped to form the nucleus of the Roman power, will still be a subject of dispute and doubt. The Appian way passed near the fortification; but the modern im-

provements have intruded so much upon it, that it was not perceptible. We found nothing in the Cathedral worthy of notice. The floor was paved with serpentine, porphyry, and other stones of red and grey. It contains no pictures of any note; a St Jerome was the best, but certainly not entitled to commendation. I may, however, mention a figure of God the Father, which was so placed in a niche, as to allow a light to fall upon it from above and behind, producing a rich reflected light on the statue. The effect was good, but the statue bad.

The country from Civita Castellana to Nepi is by no means picturesque; deep ravines, however, often occurred, and always excited wonder, as we could not trace their windings through the distant plain.

The walls of Nepi are high and grand, but mouldering to decay. Towers, with their projecting bartisans, appear above them, and give an imposing look to the town, which serves to increase our dissatisfaction when we see the mean appearance of the interior. Near the fountain in the square we observed some fragments of marble busts and statues; indeed, the nearer we approach to Rome, these sad relics of ancient times become more common. Scarcely a town or a village is without some relic of former splendour, either built into the walls as common stones, or scattered in

the fields. Nepi, like Civita Castellana, stands on banks of tuffa. Italian pines and caverns run along the slopes, and the wizard-looking stream murmurs far below.

Towards Baccano, the aspect of the country is nearly the same as in the approach to Nepi, but at Monte Rosa, it begins to appear somewhat bleak; the trees retire, and there is but little cultivation. The fields seem neglected, and the road is bad. The lake of Monte Rosa affords no picture, nor has it any character save that of a volcano's mouth. Our road, cut through volcanic ashes, is singular in appearance. The ashes generally lie in strata of parallel or waving lines, sometimes fine, and sometimes coarse, and the cinders which are found detached are black or grey, and full of crystals of a whitish colour.

From the top of Monte Lungo, the dome of Saint Peter's just appears,—the boast of the mistress of the world! Who could look on such an object without emotion? A few moments snatched it from our sight. We descended the hill, and traversed a melancholy country, suggesting ages of darkness, contrasted with splendid times. The thousand hills of ashes beyond record, and the fragments of art, and foundation walls of Roman grandeur, kept up a continual interest, till we reached the ancient city. But I must lead you regularly forward to her gates.

The russet hills of the Campagna Romana are

like the waves of a swelling ocean; few trees appear, and rarely an inhabited house. The eye has no resting-place, unless on some ruined tower, or deserted dwelling. Malaria lurks on hill and plain, as the sickly complexion of the peasantry too plainly tells. Oxen alone are used for agricultural purposes, and these were grey and bulky, with tremendous horns, which often came in contact in the yoke. Crosses, indicating where murder had been committed, appeared upon the edges of the road, and fragments of human beings upon gibbets waving in the wind.

Can the frequency of these crosses arise from the circumstance of their being erected on the spot, which, in another country, would not be indicated by any such memorial? or is the number of murders to be ascribed to the popular belief in the efficacy of ecclesiastical absolution? to a temper prone to extreme revenge? to the uncertainty of obtaining legal redress of injury? or in some degree to the united co-operation of all these causes?

Between the sixth and seventh mile stone, the domes and cupolas of Rome, with the winding Tiber, Tivoli, and the Sabine hills, appear over the dejected country. We passed the sculptured tomb of Vibius, called the Tomb of Nero. Its fate is fast approaching; merely balanced on its foundation,—a few rude storms, and then its day is

over. No carriages appeared upon the road, no bustle of any kind! A universal melancholy silence prevailed, even within a mile or two of Rome. When we crossed the Ponte Mole, the Tiber appeared broad and deep, and much discoloured. We soon drove through the Porta del Popolo, and entered the imperial city; "mother of arts, as once of arms!"

LETTER XXIII

ROME.

Panorama from the Top of the Capitol.—Sketch of the interior of St Peter's.

We stood on the tower of the Capitol, and surveyed the remains of that city, and those trophies which emperors and kings, through many ages conquerors of the world, had looked upon with exultation, and accounted substantial monuments of their glory. The colossal aqueducts bestrode the Campagna; the Appian way was shaded by the tombs of the most illustrious Romans,—tombs now following fast into oblivion the relics of their proud possessors;—those of Caius Cestus and Cecilia Metella, being all that are now distinguishable. We surveyed the ancient walls of the Eternal City, built to protect its infancy against the incursions of restless tribes, but insufficient to defend its age against its Gothic conquerors:—the triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine; built at a time when the arms of barbarians could never be expected to overtake those favourites of conquest, and to spoil, in their turn, the spoilers of

mankind. We beheld the temples of heathen worship, now, with the worship itself, for ever fallen, though the spirit of pagan superstition seems still to linger among their ruins. Jupiter Tonans, divested of his attributes, has long since resigned his thunders to the pontiffs of the Vatican. The palace of the Cæsars is scarcely discoverable by its paltry remains, wild weeds of a summer's growth overshadowing all that exists of structures intended for interminable duration. We threw our eyes over the ancient temples of Romulus and Remus, the founders of the monarchy; the temples of the Sun and of Peace,—the latter only suggesting its opposite, and serving to remind us of ancient Rome, as a nursery of warriors. We reverted to the Capitol, still crowning and commanding the city of conquest, and to the curious excavations below, again bringing into view vestiges of ancient grandeur, of which history itself seems to have taken no account. Chief of all, our attention was rivetted by the Coliseum and the Forum;—the former often wet with the blood of gladiators,—the latter, in the ear of fancy, still echoing to the eloquence of a Brutus or a Cicero. The Coliseum, perhaps, more than any of the antiquities, realizes the visions of the student of ancient history. Its vast size, its unnatural destination, its measured and tardy decay, having already outlived the lapse of many centuries, proclaim at

once, that the earthly schemes of man, so far beyond the term of his mortal existence, are short-lived, mean, and trifling, compared to his eternal destination. To the right of the Tiber, which takes its course along the foot of the Aventine Mount, we remark the Ripa Grande, or Quay, circumscribing its range to the south; the river itself,—though choaked and shallowed by the debris of its banks, and the crumbling edifices of successive centuries,—broad, deep, and unruffled by the ruins which it conceals, is still the yellow muddy Tiber of the Augustan age, finely corresponding in tone and colour with the dusky ruins that nod upon its shores. The Tiber is lost for a time to the eye, among the various buildings, and again appears in view, taking its course in winding lines of light across the wide waste that stretches off towards the sea. The hill of Janiculum, the palaces, the villas of Pamphili, Corsini, and the numerous structures of modern Rome, its domes, monasteries, churches, and palaces, successively occupy the attention, till we come to the Tarpeian Rock itself, now scarcely formidable, being almost lost in rubbish.

Then turning towards the west, the eye rests on the dome of St Peter's, and the Vatican, with all its far-famed treasures of sculpture and painting. The mighty building of St Peter's, the first and most magnificent temple in the world, seems sovereign of modern Rome, (as the Coliseum does of the an-

cient city,) surrounded by his vassals at humble distance, conformable to the inferiority of their rank and pretensions. All seems, however, to be provided for the purposes of a worship, meant to captivate the senses by its external splendour and beauty, until the very object of religion, the cultivation of the Christian virtues, which are meek and humble, is forgotten in the magnificence of a priesthood of princes; combining the splendour and luxuries of life with their preparations for bidding it adieu.

What a contrast to the Coliseum, which, on the other hand, speaks of heathen times, and feelings scarcely human, when a whole people used to assemble, to be delighted with the suffering, the groaning, and destruction of unfortunate fellow mortals, selected to shed each other's blood, without any motive of enmity or revenge, but for the sole purpose of gratifying the taste of an unthinking and ferocious populace! Such scenes might nerve the arm, and steel the heart for purposes of conquest; but, as certainly they annihilated the finer sentiments of the soul, and degraded the lords of the creation into fit companions or rivals to the tyrants of the forest.

From St Peter's we were naturally led to the Mausoleum of Hadrian and the Pantheon of Agrippa, together with the great works of a succession of ages;—which, though differing in date, seem to the eye of a modern beholder of almost equal

antiquity, and impress him with almost equal veneration and awe. From this spot, too, may be seen the columns of Antonine and Trajan. In the Forum of the latter emperor, excavations disclose the pristine city, far beneath the level of its modern, though still ancient successor.

The Quirinal Palace of the Pope, to the north, combines with Soracte and the snowy Apennines, and presents to the eye the most interesting and ever-varying pictures. Lastly, and immediately below the spectator, the eye rests on the Museum of the Capitol, designed by Michael Angelo, and filled with works of the chisel, during every age of the progress of the rival yet sister arts of architecture and statuary, from the bronze wolf, said to have been struck by lightning at the death of Cæsar, to the modern ornaments of the Museum. After examining the detail of this most astonishing scene, we cast our eyes generally over the whole, and rested them for a while on those permanent features, the Alban Mount, with ancient Tusculum on its bosom, Tivoli sparkling in the sun, and the seven hills of ancient Rome. All this it were vain to attempt to describe, and still more the emotion which it excites! for in such a scene, comprehending not local space only, but even an expanse of ages, there is that, to use a scriptural expression, "in the mind of the spirit, which cannot be uttered."

I shall now lead you to St Peter's, and endeavour to represent the interior of that noble temple. The view is perhaps the best near the bronze statue of St Peter;* and immediately beside it the survey of the interior is magnificent and imposing. We saw it under the most striking effect, adorned with the beams of the sun, playing upon its gorgeous magnificence,—the noble dome, with its various colossal paintings in Mosaic, of angels, prophets, and apostles, the latter in the spandrils at least twenty-five feet in height. In the transept of the cross are seen the noble sepulchral monuments of the Popes by Canova, Bernini, Michael Angelo, and others; splendid pictures in Mosaic, designed by Raphael, Domenichino, Guercino, and Guido, scarcely distinguishable from the finest paintings; grand columns of marble, porphyry, and granite, the gigantic supporters of the dome, each of which, were it hollow, would be sufficient to contain hundreds of people. Numerous colossal statues of saints, in niches, at least thirteen feet high; the various and precious stones which impannel the walls of the whole building; the richness of the ornamented roof; the galleries from which the relics are occasion-

* The statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, the supreme divinity of ancient Rome, furnished the material for this statue of Peter, the presiding saint of the modern capital.

ally exhibited; the great altar of Corinthian brass by Bernini, (the height of which is not less than the highest palace in Rome,) with its twisted columns wreathed with olive; the hundred brazen lamps continually burning, and surrounding the tomb of the patron saint, with its gilded bronze gate, enriched to the utmost with various ornaments; the massive silver lamps; the hangings of crimson silk; the chair of St Peter, supported by two popes, statues of great magnitude; the pavement composed of the most rare and curious marbles of beautiful workmanship; the statue of St Peter, with a constant succession of priests and persons of all descriptions, kissing his foot; the people going to be confessed, and to engage in other acts of religion—form a whole not to be paralleled on earth: especially when seen, as I saw it, with the sun's beams darting through the lofty windows of the dome, throwing all into mysterious light, tipping the gilded and plated ornaments, and giving additional richness to the colours of the Mosaic painting, and to the burnished silver lamps, which sparkled like little constellations; while the effect of all was heightened by the sound of the organ at vespers, swelling in notes of triumph, then dying upon the ear, and sinking into the soul; the clear melodious tones of the human voice, too, filling up the pauses of the organ, diffusing a deeper solemnity through this great temple, and making us

feel an involuntary acknowledgment to God, who had gifted man with such sublime conceptions.

This sacred temple is open in common to the prince and to the beggar;* and here the latter may find an asylum, and even feel, amidst his present abasement, the exaltation of his nature. Never shall I forget a poor wretched diseased boy, not more than four years of age, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling in front of all the magnificence which I have attempted to describe, with his little hands and eyes raised to heaven. His appearance in such a place excited in our minds even higher feelings of the sublime, than all the surrounding pomp and splendour of papal decoration;—for while this gorgeous fabric shall be crumbling into unsightly ruins,—this little human speck, almost overlooked amidst the variety and vastness of surrounding objects,—this little heir of immortality will enjoy undiminished youth throughout the ages of eternity.

* I remember seeing two Princesses kneeling at the tomb of St Peter, when a common mendicant came up, and placed herself within a few inches of them. The servants of the Princesses, in splendid liveries, kneeled behind; but they were not very devout. They kept pulling each other's coats, and pointing to the pictures, and the beautiful effects of the sun's rays through the windows of the dome.

LETTER XXIV.

ROME.

Rome as it appears from elevated situations.—Gates.—Streets.—Palaces.—Varied population.—Shops.—Inferior streets.—Destruction of ancient marble.—Squares.—Obelisks.—Churches.—External effect of St Peter's.—Pantheon.—Remains of antiquity preserved in the walls.

You will naturally expect me to describe the appearance of the interior of the city, its streets, palaces, and churches; but please to recollect that this has been done so often, and so minutely, that it would be presumption in me to attempt to offer you more than the slightest sketch. First, then, let me inform you, that, although Rome, from all the elevated points, but especially from the Capitol, the Pincian hill, and Mount Janiculum, presents a most imposing appearance, it is very possible that the traveller may be disappointed on entering the city. The noble gates, so much talked of, (I mean the modern ones,) are not so simple and so grand as Rome is entitled to. Even those designed by Michael Angelo would not greatly excite your admiration. His broken pediments, and pediments within pediments, and unmeaning ornaments, would

not gratify your taste, or charm your fastidious eye.

The streets are narrow, dirty, and rendered somewhat dismal by the height of the buildings. To the pedestrian, too, they are extremely uncomfortable, from the want of side pavements; or, when these do occur, they are high, narrow, and composed of small stones, extremely unpleasant to walk upon. The houses are large and often unseemly; the lower apartments of the palaces have grated windows, and are seldom inhabited except occasionally as stables.

These palaces are of enormous magnitude; the Piazza Collona, which is a considerable square, is formed by the sides of four of these colossal buildings. The Doria and Pamphili are joined, and the extent of them united is prodigious; yet the Pontifical palaces cover a still greater area. In general, they are greatly enriched with ornaments, balconies, belts, and cornices, but seldom in good taste: indeed, no city which I have seen, so decidedly teaches the discriminating architect what he should avoid. The symmetry and architecture of the ancient structures, which display so much purity of style, have not been imitated: and, indeed, it must appear surprising, that, in such a school of architecture,—a school in which M. Angelo, Raphael, Bramanti, Bernini, and Fontana, had an opportunity of studying—so much of a

gaudy and trifling character, should prevail. The splendid fountains, too, have a similar expression, though the designs sculptured on them are often appropriate, and deserving a better fate than florid and vapouring mannerism. But though the excess of enrichment and bad taste are so discernible, it must be allowed, that, upon the whole, there is an imposing splendour in their appearance, which is apt to render us blind to their defects.*

These edifices, together with the churches and other buildings, generally line the streets, which are filled with innumerable variety of priests, among whom, the red stocking of the cardinal, and the purple one of the bishop, are far from being rare. Nobility, with their orders at their button-holes; convicts, in clanking chains; innumerable mendicants; pilgrims; open carriages filled with Italian ladies and their cavalieri serventi, the horses taught to tramp and prance, as if they were carrying high and mighty personages; funeral processions, the dead bodies carried on a bier, with their faces co-

* Many palaces might be pointed out in Rome and Florence which, if placed in Edinburgh, would give it an imperial appearance, and convince us that something more is required than the tame and insipid uniformity of some of the principal streets. I do not mean to say that all the houses in these streets should be like palaces, but surely formality might be overcome by tasteful variety.

vered, preceded by priests and torches;* processions of chanting priests with the viaticum, or extreme unction, at the sight of which all take off their hats, and bend their knees; stalls with books and prints; fellows picking the feathers from wild fowl; and people frying fish and roasting chestnuts—are all mixed together; while the eternal tolling of bells, the various cries, together with the lilts of the Calabrian pipers, produce a confusion, which, after curiosity has subsided, is by no means agreeable.

The shops are mean and inelegant in their appearance, resembling open arched coach-houses; indeed, they are precisely of the same construction, and when the doors are shut, the resemblance is complete. They have few signs; a bush projecting from a window, is sufficient to indicate where wine or lodgings may be had. The inferior streets are for the most part privileged for the reception of filth, and in them we may perceive collections of marble columns, friezes, cornices, and other fragments of antiquity, heaped up in various places, to be broken down for lime, or used for inferior purposes. Thus are consigned to oblivion, as it were, by imperceptible degrees, the character and relics

* Lately the dead body of a nobleman fell from the bier on the pavement, in consequence of one of the supporters slipping his foot.

of ancient Rome; proving that in the *civilised world*, as well as in unhappy Greece, the precious bequests of art are exposed to sacrilegious hands.

The squares, with few exceptions, are small; and the principal one, the Piazza d'Espagna, is without pavement, and not even levelled. The obelisks that adorn the squares are generally crowned with bronze ornaments, perfectly out of character and proportion. Most of the churches seem to be of the family of St Peter's; the dome and cupola are to be met with every where. The entrance into these churches is shut with large stuffed mats, to keep out the external air; and from their appearance, and that of many of the miserable squalid-looking wretches that enter there, it does not seem safe to touch them without a glove.

The exterior of St Peter's has been so often and so well described, that I shall content myself with remarking, that, considering it was built by different architects,* at different eras, each indulging his own ideas of grandeur, it is surprising that there exists so much apparent unity of design. Bernini's splendid circular colonnade, however, though noble in itself, certainly reduces the dignity of the principal building, especially when view-

* No less than fifteen in number, viz. Roselli, Alberti, Bramanti, Julian da Sangallo, Jocond, Raphael, Peruzzi, Anthony da Sangallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Perro Ligorio, James della Porta, Carlo Maderno, Bernini, Machionni.

ed near the columns. Though St Peter's is intended to be an august and mighty pile the details being in just proportion, are greatly calculated to deceive, and give the whole structure, when seen at any distance, a diminished appearance. When we advance, however, close upon the edifice, the smallest parts, contrasted with little man, sinks him to nothing; and the sublime fabric, rising with all the attributes of magnitude, almost overpowers him with the sense of his own insignificance.

The Pantheon, the portal of which "shines inimitable on earth," is the only building that I would compare with St Peter's:—there are, indeed, many large structures in Rome; but its dignified appearance, as a whole, with its dark and dusky vestment of time, speaks so emphatically to the mind, as to command an unqualified admiration.* Canova has added to his immortal name, by adorning the interior of this noble ancient temple with many busts of the greatest painters, poets, and architects. In several parts of modern Rome, we tread on the same pavement which was trodden by the ancient Romans, and this is formed of large square blocks of lava, which

* The portico, 90 feet in breadth, consists of three rows of columns, the front row having eight, and the second and third four each; and what is very remarkable, there is a considerable variation in the dimensions of the columns, from four feet nine inches, to five feet eight tenths of an inch.

appear to have been intended to last for ever. We have occasionally recognised, too, ancient sarcophagi, now used as cisterns for horses, and many very beautiful remains of sculpture built in the walls. The finest have been transferred to Canova's studio, and consist of figures, heads, friezes, and other interesting fragments, such as you would covet; but none of them are superior to that of Severus and Julia in the Netherbow of Edinburgh, which is unaccountably allowed to remain where it might be injured by frost and other causes.

LETTER XXV.

ROME.

The Ruins by Moonlight.—Column of Trajan.—Temples of Nerva, Pallas, and Peace.—Coliseum, and Ruins in the ancient Forum.

THE evenings here are often so extremely beautiful, that we have occasionally been tempted to visit the magnificent antiquities by moonlight. The column of Trajan, that glorious memorial of Roman dignity, apppeared, when viewed thus, to great advantage. The contrast of the light of the passing flambeauxs, glowing on the enriched basement, while the beautiful embossed shaft reflected the silver moon, had an effect indescribably fine. Part of the sculpture was distinctly seen, while other parts, as time obliterates names and facts, were lost in oblivion. From various situations, the column was opposed to dark and shaded buildings; which gave it a point and character, and reminded us of the diamond on the sable hair of beauty. The temples of Nerva and Pallas were greatly improved by Cynthia's beams; and the shadows and fine touches of light upon the entablature and columns,—the mysterious and solemn aspect of the

whole,—united, in one sentiment, the past and the present, and impressed us with a deep, yet pleasing melancholy. The Temple of Peace was impressive in the silence of night.

As we approached the Coliseum, the moon pointed out innumerable columns of marble and granite, some of them entire, and others broken by brutal violence. When we entered the Coliseum itself, the moon was in full splendour ; but, in attempting to describe this mighty work, I feel how utterly inadequate my powers are to my subject. The innumerable open arches, with the moon beams shining through them, were like the eyes of past ages looking upon us. The very masses of huge square blocks, though inconsiderable accessories, were in their effect extremely grand; we could only move, without inquiring why we were impressed with such solemn awe. We walked by the pale beams through all the witchery of the place; silence and uncertainty prevailed; and a single drop of water, falling from a vaulted roof, was heard at a great distance. We ascended the first and second corridors, where successive generations of Romans, from the emperor to the meanest slave, had crowded to witness the mutual butchery of gladiators, and the conflicts of human beings with furious wild beasts. Sometimes we wandered in the dark ; at other times we were led by the glimmering light of scattered moonbeams seen from afar, and casting shadows which

appeared like the phantoms of the departed. As we advanced, the light became stronger, and we perceived that we were yet among the living,—a circumstance which mystery, uncertainty, and the impression of ancient times, had made us almost forget. Ascending higher among the ruins, we took our station where the whole magnitude of the Coliseum was visible: what a fulness of mind the first glance excited! yet how inexpressible at the same time were our feelings! The awful silence of this dread ruin still appealed to our hearts. The single sentinel's tread, and the ticking of our watches, were the only sounds we heard, while the moon was marching in the vault of night, and the stars were peeping through the various openings; the shadows of the flying clouds being all that reminded us of motion and of life. We were tempted to exclaim: Where are the five thousand wild beasts that tore each other to pieces, on the day on which this mighty pile was opened? Silent now are those unnatural shouts of applause called forth by the murderous fights of the gladiators;—what a contrast to this death of sound!

On taking our last look, and giving our farewell sighs to the night, the grand effect of the whole was striking to the last degree. While one part was in shadow against the light of the sky, other parts were mingled in the deepened indigo, and seemed as it were blended with the heavens,—

strongly reminding us, while we looked at the Cross below, of the connection between this and another world.

The triumphal arches, the remains of palaces and temples, addressing the mind through every stain and every dye of crumbling and dejected ruin, their last shadows recalling to our contemplation Roman glory, Roman honour, Roman virtue, Roman genius, Roman cruelty and folly, formed a spectacle that spoke to the heart, and bade the eye obey its sad emotion.

Objects often derive a character from the state of mind in which they are viewed. While we stood in the ancient Roman Forum, with the Capitol before us, the beauteous moon seemed doubly interesting; and while we contrasted her with the affecting edifices around, she and her train of stars appeared like tears in the scutcheon of Roman grandeur.

LETTER XXVI.

ROME.

The Borghese Collection of Paintings.

The Borghese collection of paintings ranks among the first in Rome. The principal pictures are those by Raphael, Titian, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Parmagiano, Julio Romano, A. Caracci, M. Angelo, Caravaggio, Garoffalo, Albano, &c.

In the first of the suite of rooms there are few good paintings; St Catherine, by Parmagiano, is among the best; her right hand is placed upon her breast, displaying a set of fingers certainly out of all nature in point of length; had they been sculptured in marble, I should have thought it no crime to have snapped off at least an inch of each. With all its mannerism, however, it is a good picture.

Domenichino.

In the second room is the celebrated Chace of Diana by Domenichino; deservedly a favourite, both with the learned and unlearned. The silvery brilliancy and clearness of colouring is very fascinating. Daylight is finely represented, the

shadows, and the various reflections from illuminated objects, have never been more justly and delicately expressed. The Goddess appears among her nymphs, proclaiming the prize of a bow and quiver, to be won by one of her train, who has killed a bird by shooting it through the head while flying. The bow of the fortunate nymph is still in her hand, and she remains in the attitude of pulling the string. A nymph sporting in the water, is quite a piece of deception in point of nature; some of the other females, however, appear to want dignity, the one especially who has discovered two intruding males peeping through a thicket at their harmless pastime. Perhaps there may likewise be too much of a family likeness in all the faces, which would have been more agreeable, had they been of a higher description of beauty, as the nymphs of Diana certainly were well entitled to be. I could have wished, too, that the numerous legs and arms had been less perceptible, and better composed.

M. ANGELO CARAVAGGIO.

A picture of the VIRGIN AND CHRIST TREADING ON THE HEAD OF A SERPENT. Christ is represented as a boy from eight to ten years of age, and seems to be much afraid, from the manner in which he puts his foot upon the serpent. This surely betrays an error in judgment in the

painter. The figure of Christ, too, has all the vulgarity of common and ill chosen nature; and, indeed, the Virgin herself cannot boast of much of the beau ideal; her figure and expression do not correspond with our idea of exalted mental simplicity. We cannot admit a common and every-day-looking person, of low condition, to be contrasted with the image which veneration and devotion has formed in our minds of the Virgin Mary. The face, nevertheless, is natural, and admirably painted. To the right of the picture appears an old wrinkled female, who conveys no idea of any kind except wretchedness and stupidity. Caravaggio's light and shade, and broad and masterly effect, would have better suited a nobler style of beauty than is perceptible throughout this picture. His mind must have been but indifferently stored with ideas of well selected nature, on broad and liberal views. Indeed, it would appear that he seldom painted without his living model, and it is to be regretted that his choice was often bad; the more so, as he had not the talent like Guido to conjure up ideas of delicacy and grace, while he studied from uncouth forms.

In the same room there is a good picture by Bonifacio, something in Titian's manner; likewise several heads by Annibal Caracci, especially one of St Francis in a broad and noble style, finely coloured and pencilled with captivating free-

dom. Some landscapes, composed in the style of Caracci, are worthy of an extended notice. Blue, however, predominates too much in them throughout, which makes them look cold and comfortless. Without a proper contrast of warm or rich colours opposed to cold ones, a landscape will rarely be pleasing to the eye; but with a happy mixture of these, the extremes of either may be given with great effect. Cigoli's St Francis, in the same apartment, may illustrate this remark. The rich brown drapery of the saint is in most agreeable harmony with the cool greys in the back-ground.

There is also a picture by Annibal Carraci, in the manner of Coreggio, very good.

Boraccio's Burning of Troy, of which there is an etching, is but a vapid picture, though the drawing is good, and the colouring pleasing. A few smart and powerful touches of light and shade would have corrected the prevailing monotony; perhaps, too, a few indications of more vivid colouring might have been agreeable.

Continuing our tour through the suite of rooms, we found in an adjoining apartment a beautiful little picture by Paul Veronese; the subject, St Anthony addressing the Fishes. I could have wished, however, that the attitude of the Saint had been more appropriate; he bends in a circular or curved manner, with a great stalk of white lilies in his hand, as if the weight of them were likely to make

him lose his balance. The fishes, with their heads above water, are at such a distance, that I should think they have little chance of being benefited by his discourse. These, perhaps, are the defects of the picture. The figures which are to the right of St Anthony are exquisitely painted, and the scarlet and red drapery is a most judicious harmony to the cool green sea. It does not appear that Paul Veronese has used any strong glazing colours in this picture, except upon the water; yet it is not wanting in mellow richness. The sky, with some flesh-coloured streaks, seemed at first a little too green, but it improved upon the eye, and perhaps such a tone was necessary to take up the prevailing colour of the sea beneath. The effect of the whole, notwithstanding this artifice, is agreeable and natural, but it is not of an elevated character. The merit of the picture chiefly consists in its facility of pencilling.

The great composition by Lanfranc of a GIANT laying his rude hand on a DEFENCELESS FEMALE, who is coming out of a cave with a sheep's skin upon her, is certainly a magnificent picture in many respects, but the subject is so revolting, that I had little pleasure in studying it. ST JOHN, by Paul Veronese, is a curious painting, full of exquisite parts and considerable defects. The hand and arm of St John is stiff and disagreeable, nay absolutely bad. But the colouring compen-

sates, as far as colouring can, for its errors; at least it produces a very forgiving and grateful feeling in the mind, which, when the eye settles upon the delightful harmony, will not readily return to gaze on faults. To the right of St John is a group of figures, and so perfect in effect of colour, that I cannot forbear mentioning the arrangement, though I am persuaded it can give no precise idea of the magical effect in the picture;—so much depends upon the management of those subordinate parts by which the principal masses of colour are united, and of which it is impossible for me to convey any idea by words. One of the figures, (the farthest back,) in a Turkish looking dress, has a low-toned colour of face, in shadow, with a purplish-coloured cap; next to this figure appears one with a very dark countenance, with a black flowing beard, a whitish yellow turban, striped with dusky orange or gold; on his shoulder is a shawl, which appears to be twisted, and partly falls below, of the same pattern as the turban; under this is a green pelisse. The third opposing figure has a pink turban, with an orange top, and a yellow Spanish-looking dress; the opening of the sleeves are white, and a bluish grey shawl is thrown partly over the shoulder. In the background, to the left, are some small figures done in a very light and sketchy style, but full of grace and beauty; (especially the female,) and greatly

reminded me of some of the works of our excellent artist Mr Stodhert.

Julio Romano's copy of St John, after Raphael, the same as that in the Royal Gallery of Florence. The figure of St John is well drawn, and finely painted; a copy by such a master is really little inferior to the original; the spirit of the picture is well sustained, and there is no hesitating or awkward painting, indicating a want of knowledge or proper feeling. In the same room are Two Apostles, painted on gilded back-grounds, said to be by Michael Angelo. They do not appear very like his works; but the custodi, when he heard me doubt, insisted that they were by his hand, and exclaimed, Certo! Securamente, Signore! Nevertheless, I still kept doubting, and do to this day, notwithstanding such good authority.

Raphael.

A small Portrait of Himself, at the age of 13, and painted by himself. It is by no means bad. The colouring and effect are excellent, but of course there is a certain hesitation of pencil, which might be expected, even in a genius like Raphael's, at so early an age.

Titian.

A Family Piece, as it is called, said to be by Titian, something in the style of Teniers; a female

appears in bed, and on the fore-ground a woman is giving suck to a child. The colouring and texture are excellent; but I regretted to see that the fulness and breadth of rich colouring on this work were ill bestowed on a subject otherwise familiar in itself. It seemed as if Titian, if ever it proceeded from his hand, had been attempting a subject more properly belonging to the Dutch school.

The Dutch and Flemish masters have undoubtedly discovered that mode of pencilling and finish, which seem to be best adapted for familiar subjects, and I question whether a more elevated style would suit so well. A certain neatness and care appears indispensable, and is, indeed, one of the principal fascinations in the works of the inferior schools.

Dossi Dosso.

A picture representing an Enchantress with her spells; there is a certain grandeur and mysterious air in this painting which immediately impresses the mind. The style is not unlike that of Titian, and the landscape back-ground, which is beautifully varied with wood and buildings, is in many respects worthy of the genius of that illustrious man.

Sebastian del Piombo.

The Scourging of Christ, a small picture, said to be sketched by Michael Angelo, and finished

by Sebastian del Piombo, being the original design for the celebrated picture in the church of St Pietro Montorio. The effect is good, and the anatomy and fine detail in the breast and shoulder are quite inimitable; but the legs of the figures are confused, and it requires some time to know to which figure they respectively belong.

RAPHAEL.

The DEPOSITION OF CHRIST in this master's second manner. This picture is remarkable for expression, and pleasing harmony of colour; the date, in letters of gold, is M.D. VII. Even the most celebrated painters have found it difficult to arrange the limbs of the figures, or compose them in such a way as to be agreeable to the eye. In this picture there is a want of harmony among the lines, which is the more noticeable in a work of Raphael's; no painter having studied the refinement of composition more than that great master.

DOMENICHINO.

A SYBIL; expressive of inspired and dignified beauty; her eyes, looking up to heaven, beam with intelligence. She leans on a book with a scroll of music in her hand, and the exquisite delicacy of colour and effect gives additional delight at every time we return to view this captivating picture. It is all perfection, even to the hands,

which are formed to excite even a poet's admiration, though he had been dreaming of celestial beauty.

ALBANO.

There are four good pictures by this master, representing the TOILET OF VENUS. The Goddess sporting with Cupids; Venus disarming Cupid; and Venus and Adonis. The back-grounds, which are well painted, are all too dark, and make the figures appear detached from the general composition.

TENIERS.

A small sketchy picture by that master.

Two small pictures, painted on black polished stone, and highly finished, something in the style of A. Caracci. The effect is by no means pleasing, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of marble, which the artist has failed to combine as a harmonious and constituent part of his picture. The idea that this device was intended to save labour, is of itself sufficient to create a prejudice against the pictures. The one is a DEPOSITION OF CHRIST, and the other a RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

TITIAN.

e WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY. This is a

fine picture; the colouring and the general effect is harmonious and pleasing; but it was hung too high to permit any examination of the detail.

PAUL VERONESE.

A VENUS AND CUPID, and a monkey-looking SATYR. The VENUS AND ADONIS, by the same master, is badly composed, and, in point of sentiment, it is reprehensible. This is the less to be excused in Paul Veronese, whose pencil could so well pourtray the most delicate and attractive expression of character.

TITIAN.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON. A splendid picture, broad and masterly, the colours absolutely appear to be beaming with brilliancy; the figures, though separated from each other, do not seem detached, but by ingenious contrivances, are combined into one pleasing whole.

BENVENUTO GOROFALO.

The works of this master always display a refined taste and correct design; the little luminous picture from his pencil in this palace is a favourite with all, and is indeed a most successful specimen.

RAPHAEL.

Portrait of the DUKE OF VALINTIN, in his usual

style of excellence; a portrait of a CARDINAL, but not so good; it is somewhat vapid and spiritless.

TITIAN.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE, being two female figures sitting on the edge of a fountain, which is ornamented with bas relief. Cupid appears to be playing with his hand in the water; the back-ground consists of trees and buildings, admirably painted and well designed. One of the figures, which is extremely beautiful, is partly naked, the other is clothed; both have a modest and interesting appearance, and seem not to be expressive of the name given to the picture: indeed, I am at a loss to know in what respect the name applies. The figure, which is partly nude, has red drapery over the left shoulder, and white drapery before. The clothed figure is in white, with red sleeves and gloves, and in her right hand she holds a flower. Both seemed to me to be portraits of the same person. As a piece of colouring the picture is faultless, but I could wish the story had been more intelligible.

TITIAN.

VENUS BLINDING CUPID. It is impossible to conceive a more lovely piece of colouring. The flesh has that characteristic truth, which excites an involuntary feeling of surprise. The Cupid lean-

ing upon the shoulder of Venus is truly matchless, so beautifully rounded, so delicate and natural, that Titian seems here to have eclipsed himself. The peachy-looking softness, the fresh pearly tenderness of those tones which escape a common eye, impress themselves upon the mind, and when we look at nature after the examination of such a picture, we descry beauties which we had never looked for, nor observed before. The countenance of Venus, however, is not very bewitching, and the perpendicular dark line to her left, will not please every eye, though it is contrived, no doubt, to destroy monotony, and produce a poignancy of effect. The drapery of Venus is somewhat slight and unfinished, but the *toute ensemble* positively commands our silence, and forbids our notice of trifling faults.

Francisco Bassan.

An Adoration of the Magi, painted in a free and masterly manner, and not unlike a picture by Paul Veronese; the colouring is good, and no vulgarity except in some trifling details. Had Bassan painted less, and studied more, he would have been a shining ornament in art; indeed, this picture is a fine example of his powerful talent.

Andrea del Sarto.

The Virgin Mary, Christ, and St John; by

no means a good picture; mannered, and with something of the affectation of Goltzius.

ROOM OF VERNET'S LANDSCAPES.

These landscapes are all of an upright shape, painted on canvas, and fixed in the wall. The pencilling is free, but not referable to nature, and the compositions may be said to be absolutely bad. They are early pictures, and the shape of the pannels on which they are fixed (being four times at least the height of their breadth) is much against judicious arrangement. In one of the rooms, too, we observed a number of mirrors painted by Cerofari, representing Cupids playing among flowers: very seldom does colouring look brilliant upon glass; the reflection generally overpowers the colours, unless, at the same time, it reflects a deep and solemn shade. It is almost impossible, too, to divest one's self of the idea, that the painting, however good, is intended to hide the joinings of the glass.

The Borghese collection contains at least 400 or 500 pictures, but several of them are indifferent. I have mentioned what I consider the best, though there are many others certainly well deserving of particular notice. Many of them are taken down and placed upon the floor, as it is the intention of the Prince Borghese to have a new arrangement. The famous statue of THE HERMA-

PHRODITE is in this palace, and I think eclipses the one in the Gallery at Florence. The statue of the PRINCESS PAULINE, as a reclining Venus, is not exhibited. The busts in porphyry are generally well executed, but certainly not so pleasing to the eye as marble.

LETTER XXVII.

ROME.

Ruins of Rome.—Their interest to the Antiquarian and Painter.—The use made of them by the old Masters.—The profusion of materials and facilities for composition, pointed out by Claude, Poussin, and Domenichino.—Conduct of the modern Artists.—State of the Arts in Rome.——The example of the British Painters may tend to the resuscitation of Italian Art.—Sculpture.—Remarks on Canova's and Thorwaldson's works; a comparison between them.—Appearance of their Studios.—Gem and Copperplate Engraving.—State of Architecture.—Hints to planting in Edinburgh.

THERE are few ruins in the world more interesting than those of ancient Rome; though it must be admitted that we meet with some which are only shapeless masses composed of brick. Independent of the historical and classical associations connected with these noble remains of Roman grandeur, they derive a powerful interest, from being recognized as the principal features in several of the compositions of the greatest landscape painters. The Temples of Concord, of Vesta, of the Sun, and the Sybil at Tivoli, the Coliseum, the triumphal arches, the magnificent mausoleums of Hadrian, Caius Cestus, and Cecilia Metella, and

the splendid columns and aqueducts, have all been pourtrayed by the immortal pencils of Claude, Domenichino, and Niccolo Poussin. The remains, too, of the tombs on the Appian way, the bridges and towers on the Campagna, have attracted the genius of Both, * Wilson, and many other celebrated painters.

Nothing, surely, can be more instructing to the man of taste and feeling, than to see how these great men have treated the various interesting objects which surrounded them, not only individually, but as parts in their beautiful and magnificent compositions. The very idea of studying from the same objects which have, as it were, inspired those mighty geniuses, is of itself sufficient to kindle the highest feeling for the beauties of nature and of art. Claude, Poussin, and Domenichino, however, have not confined themselves exclusively to the study of the ancient edifices; but have occasionally introduced in their pictures several of the more modern structures. The buildings of the Vatican, the palace of the Medici and Farnese, together with many of the subordinate buildings, have been introduced in some of their finest compositions. Rome, indeed,

* The beautiful cabinet picture, belonging to James Russell, Esq. of Edinburgh, by J. Both, is composed from a tomb on the Appian way.

with the adjacent country, offers, to a man of talent and discernment, materials for the noblest landscape composition.

The marbles in the Vatican, the Capitol, the private palaces, and public gardens, are all accessible, and may furnish the student with every accessory that can suitably combine with his selection of architecture. The country, too, with its inimitable train of accompaniments, unites in suggesting pictures of a high and classical character,—ever varying, ever new. The mode of study followed by the ancient landscape painters is so obvious, and so distinctly pointed out by the country, and the various objects of enrichment to which their works constantly refer, that it appears very surprising that the modern landscape painters of Rome should have so far degenerated from these great standards. Why they have rejected a style so noble, comprehensive, and improving, in the midst of such august profusion, for one so diametrically opposite,—so narrow, and comparatively contemptible in its scope,—remains a problem which will not be easily solved.

The ancient painters, as well as the modern, made faithful drawings from nature; but they seldom considered a simple study or part of a scene as a proper subject for a picture; and rarely, indeed, confined themselves to a mere view. They ranged through nature and art in general, for the ele-

ments of their composition; and, accordingly, we find the mausoleum of Hadrian, or the buildings of the Vatican, combined with hills, lofty trees, and winding waters, amidst which are introduced figures and groupes of classical allusion. In the works of Domenichino and Annibal Caracci may be seen the tomb or pyramid of Caius Cestus, and other edifices, addressing the mind in scenes that awaken dreams of the past, and attune the soul to tender melancholy.

The palaces and other buildings of Rome are placed by the immortal Claude among shipping, and embellished and rendered interesting by the landing of a saint or a queen, while the sun, rising among the splendid edifices, reflects on the gently undulating waves, and glows on the robes of regal grandeur. And how often do we meet in his works with the beautiful temple of Vesta, or of the Sybil, gracing the most romantic scenery! Who would prefer the local or even extensive views of nature, which, at best, can only suggest a beautiful or magnificent portrait of a country, to those combinations which speak so eloquently to the soul, and exhibit in their arrangement such profound knowledge and skill? Yet true it is, that the Roman landscape-painters, and even the Germans who come hither to study, generally employ themselves in painting some ill chosen scene; and their taste is so far from being refined by the noble objects amongst which they re-

side, and the great models which the ancients have left, that the defects of the subject are studied with the same ignorant perseverance, as those parts which are most beautiful and interesting.

In landscape composition, we in vain look among the Romans for any one to rival a Turner, a Callcot, or a Thomson. The representation of familiar and rustic life, in which Wilkie rises so far above all comparison or competition, is to the Roman painters absolutely unknown.* In portrait-painting, which of them can compare with a Lawrence, a Raeburn, or a Geddes? † Or in miniature, with a Saunders or a Thomson? ‡ In the department of history, Camuccini has certainly great merit; his drawing is good, and his taste is pure; but in his works we look in vain for that depth of thought, that originality of conception, chiaro oscuro, vigour and power of colouring, which give so interesting and exalted a

* I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr Graham, Master of the Academy in Edinburgh, by whom Mr Wilkie, and some other eminent artists, were instructed in drawing. A report has reached us, however, that Mr Graham is to be succeeded by that excellent painter, Mr Andrew Wilson, who is well qualified to support the credit of the Academy.

† In every thing necessary to form a perfect cabinet picture, Mr Geddes is unrivalled among British artists.

‡ Mr William Thomson of Edinburgh.

As it is Exhibited in the Academy of St. Luke in Rome



ILLE HIC EST RAPHAEL
TIMUIT QUO SOSPITE VINCI
RERUM MAGNA PARENS
ET MORIENTE MORI

character to the paintings of West, Haydon, and others of our British artists.

In the beautiful art of painting in water colours, Britain stands supreme, or rather, she may be said to have appropriated it exclusively. The meagreness of style of the modern artists of Rome, in that department, and their total want of ingenuity in expressing the texture and characteristic detail of various objects, independent of their want of knowledge of colouring and effect, is not a little surprising, especially when we consider their opportunities and encouragement. Their pencil sketches, however, abating a little mannerism, are extremely beautiful.

To the works of the students in the academies, the same observations may be applied, which I have made on those of Parma, Bologna, and Florence. And although, in the Academy of St Luke's, they have had the privilege of drawing their pencils over the scull of Raphael, which is exhibited there, and of which I send you a little sketch, their works, dry and lifeless as the scull itself, show not one particle of the genius which resided once within that "palace of the soul."

From the state of the art of painting in Italy, and, indeed, I may say on the continent in general, it has little chance of being revived, except by the example of the modern British painters. Were the Italians so fortunate as to have such eminent

men, residing among them, as Sir Thomas Lawrence,* Mr Turner, or Mr Wilkie, it cannot be doubted, that the effects of their example would powerfully tend to resuscitate that divine art, to which Italy, from the illustrious masters which it once possessed, still owes the main part of its interest and importance. It is, indeed, no small proof of the fascination which the great masters of former times imparted to this seat of the arts, which their talents rendered so pre-eminent, that, even in the present degraded state to which they are sunk, the name of Italy is so inseparably interwoven with whatever is worthy of attention in the art of painting, that the wealth expended for the productions, poor as they are, of its present school, would be sufficient, if bestowed on the same arts in Britain, to give them the support which alone is required to raise them to the same eminence, that conferred splendour on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

So inferior in the various departments of paint-

* The British artists who lately made a copy of the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the St Jerome, by Domenichino, excited a great sensation among the Roman artists; as likewise did the celebrated Mr Geddes of Edinburgh, in copying a picture of the Venetian school in the Gallery of the Louvre—his process being quite upon the principle of the Venetian mode of colouring.

ing is the modern Italian school to that of Britain, notwithstanding the many seeming disadvantages of the latter. These very disadvantages, however, I am inclined to think, by engaging our artists in the study of nature, and the exercise of their own minds, are favourable to the developement of genius, and lead them on in the same career of improvement, by which the ancient masters advanced to their unrivalled eminence.

In sculpture, however, we are inferior to the Italians. We have not a Canova or Thorwaldson. Chauntry and Flaxman, it is true, are treading fast upon their heels; but, comparing their works altogether, their statues, basso relievos, animals, busts, and monumental works, the Italian sculptors, upon the whole, certainly have the advantage, especially in nature and delicacy of finishing. In their monumental works, in particular, there is less of that bulky or gross appearance, which we find in sculpture of that description in Britain. The statues of English workmanship, in St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, would appear heavy, unwieldy, and inelegant, contrasted with the modern statues by Canova and Thorwaldson which may be seen in Rome. Many of their works are purchased by the British nobility, but to form an accurate judgment of the talent of these great artists, their various productions should be seen, and not those in one department only.

In offering an opinion of Canova's statues, I would say, that his principal fault seems to be, introducing familiar nature in subjects which should have the elevation of ideal beauty. In two of his Muses, for instance, which he has lately finished, we think we can trace the likeness of persons whom we have seen and know; in short, they have too much of the appearance of portraits, which certainly diminishes the interest, as far as they are intended to represent beings of a higher order; there is sometimes, too, the appearance of affectation in his style. In his celebrated group of THE GRACES, delicacy seems to be carried too far, and almost amounts to insipid childishness, especially in the manner in which the figure on the right presses the head of the figure in the centre. It is delicacy, no doubt; but of a very silly kind. Canova chiefly excels in female characters, youthful figures, and children. His men are often heavy, and even somewhat clumsy. His VENUS AND ADONIS, however; his CUPID AND PSYCHE; his MAGDALENE, which conveys the idea of sincere repentance; the FAMILY OF SANTA CRUZ at the death-bed of their child, remarkable for the expression of grief and holy resignation: these, with many more of his works, stamp him as a man of great refinement of taste and feeling. Canova has not, however, suc-

ceeded so well in his figure of RELIGION, * in which expression of the highest order of beauty, united with parental kindness, was required. The figure is bulky, and the countenance is neither winning nor attractive: the mouth being open, and the eyes turned up and fixed, produces a livid, ghastly, and forbidding aspect;—surely very unlike what the figure of Religion ought to be. The pikes, too, projecting from her head, intended to express celestial rays of glory, have an alarming appearance to an approaching sinner. On the opposite side of the tomb is a figure of FAME, extremely beautiful, but perhaps the beau ideal may be rather too refined. CLEMENT XIII. HIMSELF, above all, kneeling on a cushion on the sarcophagi, is admirable in every respect, and the lions at the bottom of the tomb are quite inimitable. The whole monument, indeed, is an exquisite work of art. It has its faults, no doubt,—but what is perfect?

To give any idea of the variety of sculpture in Canova's Studio would require a volume, each subject being well entitled to particular description. I may, however, give you at least the names of a few. MARS AND VENUS, for the Prince Regent, is certainly an excellent performance. Mars is represented as a powerful youth with a helmet;

* On the Monument of Clement XIII. in St Peter's.

Venus reclines upon his shoulder, and is really a chaste and lovely figure. The God of War, indeed, appears to be perfectly conscious of her charms; it were to be wished, however, that he had not quite so dandy-like an appearance; his body is certainly too much bent for the line of grace. As a flattering compliment, the Prince's portrait is placed upon the shield of Mars.

Some of Canova's Dancing Figures are light and pretty, though it must be said they approach very near the meretricious action of opera nymphs. His last Venus is more like the Venus of Medicis than his former in the Palazzo Pitti; but there is an appearance above her breasts, as if she had worn stays. Hebe is light as air: Ajax is a clumsy figure: and Paris seems too short and heavy; nevertheless, this is an admirable statue. A colossal statue of Napoleon as Victory, is very magnificent: this statue goes to the Duke of Wellington. A reclining Venus, for the Prince Regent, is an exquisite piece of art. Hector, as he ought to be, is a fierce-looking fellow. Theseus and the Centaur, colossal, will command admiration, though there appears a want of harmony in the leading lines. Maria Louisa, and Madam Mere, are in excellent taste. The numerous busts of people of all nations are full of character; yet not superior in that respect to many that I have seen by Chauntry. Canova's basso relievos rank

high in art, though they have not contributed greatly to his fame. His drawings in chalk are beautiful and carefully executed, but he should never attempt to paint in oil. A picture which he exhibits in his private room is a vapid and poor performance.

Thorwaldson's Studio does not offer such a splendid display of statues as that of Canova's; but the man of taste will find quite enough to convince him that to this great artist Canova is the only rival. PRIAM SUPPORTING THE BODY OF HIS SON,—BRISEIS LED FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES, — JASON, — AJAX, — ADONIS, and MARS, are all noble works; but certainly not finished with such exquisite delicacy as the statues by Canova. PSYCHE, BACCHUS, AND CUPID, his allegorical representation of NIGHT, his friezes, especially of the TRIUMPH OF ALEXANDER, and other works, are all of transcendent merit. The most of this sculpture is going to England, chiefly for the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lucan, Mr Hope, and Mr Devett. For an accurate knowledge of the beau ideal, or the perfection of nature, whichever you please to call it, united with a keen discriminating eye for the beauties of the antique, yet still preserving originality, Thorwaldson, especially in his basso-relievos, is superior to Canova, who sometimes appears to copy himself. In examining the works of the former, the mind is led to ancient

days of greatness, and seems to catch a portion of that sacred light, which sprung from the genius of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Cleomenes; the latter, on the other hand, presents to you the choicest views of nature, with less acquired knowledge from ancient sources, and perhaps with less refinement of sentiment and delicacy.

The studios, as they are called in Rome, of Canova and Thorwaldson, are ranges of work-shops, filled with various statues in a state of progress; and it is curious to observe what common-looking workmen are employed in blocking out the figure from the model, till it is advanced to that state when Canova himself takes it into his hands to finish. It is so difficult to judge of a block of marble, whether it will be free of specks or blemishes, that it often happens that two or three blocks are begun upon and laid aside as unfit for use, after the figure is considerably advanced. The Graces, for the Prince Regent, have a few dark specks, which were not perceived till they were nearly finished; they certainly do not injure the pure effect of the figures; but as the Prince Regent was desirous to have them without a spot, the great artist informed us, that he would willingly give 200 or 300 sequins for the removal of each. The sum given to Canova for the group of the Graces is 3000 guineas.

The gem engravers of Rome, I think, are much upon a level with our own artists in that way; Pick-

ler is at the head of them The engravers on copper are very far behind the British engravers, both in the historical, scriptural, and landscape departments. That beautiful style of engraving, for the embellishment of books, is quite unknown in Italy; and I should suppose, from any thing I have seen on the continent, excepting the works of Morghen, that in copperplate engraving we stand unrivalled.*

I can offer few remarks on the Roman architecture of the present day; for it is a very curious fact, that, in all the cities which we have visited in Italy, we have not seen any building going forward, except a gate at Florence, and one house in the Piazza del Popolo in this city. The architectural drawings, however, which are exhibited in the various academies, are not without talent, and occasionally exhibit a little Grecian purity. The Doric and Corinthian orders seem to be the fa-

* I have lately been much surprised and delighted with a few engravings of portraits, done by Mr Nicholson, painter in Edinburgh. That ingenious gentleman has done more in that difficult art, in a short time, than any other person; indeed, when I examine the portrait of Mr Raeburn, and reflect that it is his third or fourth attempt, I confess my astonishment has no bounds; it is full of principle, with the happy effect of concealing the mode of execution, while it presents the excellence of the likeness; and here I am happy to offer my tribute of praise to Mr Nicholson, as an artist of great ability in portrait-painting, in oil and water colours.

vourite.* This backwardness in building may be supposed to be injurious to the study of practical

* It is sincerely to be wished, that this were the case in Edinburgh, instead of the rage which displays itself for the Gothic, a style of building seldom referable to good taste. It is likewise to be wished, that there were a combination of trees, with the various streets and buildings, as we have found in many of the beautiful cities abroad. How it is, I know not, but our leading people seem to have a dislike to this beautiful accompaniment to a fine city. It was a cruel deed to cut down the semicircle of trees, immediately below the New Town, from Canonmills to the Mound which crosses the meadow from Dundas Street. I am sure no man of taste was consulted on that occasion. I might mention many other instances of such thoughtless proceeding, were I at all disposed to complain. Towns often owe a great part of their population to their situation and beauty; and were the latter properly considered and extended, it might be a means of increasing the number of inhabitants, and bringing additional wealth to the city. Let us hope, therefore, that, before any length of time is elapsed, the whole of the ground between the Old Town and Prince's Street, and the Earthen Mound itself, may be beautified with walks and plantations. The ground, too, between Queen Street and Heriot Row, so much the subject of conversation and reproach, is positively offensive to strangers and people of taste.

With regard to the first of these, the varied ground affords an opportunity of placing groups of trees, for combining with effect with the surrounding buildings; and I doubt not, but, in the hands of a man of genius, that small portion of ground might be so laid out, as to add inconceivably to the importance of Edinburgh, in general, in a picturesque point of view; and to

architecture; but as architecture forms a part of the education of an Italian painter, I should suppose, that, though it may languish for a time, it may be very soon revived.

convert many of the houses, which, at present, are not only destitute of all interest in the scene, but positively disgusting, into pleasing objects, from the interest which they would derive. Were the grounds laid out as nursery ground and flower gardens, they, no doubt, would be more pleasing than in their present disorderly condition, which nothing but habit can possibly prevent us from viewing as a nuisance; but the open unfinished arrangement of such gardens would do little more than merely veneer the surface of the earth. In order to accomplish the desired object, trees should be planted in ample abundance, of such a nature as in time to reach the stateliest growth, for shrubs and trees of small magnitude can have no effect in the valley which separates the Old from the New Town. Were the bottom of the valley reserved for walks, interspersed with shrubbery, gradually rising, on each hand, to forest trees judiciously varied to suit the romantic and other buildings, two objects would be obtained,—a commanding depth of light and shadow in the hollow, and a substitution of neatness for what is now offensive. A similar mode of treatment might be applied to the ground which slopes from Queen Street; such, indeed, as has already taken place at the eastern end. We have reason to be grateful for the liberal provision made for the inhabitants in the beautiful walks in the Meadows, and let us hope that the same spirit which directed the public proceedings of the city at that time, may revive in ours, and convert into splendid beauty, open and free to the use of the public, what is now in itself a gross deformity.

LETTER XXVIII.

ROME.

Pictures in the Gallery of the Vatican.—Michael Angelo's Fresco Painting of the Last Judgment, and his Creation of Man in the Sistine Chapel.

THE TRANSFIGURATION, by Raphael, is said to be the finest picture in the world; and I cordially agreed in the general admiration of its inimitable drawing, expression, and composition. This, however, is one of those sublime subjects to which human genius is utterly inadequate; the most skilful pencil cannot embody the grand conceptions, which the description of the Evangelist awakens in every mind; and if the picture of Raphael is not all that we are at first led to expect, it may, perhaps, be all that human art could produce. With this qualification, I would venture, in the spirit, not of candour merely, but of reverence, to animadvert on a few points, in which this wonderful master seems to have failed.

The principal subject of the picture,—the Saviour of the world in celestial glory, accompanied by three chosen disciples, and receiving the homage of the great lawgiver, and the most favoured prophet of the

old dispensation, who descended in the radiance of heaven,—is of itself so grand and impressive, that the mind is impatient of any circumstance which can tend to divide its attention and its interest. For this reason, I am inclined to object to the group at the bottom of the mount,—from whom the glorious transaction on its summit was entirely concealed, whom the painter, therefore, has been obliged to represent as utterly unconscious of it,—thus imparting to his picture all the disagreeable effect of double plan. The mount, too, seems, neither in height nor in form, to be a theatre sufficiently grand for so august a scene, while, by separating the figures concerned in this scene from the multitude below, it divides the painting into two distinct pictures. This defect is more perceptible in the original painting, than in the beautiful engraving by Morghen. In the upper division, the figure of the Saviour certainly wants the dignity with which the imagination invests the Son of God, appearing in the splendour of Divinity—but what painter would not here have failed? In the lower division, the possessed boy, who has the muscular arms of a Hercules, seems to be greatly convulsed, yet his legs are in a state of rest, and somewhat at variance with the rest of the figure. An arm, projected from a figure behind the father of the lunatic, is extremely stiff; and on the opposite side of the picture, two arms appear in a line, exactly in

the same position. The very singularity of this appearance, however, may, perhaps, contribute to the general expression; for I have observed, that in some of the greatest works of the ancient masters, repetition of attitude is by no means uncommon, when simplicity is intended. All the figures are marvellously well drawn and painted, especially the heads and hands; and the draperies, rounded and finished with the utmost care, are absolutely faultless. I could have wished, however, that the reflected lights in the shadows of the whole painting had been clearer. They would thus have produced more of the *generale* of nature:

> "For shades too dark dissever'd shapes will give,
> And sink the parts their softness would relieve."

The principal colours are blue, orange, crimson, dusky green, and cool grey. The drapery of the female figure is pink, with a blue robe over her right shoulder. The glazings are done with the local colour of the draperies, and not with brown. It is said, that this magnificent picture has suffered greatly while in the hands of the French, and that, with the exception of the head of the disciple with the book, there is little left entire. The fine impasta in several places has been rubbed away.

The MADONNA DELLA FOLIGNA. This picture is, in regard to colouring, and a happy union of all the essential parts, much superior to the Transfiguration,

the whole being painted by Raphael himself. The celestial appearance of the Virgin is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. She is represented in the sky, surrounded by a number of cherubs in a circle of golden light. St John and St Francis are on her right, and on her left is seen a cardinal, and an aged man behind him. In the centre appears an angel standing with something like a mirror in his hand, but which formerly had contained an inscription. This figure is perfect in colouring, and highly impasted; so full and so rich, that it is like flesh itself, seeming as if it would yield to the touch. The face of St Francis beams with light and clearness, and all that bewitching colouring which captivates the mind. This celebrated work might, indeed, form a school of itself, and teach all that is noble in art. Both in the Madonna della Foligna, and the picture of the Transfiguration, the greens used in the repainting by the French have changed to blue, their yellows having failed.

TITIAN

This celebrated picture consists of the VIRGIN MARY and the INFANT JESUS, seated in the clouds, and below them appears A POPE with ST CATHERINE, ST SEBASTIAN, and other saints. The mastery of pencil, admirable colouring, and clair-obscure displayed in this painting, may challenge any

work of art in Italy. It is placed among the works of Raphael, Domenichino, Caravaggio; and contrasted with them, furnishes an additional proof of the power of the Venetian style of painting in the hands of Titian.

In colouring, the works of the other great masters did not appear so chaste and dignified, nor recal such ideas of grandeur through recollections of grave and solemn harmony. The figure of St Catherine is almost unequalled in grace and delicacy; not even Correggio's Mary Magdalene in Parma appears superior. The purity of feeling perceptible throughout, seems to indicate that Titian must have had some principle to direct him in such a work of sentiment. It could not have been done by accident, nor could he have found such perfection in common nature. Yet has he in the same picture introduced a figure of St Sebastian, beautifully coloured to be sure, but stiff, ill drawn, and in other respects unpleasing to the eye. Is it not strange, that the same mighty genius should have produced two figures so extremely opposite in the qualities referable to good design? The pope, too, and indeed all the other saints except the divine St Catherine, have but a vulgar expression; but none more so than the pope, who looks gruff and unmannerly, compared with the delicate, the humble St Catherine, standing in the most heart-winning attitude by his side; indeed, I felt my-

self so much interested with this heavenly female, that for a time I was in fear lest his holiness might abruptly turn round, and injure her with his prodigious crozier. In composition, the picture is but imperfect; the architecture, which is bad, seems to divide the subject in two. St Sebastian appears a spot, and immediately catches the eye, which is so displeased with the meanness of his figure, that it cannot for a time search out for the innumerable beauties in the painting. This picture was repainted, but it is uncertain by whom; the garments of the pope were mere frippery, a thousand petty ornaments destroying the whole effect. This absurdity, however, has been removed, and the broad, masterly, and judicious pencilling of Titian is now unveiled.

CARAVAGGIO.

AN INTERMENT OF CHRIST. A picture, remarkable for light and shade, good colouring, roundness, and striking effect; but the figures have not the smallest appearance of dignity. Caravaggio seems to have kept close to his model in every respect. Joseph of Arimathea is positively disagreeable; the mother of Christ is represented in the character of an old country-woman, with her cloak about her; and the accompanying Marys are in similar taste. The head of our Saviour, from

its unnatural projection, wants support, and is unpleasing to the eye.

Guido.

Cupid detaining Fortune, the same subject as that of the picture in the possession of Alexander Gordon, Esq. of Edinburgh, by the same master, but with this difference, that the former holds a crown, the latter a purse in the right hand. It is light and clean, but from what I can recollect of Mr Gordon's picture, I think his has more tone, * and is in other respects fully more agreeable.

Guercino.

Christ and Thomas, a rich picture, and broad in its effect, though certainly it wants middle tint, and, from its having no decided reflected lights, is remarkably heavy. The subject, however, is well represented; the surprise of the apostle on the right of our Saviour, especially, is admirably expressed.

Paul Veronese.

A Queen meditating before a Cross. A noble piece of colouring, in a low tone. The quiet

* I have seen few small collections more select than Mr Gordon's. It has also the advantage of agreeable variety, which is not generally the case with the collections on the continent.

religious repose, so distinguishable in it, is perfectly suitable to the subject, and shews that even Paul Veronese could adapt the Venetian style to lofty sentiment.

ANDREA SACCHI.

A picture, consisting of SEVERAL MONKS IN WHITE ATTIRE, like that of the Benedictines. This picture is justly celebrated for its good effect, although the painter had to contend with great difficulty in the management of so much light. There is no positive colour, except in the faces and hands, and a little yellow and delicate grey in the sky; the rest of the picture is finished with brown.

The painting of the CRUCIFIXION OF ST PETER, by Caravaggio, has his usual good and bad qualities; the lowest nature, however, prevails.

GUERCINO.

MARY MAGDALENE AND ANGELS, with emblems of the Cross,—full of taste, but I regret its blackness. There is also another picture by this master of a WARRIOR, who has assumed the habit of a monk, while the VIRGIN AND CHILD, beautifully painted, are seen sitting in the sky. The Warrior, from his uncouth appearance, had better remained in the field.

DOMENICHINO.

His famous picture of ST JEROME. The dig-

nified character, the splendid and luminous effect of this picture, must surprise every beholder. In expression it is also perfect, and seems, like a central light, to radiate from the dying Saint, through all the other figures. The Priest in orange drapery is without a fault, and the figure in purple, supposed to be a portrait of Domenichino himself, is worthy of its situation in this sublime production. The back-ground, composed of buildings and trees, is perhaps unrivalled, and classes the painter with Titian in that department of landscape. The print of this magnificent work is in every person's hands.

BAROCCIO.

The ANNUNCIATION, a picture of great merit, especially in colouring, somewhat reminds me of Mr Geddes, especially from the bold impasta of the lights, smoothness and clearness in the shadows, and the brilliant, harmonious, and scientific arrangement of colours; qualities which never fail to please.

The pictures in the Galleries of the Vatican are few in number; but two of them rank among the finest pictures in the world,—the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the St Jerome by Domenichino. The many religious festivals are said to be much against the painters who attend the

Vatican,* from their being obliged to leave their work when they may be inspired, or have the feeling to proceed in their study. Sometimes there are three festivals in a week. No doubt, interruption is apt to interfere with unity of design; but the work of copying seems comparatively so purely mechanical, that it requires nothing but a knowledge of the art to proceed in a uniform manner; the hints of genius, on the contrary, are often so evanescent, that they must be embodied ere they evaporate, or be lost for ever. Even to those interruptions, however, Raphael (if he attended to them) was so superior, that he has been able to preserve the fire of his genius, pure, and as strong as at the first, in works which required years to accomplish, kindling, too, in other bosoms, the glow which animated his own. Indeed, the whole Italian school have laboured under interruptions, arising from fasts and religious ceremonies. Yet it is the only school, the masters of which are still unrivalled.

Sistine Chapel.

The fresco painting of the Last. Judgment by Michael Angelo, in the Capella Sistina, in the

* A note from Canova entitles a person to study in the Vatican, or copy any statue or picture. This privilege is very easily obtained, by persons of any country, from that liberal and enlightened man.

Vatican, is one of those works which seem principally to address the learned few. In its present state, it is wanting in many of those fascinating qualities which attract the untutored eye; for, although the judgment of both, as the philosophic Barry observes, "may be the same, the attention of the one spectator is employed upon what the picture possesses, of the other, upon what it wants."

The colouring, from various causes, has little to recommend it. The different groupes of figures, many of which are incomparably fine, are of a dusky red, and surrounded with a cold monotonous blue, which produces an unpleasing effect. The composition, consisting of four rows of figures rising above each other, offers no repose to the eye, and as little to the mind, when it traces the singularities and inconsistencies with which this great work abounds, from the figure under the column at the top of the painting, to Charon in his boat below. It is likewise evident, that Michael Angelo does not always adapt an appropriate character to his subject. The short necks and raised shoulders of many of his figures, especially of our Saviour, St Peter, and the figures to the right of Christ, may convey the idea of strength, but not of dignity. The mode, too, in which some of the infernal spirits are represented as inflicting pain, forms a very unseemly ornament for the altar-piece of a church. There surely might have been some other

less indecent method of conveying the idea of torture. The prevailing appearance, likewise, of great bodily strength in all the figures, even to those issuing from their graves, with their heavy coats of muscles upon them, is but little compatible with the spiritual world. And what could have induced that great artist to have mixed Heathen mythology with the truths of Scripture? Surely Charon wafting the souls of the dead over Cocytus is out of place in a Christian temple. The fire, too, which is intended to represent infernal flames, would hardly boil a kettle.

But all this is the mere small talk of criticism. Michael Angelo soars far above occasional inaccuracy of pencil or of thought. He is the Homer of painting; and none but a Zoilus would chuse to dwell on slight defects, which are eclipsed by the splendour of innumerable and unrivalled beauties. The ingenious mind will rather take pleasure in deriving improvement from these inexhaustible treasures and astonishing combinations, which exhibit the most energetic mind fraught with the noblest conceptions of the sublime. Like the Iliad or the Paradise Lost, this stupendous work is not to be appreciated by a glance. The more it is examined and studied, the more will the grasp and comprehension of the master's mind appear. The originality of his composition and foreshortening is endless, and almost perplexes the mind by the vast diver-

sity of attitudes the most difficult to express. Then, too, when we consider that this great man was the first who dashed into the regions of sublimity, and (I speak of his works in general) that it was he who illumined the soul of Raphael, and taught the world ideal grandeur, it almost appears a sacrilege to presume to criticise his works. He who looks on the Creation of Man on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, must confess, that in dignity, beauty, originality, variety, and I may add colouring, * it has no equal. It is here that successive generations have been inspired, and taught to venerate the name of Michael Angelo.

But to return to the picture of the Last Judgment, it is greatly to be regretted, that it is likely to be entirely ruined by the smoke of the numerous torches which are lighted upon particular occasions; unfortunately, too, the restorers have been at work upon it, and have scratched away the dusky veil of time and accident, from between the groupes of figures, leaving about an inch or two of its former state round each of them.

This sacrilegious proceeding has destroyed the

* The back-grounds of the figures are of a reddish pearly grey, a colour which harmonizes well with the orange greens, and delicate carnations of the painting. The Last Judgment, in point of colouring, is not to be compared with the creation of man, and in some degree realizes the maxim, that what does not please the eye, will not readily gratify the mind.

unity of the whole, and the figures which do not seem to be touched, have acquired a heavy patched appearance, which they would not have had, if the general hue of darkness had been allowed to remain over the whole painting. That general dinginess, though it could not improve the picture as finished by the inimitable artist, could not have greatly injured its character of sublimity.

The lower part of the painting, however, is extremely grand, and the groupes of the second and the female figures in the third range are astonishingly fine. Comparing the Last Judgment with the Creation of Man, and the accompanying figures on the roof, the preference will be given to the latter; though, perhaps, there is in the former more originality or extraordinary invention. The general character of both, as, indeed, that of all his works, even to his Sybils, and other female figures, is grandeur, seemingly arising from size, form, and strength, more than from any superiority of mental expression.

LETTER XXIX.

ROME.

Character of the Pope.—His Situation.—His Holiness's wish to establish a Catholic Bishop at Corfu.—Mode of Introduction to the Pope.—Exiled Literary Persons.—State of Papal Revenue 1817.—Cardinal Ruffo.—Cardinal Fesch.—Dissatisfaction in the creating of a number of Cardinals.—Vatican Library.—Propagando Fide.—Restoration of Ancient MS. to Germany.—Libraries.—Dr Sebastian's researches.

THE present Pope Chiaramonti is of a noble family, his manners those of a well-bred gentleman, and his deportment exhibits much of that mildness which is depicted in his countenance. He is liberal and friendly to the reform of abuses, though, on some points, he retains his early prejudices, which, perhaps, he may have imbibed when in monastic orders.

His minister, Gonsalvi, is a man of enlightened views, which have rendered him obnoxious to the College of Cardinals in 1817. Ten cardinals, with the Cardinal Dean at their head, demanded an audience, (which cannot be refused to a cardinal,) to remonstrate against certain reforms proposed by Gonsalvi in the law departments, and desiring the dismissal of that minister. The Pope was somewhat alarmed at the number and individual importance of the persons who so-

licited it, but was not intimidated into any abandonment of his minister; the effect, however, of this and other combinations, has been felt in paralyzing the efforts which had reform for their object.

The papal throne is indeed at this time no tranquil seat; a part of the people of the country are still smitten with the principles of revolutionary France; other classes urge the reconsecration of every instrument of superstition. Without is a foreign power, Austria, which, after having acquired nearly the whole of Italy, looks to the possibility of the acquisition of the remainder; and, in fact, the language held out to the sovereign pontiff from that quarter, has been, since the Congress of Vienna, sufficiently imperious. Among the political speculators in Italy, it was contemplated as probable, that the temporal possessions of the pope were destined to become, within a short time, a province of the Austrian dominions, and the suggestion was received among the Romans with that expressive shrug, which always accompanies in Italians the notion of a German master. There are to be found, notwithstanding, those, who think the dignity of the papal chair still sufficient to confer lustre on the noble families who are allied to it; and a smile of marked satisfaction played on the aged cheeks of the Duke of Chiaramonti, the elder brother of Pius VII. when assured by a friend of ours, that it was impossible to mistake his family,

since his smile must remind any one of his holiness.

The territorial acquisitions of England in the Italian seas, have introduced ecclesiastical subjects of discussion between our governors and the court of Rome. Malta has a Catholic prelacy, and Sir Thomas Maitland has been engaged in a negociation with the pope, arising out of the desire of the latter for the appointment of a Catholic Archbishop at Corfu. In order to create, as might be supposed, a better prospect of success, the court of Rome offered to allow Sir T. Maitland to appoint an Archbishop of his own choice, their anxiety being to secure, though at the expence of such a concession, the creation of the establishment. The number of Catholics, however, at Corfu, was so small, that the British governor considered such an appointment as unnecessary.

On occasions when the English have been introduced to him, the pope has taken the opportunity to say flattering things respecting the English character. The number of introductions,—for few Englishmen return from Rome without having been introduced, if he is at that time in Rome,—cannot fail to be burthensome to his Holiness. As England has had, since the Reformation, no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scotch or Irish Ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church resident at Rome. Abbe Grant of the

Scotch College long performed that office. The person to whom it now belongs is Abbe Taylor, an Irishman. To this gentleman you signify your wish, for the gratification of which, you have, however, frequently to wait some time, as his list is, in the full season, very numerous, and the pope receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception day and the next.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c. according to instructions from Abbe Taylor; persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military, and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out, for the occasion of an introduction to the pope, to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a Cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome. To shew how often a military habit was assumed, persons who were at most only officers of local militia, or had perhaps even less connection with military affairs, I may mention the following anecdote. A post-captain in the British service, a friend of ours, on his return from one of the introductions, told us that the Abbe Taylor, judging from all his flock being habited in naval and military uniforms, introduced the whole seven to his holiness, as per-

sons whose arms had assisted in his restoration: "Santo padre hanno combattate per terra e per mare." Our friend was, however, after all, the only one in the party who was not a civilian.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at Abbe Taylor's, they set out for the Vatican, where they are first introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi, and then, being first desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted by the abbe to the presence of the pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The pope sits in a sort of study at his table writing, with some books near him, his dress being quite a dishabille, somewhat like a flannel dressing gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, generally preceding it with something complimentary to the English character, and his high esteem for the nation. He observed to a friend of mine, that when he first came as a student to Rome, he scarcely remembered one chimney in the city, but that now he could count nearly 100; this he attributed to the British residents. He particularly mentioned his obligations to the English nation for the restoration of so many of the works of art recovered to Rome at their expence. The period for remaining in the papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half an hour.

Some English ladies procured the honour of an introduction, and wore black veils on the occasion.

We have often met his holiness taking his favourite walk near the Coliseum. His morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat, with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he gives them his blessing. The British stand, and take off their hats, and their bows are graciously returned. On one of his walks, the pope threw some money on the road among some poor people, and to our surprise, they scrambled and fought for it as soon as his back was turned.*

Among literary persons, and in the liberal professions, particularly the medical, both at Rome and elsewhere in Italy, an attachment prevails to the principles of the French revolutionists, both in religion and politics. Italian physicians, exiles from their country for an adherence to republican notions, generally retire to the continent of Greece, or various parts of the Levant. The study of physic is by no means held in that esteem or respect which it meets with in Britain. The

* His holiness's carriage, which is a plain crazy-looking machine, drawn by six horses, with riders in purple livery, always follows him.

fees given to medical men are small, and few of the profession can be said to be men of wealth.

The papal revenues are considered as improving, even under the expence incurred in the accommodation given to the Austrian troops passing through the country, to and from the kingdom of Naples, which those troops occupy till the restored king is firmly seated in his government.

No fewer than three members of the Doria family are in the sacred college, an uncle and two nephews. Cardinal Ruffo, the celebrated leader of the Calabrian insurrection, resided in one of the palaces in Rome. He had much of the barbarian in him, and his campaigns resembled those of a Guerilla chief; at Rome, he hardly ever stirs out of his palace. Cardinal Fesch is an object of some curiosity from his being the uncle of Napoleon. He, too, leads a life of much privacy, which was rendered advisable by the suspicious, and not very benign eye, with which he was viewed under the change of circumstances at the Vatican. He is not esteemed as a man of talent; but his sleek face indicates some fondness for convivial pleasures, the indulgence of which has subjected him to the gout, to which the rest of the family of the ex-emperor are strangers. The fortunes of his extraordinary nephew had placed honours within his reach, before those of every member of the family. Fesch, at one time, filled the meanest ecclesiastical si-

tilations in Rome. When the insalubrity of the summer season in this city makes the Romans retire to their country villas, almost all the clergy follow the emigration; their place within the walls is supplied, and the offices of the church are administered, by those of them who are in the greatest indigence, (generally found among the priests from Corsica,) and who can be tempted by the offered hire. Fesch, it is said, was long in this needy and mercenary class.

Considerable dissatisfaction was created at Rome by the number of cardinals appointed on the return of the pope, as the new cardinals cost the public treasury a sum which could not well be spared. Four thousand crowns a-year is the lowest salary allotted to any who holds this office; and, at this time, 10,000 or 12,000 crowns is not unusually the amount. Owing to the suppression in so many countries of the benefices, from which their incomes were derived, some of the old cardinals are left almost without any income from extrinsic sources, and a considerable number of the new are likewise without the incomes required. In this case, a cardinal is authorized to draw upon the papal treasury for four thousand crowns annually; and this sum, which, in former times, was never wanted, and therefore never demanded, has, within the last three years, been drawn by numbers of the new cardinals. This cir-

cumstance made the creation of so many of these dignitaries an unpopular act at Rome. It is true, that the sacred college was in 1815 reduced to twenty-nine members, but this number has been more than doubled by successive creations between that time and 1817. There are four Catholic powers,—Spain, Austria, France, and Portugal,—which have the right each of excluding one cardinal from being pope, provided they impose the veto previous to his election; they therefore endeavour to find out who is likely to be the object of the choice of the sacred college while the conclave is sitting, that if it should fall upon a person disagreeable to them, their negative may be interposed in time. Each of these powers can name four hats; and if they ask more, they generally obtain them.

The Vatican library is closed during the summer; at other times it is open from nine in the morning till noon,—Sundays and Thursdays excepted. The Collegium de Propaganda Fide had in the beginning of 1817 no students, so dreadfully had its revenues suffered during the preceding years; the printing-press is going on, but the number of books printed is small, owing to the late disastrous times. Many of the books which are set down in this society's catalogue as printed at their press, were not to be procured, but a hope was expressed that they would soon be reprinted.

In 1815, the King of Prussia was instigated by

Baron William Humboldt, the brother of the celebrated traveller, and a zealous cultivator of ancient literature, to solicit the pope to restore to Germany a number of ancient manuscripts, of which that country had been despoiled by the Swedes in the thirty years' war, and with which Christina, on her conversion to the Romish faith, had enriched the library of the Vatican. This request, made at a period so favourable to its being acceded to, as the termination of a war, which restored Pius to his papal throne, was not refused; and several of the German universities have profited from the compliance. The lovers of letters must be pleased at the transference of so much literary wealth from Italy, into the hands of the industrious scholars and critics of Germany.

All the libraries of Italy are opened with great liberality to strangers, and are indeed much frequented by natives. This latter circumstance might create a supposition, that a passion for literature is more general in the country than it actually is; but it must be remembered, that very few private persons in Italy possess any collections of books, so that the necessary resort is to the public libraries.* Some of the scientific men complain of the

* In Rome the library called the Minerva is open from 8 to 11 in the morning, and from 2 to half-past 3 in the afternoon; that of St Augustino from 8 to 12; Sepienza from 8 to 11, and in the afternoon from 1 till 4; Collegio Romano from 9 till 1;

discouragement shewn to their inquiries by the state, which regards, as they allege, with some suspicion their physical investigations. Dr Sebastiani, the Botanical Professor, is said to be a man of considerable research and quickness; he is collecting the materials for a Flora, which will illustrate many passages in the classics, besides enlarging our information in the particular object of his studies.

and the Corsini from 10 till 1: the two last require an introduction, which is very easily obtained. All the other libraries are supported by government. The books are not given out; they must be read within the rooms of the library, where there is every convenience and accommodation. For admission to the Vatican library a very particular introduction is required.

LETTER XXX.

ROME.

Indolence of the Roman Nobility.—Its causes.—Malaria.—Education of the Noblemen.—Their want of dignity.—Morals of the Women.—Cavalieri Serventi.—Education of the Girls.—They go more to foreign society than formerly.—British Ladies do not associate much with the Italian Ladies.—Duke of B—'s Routes.—Dress of the Italian Ladies.—Their Manners contrasted with those of Women of other Nations.—Conversation Room.—Gaming Room.—Music Room.—English Lounging Parties.

There is no peculiarity in Roman manners, which is more apt to excite the surprise and the contempt of strangers, particularly Britons, than the indolence of the nobility and principal gentlemen. Yet there are circumstances in their political condition, which, when duly considered, convert our surprise into compassion, and transfer our indignant contempt from these degraded orders themselves, to the unwise and oppressive government by which they are held enthralled.

To proprietors of land, the country can present but few attractions, when industry is repressed by limitations which rob the agriculturist of the pro-

fits of his labour, and thus diminish to the landlords the value of their estates. A Roman nobleman, were he to reside among his tenantry, would find himself in the midst of wretchedness which he could not relieve,—of poverty, by which, without the pleasure of being generous, he was himself impoverished. He would see his lands lying waste, because there was no inducement to cultivate them, when the produce, without meliorating the condition of the cultivator, was only to enrich the coffers of a rapacious government; and would be solicited by a penurious peasantry for a reduction of rents, already too scanty to maintain an establishment suitable to his rank.

It is not to be wondered, therefore, that they should have no pleasure in field sports, in rural amusements, in planting, gardening, or improving their estates. Renovation must here begin with the court. When the oppressive hand of power is removed from the husbandman, and he is encouraged to labour, by the liberty of carrying his produce to the most advantageous market, and the security of enjoying, at least, the principal share of his profits, Italy will assume a new aspect; the lands which are now left uncultivated, engendering in their neglected marshes the dreaded malaria, will soon be drained, and become salubrious and productive; and the nobility, finding their seats the centre of improvement and comfort, will learn to take plea-

sure in occupations, which are exalting them, by the increase of their revenues, in the scale of society.*

It is truly deplorable to see the Campagna Romana, a tract containing nearly a million of acres, left, not only a useless waste, but the neglected abode of that subtile enemy, which is perpetually extending its baneful influence, and has now advanced to the very walls of Rome. What can rouse a government to a sense of its own interest, which looks, with apparent indifference, on the spread of a pestilence, that is rapidly depopulating its territories, and involves high and low in one common danger?

The imperfect manner in which the nobility of Rome are educated, is likewise to be ascribed to the state of depression, in which they are kept by the policy of the court. Rigidly excluded from all offices of honour and emolument, which are entirely engrossed by the priests, they have no inducement to cultivate those branches of literature and science, which would enable them to distinguish themselves among their countrymen, and qualify them for becoming able statesmen and politicians. To pass away life in the gayest, easiest manner,

* Besides many other restrictions on the corn market, a tax of eighteen per cent. is imposed by government on all agricultural produce, exported from the Roman territory, except to the province of Bologna.

seems the grand object, to which they believe that all their education ought to be directed. Gallantry, intriguing, gaming, and fiddling, are, therefore, their favourite accomplishments; and their character is marked by all the frivolity and meanness, which are the natural result of such an education, and such circumstances.

From their number, many of them are miserably poor; yet, too proud to engage in any honourable pursuit, they become indolent dependents and sycophants. They will let their palaces and houses, and generally endeavour to take advantage of a stranger, if they are not bound by a written agreement; it would be folly to trust to their honour. I speak of the mass; no doubt, there are many upright and virtuous individuals among them, but almost none who have that dignity of character, which we find in the same class in England.

Their whole system of morals, both with the men and women, is well known to be highly reprehensible, and greatly at variance with our views of correct conduct: one would think they made scarcely any distinction between virtue and vice. Domestic comfort there can be little, and, I should think, as little affection. The husband must be uncertain, whether the children that his wife presents to him, be his own. She is never without her cavaliere servente at her toilette, or in

her airings in the Corso,* attending to all her capricious whims. The husband, a cavaliere servente himself, performs the same offices to other women. Is it not disgraceful, that men of rank should be thus employed, instead of attending to the general good of their country?

Ladies of the higher class seldom nurse their own children, nor do they occupy themselves with their education. The boys are educated by the priests, and the education of the girls is left to the nuns of a convent, who, from their situation in life, cannot be well informed; they read no books but those of their religion. Prejudice and superstition form part of their creed, and are enjoined as indispensable to the true Catholic. But what must the girls think of those rules of self-denial which they are taught, or even of religion itself, when they perceive the conduct of their parents? Must they not suppose them fetters assumed merely for a time, which they are at liberty to cast away at the moment of freedom, the happy period of marriage and *cicisbeism?*

The girls did not formerly mix in society; but, in consequence of the number of strangers with their families who go to the semi-Italian society, the Duchess of F—'s, the Duke of B—'s, (Torlonia the banker,) R—'s, &c. they occasionally appear; but

* The Corso is the principal street.

it does not seem that the young people form any intimacy with each other. The English ladies, in particular, with few exceptions, keep at a very respectable distance, perhaps too much so, * for with all their extraordinary conduct and customs, the best of the Italian women, who mingle in society with strangers, are far from being immodest or unpolite in their manners.

At Torlonia's, the Duke of B——, one of the principal resorts of the English, a suite of rooms is appropriated to different games, (faro, cards, &c.) music, conversation, and promenading. The Duchess is extremely gracious and polite in her manners, mingling among stars, ribbons, and diamonds, with great facility, conversing with ladies of various nations, with a cardinal,† a prince, an ambassador, an English nobleman, or a Greek, with considerable spirit and address. The Italian princesses and nobility are not remarkably splendid or imposing in their appearance. I have seen a group of them sitting together, and they might have

* This, it has been said, proceeds from their not knowing the languages sufficiently for conversation, and I am the more convinced of this, as I perceive that those few British ladies who speak Italian fluently, are very much in their society.

† Not above three or four of the cardinals go into society, and these are censured by the very strict ones. If at an entertainment where a ball is to be given, they retire when it commences. Gonsalvi, the prime minister, is the only cardinal who invites strangers to dinner.

been mistaken for people of a very middling rank in life. I should, however, mention that they were considerably advanced in age; the younger women of rank are occasionally very magnificent, wearing a profusion of diamonds. There is, however, always something wrong. Like their palaces, they exhibit too great a profusion of ornament, not in the purest taste; a certain tawdry, untidy character prevails more or less in all.

Naked arms and bosoms, and short petticoats, are not in favour in the Italian circles. Indeed, I remember a little censure was passed upon a young stranger, who appeared at a party rather too much in a state of nature; and I believe some time elapsed before it could be believed, that the innocent creature was perfectly modest. The multiplicity of these seminudes, however, appearing from the same nation, removed the prejudice; but the Roman ladies have not adopted the fashion. Neither do the Italian women mount the backs of the filthy guides, who shew the dark and subterraneous places, such as the Grotto of the Sybil on Lake Avernus. Nor do they elbow and battle, laying aside all female delicacy, among the crowd, to obtain situations at the public spectacles. Italian ladies might perhaps act differently abroad. People remaining but a short time in a place must exert themselves, and consequently may often appear to disadvantage in their eagerness to see public sights, and to obtain in-

formation, while the same people might be perfectly correct at home.

The Roman ladies, when they get together in private, or in the drawing-room, speak very loud, not in the most agreeable tone of voice, and with considerable action and expression. The *talking-room*, for conversation is seldom there, unless you allow a few detached sentences and remarks to be such, is more amusing to the eye than the ear. The general buzz of various languages and voices is not referable to any thing very refined. Many of the Roman ladies are rather elegant in their manners, without that fidgeting and restless disposition which is often perceptible in our British circles. Some of our pretty belles, I perceived, were squeezing here, and edging there, for the dues of the evening, and *Bella! Bellissima!* might be heard from the Italian noblemen in an undertone of voice, as they stood in groupes, or sat in the hollow of the windows. In comparing our own countrywomen with the Roman ladies in courtly parties, they have beyond all doubt greatly the advantage in point of beauty, and dignity of carriage; but the Italian women have a gentle softness of manner, perfectly free of hauteur or self-sufficiency; their walking step is easy, without that start or tread, which perhaps bears too much the character of confidence.

The *cutting system* (as it is called in Britain) is

quite unknown in Rome. Poorer relations and friends may safely look up to the richest, without being repulsed by the frown of disdain. The frosty look of a colder climate is unknown in Italy. How beautiful and grateful it is to a benevolent mind, to see even those of low condition step up with confidence and kiss the hand of a prince, secure of meeting with gracious smiles! This general urbanity and propriety of feeling admits of no particular sets, and eyeing, selfish, quizzing parties; nor is modesty or backwardness allowed to brood in a corner upon its own reflections. A landlord or landlady may do much in promoting ease and general happiness in society, but something is also required from the guests.

The faro and other gaming tables offer excellent opportunities for the study of physiognomy. Nature, generally mistress of herself, appears through various grimaces and affected smiles, which poorly hide the emotions of the soul. Persons of all ranks, nations, sexes, and ages, flock about them, and dignity and polished manners give place to anxious eagerness and hurried action, quite unbecoming a polished people. Beauty, wit, and talent, are seldom noticed among heaps of gold. It attracts all eyes, and intrudes upon the best affections of the heart.

The music-room is generally crowded, and,

what may appear to you a little singular, the performers are attended to, and can be heard, without the accompaniment of whispering and endless talking. The music is pleasingly varied, but the *Buffo* style is the favourite with the Italians. Little applause is given, even should a Duchess play; but I recollect when an old superannuated male Soprano, not unlike a large baboon, sat grinning at the piano-forte, accompanied by a bass and fiddle, every one laughed, every one was delighted, though sing he did not; he merely talked to the instrument in a low tone of voice, and occasionally raised his head with a satyr-looking expression; and when he concluded, bravos and expressions of applause resounded from every mouth: some of the audience, indeed, must have had very long ears, to have heard his almost inaudible voice, at the distance from whence the shouts of praise proceeded. For my part, I could not hear a single syllable, being near the door; yet all around me were testifying their approbation. The Countess M——— played such sweet and tender strains upon the harp;* and the

* I have often observed that the business of screwing and tuning is rarely practised in the presence of an Italian audience; perhaps the air may not have the same influence upon the strings as in colder climates; it certainly is a happy relief from that tiresome proceeding.

Countess C.——— sung such heart-touching melodies, that, to this hour, I grudge the little old Italian Soprano the commendation which was lavished on him.

All Europe allows to Italy the decided superiority in vocal music; and it certainly is exquisitely pleasing, not only from the very great beauty of composition, but from the sensibility with which it is sung. Partial as I am to our own melodies, I must not compare them with those of Italy; nor is our language, or any language, so admirably fitted for giving effect to musical sounds. Yet when one examines the words to which the greater part of their melodies are sung, it is impossible not to regret the great inequality of the match, for they are as destitute of poetry as the ditties of Vauxhall, and silly in the extreme. To what an immeasurable height does Burns soar above the versemen of Italy! and if his heart-touching strains, with our own sweet melodies, had the advantage of being sung in the same skilful and impressive manner, and with that fine enunciation of the words which so eminently distinguish Italian singers, they would electrify all hearers. While we admit the inferiority of our music then, compared with that of the Italians, they must yield the palm to us, in what constitutes at least half, the interest of a song, the POETRY: and

thus, I think, Scotland very fairly balances the account.*

The concert-rooms are emptied and filled with successions of new visitors at every act, or great pause in the performance. The pressure and stream of company which this occasions in the various rooms, is itself amusing, though, I must confess, delicacy and refinement took no part in the general squeeze. The parties in the talking, promenading, and music rooms, moved away about eleven o'clock. The gamesters were not so easily dispersed: when we took our last and scrutinizing look, we perceived a hundred eyes fixed upon a heap of gold, which the *table had honourably* acquired. No parting adieus; it would indeed be a sad want of good breeding, to interrupt a duchess in the middle of her game.

* Every admirer of Scottish music and song will acknowledge his obligations to Mr George Thomson of Edinburgh, who has done more than any other individual to produce this happy union of our most touching national melodies, with poetry in every respect worthy of them. He has not only collected and published the finest old airs, with the songs originally adapted to them, when these were deserving of publication; but, by engaging men of genius to tune their harp to the most inspiring of these airs, he has been the means of bringing a most valuable accession to the poetry of Scotland. To him we are indebted, in this manner, for many of the happiest lyrical effusions of Burns, which were produced expressly for Mr Thomson's work.

A certain countess being extremely anxious to have something very select, attempted to exclude all those who had not some pretension to the proud and half formed smile of consequential rank. But it would not take. The high and mighty travellers found that they could have enough of that at home. The affable and condescending D—s of D— displays more judgment, however, in the arrangement of her parties;—her Grace brings together the proper ingredients of good and enlightened society. We find under her hospitable roof people of high distinction, fashion, and talent. They are received by the accomplished Duchess herself, a lady of the most agreeable and affable deportment. Gambling or music form no part of the entertainment; but rare books, antiquities, and various works of art, may be found in different rooms. Among persons of high and varied accomplishments, the subjects of conversation are alike instructive and entertaining, and are in general delicately and skilfully touched, without being dwelt upon long enough to exhaust the general vivacity. Men of genius and talent are particularly introduced to those who may be of service to them, and are spoken of in the most agreeable terms. The hearts of all, in short, seem to expand with generous sentiment, and devotion towards the amiable Duchess. The use, and, I would say, morality of such parties, must be obvious,—surely more im-

proving to the heart and mind than the select or excluding system, the rattling of a dice-box, or the mere gratification of the ear. The smile of the excellent Duchess, like the light of heaven, beams on all around!

LETTER XXXI.

ROME.

Ball at the Neapolitan Ambassador's.—Character of a Roman Masquerade.—Want of Hospitality.—Character of a Converzatione.—Improvvisatores.—Amusements of the Peasantry.—Love Epistles written by people who make a Livelihood by them.—Fighting with Knives and Stones.—Contrasts in Rome.

The ambassadors of various nations residing in Rome occasionally give balls and entertainments, but especially Count Blacas, the French ambassador. When an entertainment is given in honour of their sovereign, it is expected that the visitors shall attend in court dresses; but this is not strictly insisted on, owing to the number of foreigners at present in the imperial city. The other evening we went to a ball given by the Neapolitan minister, in honour of the birth-day of the king of Naples, in the famous Palazzo Farnese. The company was very great; a prodigious line of carriages of princes, nobility, cardinals, and dignified clergy, moved slowly forward with flambeaux and attendants, and successively dashed with thundering rapidity into the court of the palace. After

ascending the great stair, which was lined with guards, we entered a large gallery crowded with innumerable domestics. On going into the introduction-room, we found the minister of his Neapolitan majesty, covered with decorations, amidst a group of nobility of various nations.

The ball-room was the famous Farnese Gallery, the roof and walls of which were painted by A. Caracci and Domenichino.* Those magnificent frescoes, perhaps, never appeared to more advantage; art, indeed, may be fairly said to have triumphed over meretricious splendour; notwithstanding the superb dresses and orders of distinction, diamonds hardly seemed to shine in their presence; all eyes were fixed on those justly celebrated works, which seemed to be improved by the gorgeous assemblage. †

Our countrywomen, as usual, eclipsed in beauty all the foreign fair, but not in sumptuous dress. Some of the Italian princesses were almost covered with diamonds; still, however, lovely nature commanded the admiring eye. The dancing was extremely

* Some account of these pictures will be given in a future Letter.

† The noble fresco paintings on the roofs and walls, in the great apartments in many of the Roman palaces, excite emotions of melancholy, when we cast our eyes from them to the miserable brick floor, and the few solitary individuals which are occasionally seen in them.

bad. Out of compliment to the British ladies, the Italian gentlemen attempted country dances, in which they absolutely failed, hopping, as it were, with one leg across the other, and occasionally losing themselves in a maze of intricacy. Their intention, however, being so polite and good, our lovely belles merely smiled at their confusion, and assisted them as well as possible. In the waltzing they made amends, and elegance and ease changed place with awkwardness. In the gaming-room we saw no fortunes lost or won: the stakes were small, but always gold; curiosity was so busy, for that evening, that music lost its charms, and for the same reason, conversation took the shape of the trifling questions and nothings of a promenade.

The masquerade in Rome is little more than a mob of masks; character is never well sustained; the same unmeaning squeaking voice, the same childish mask, constantly annoy the eye and ear.

There is occasionally some good music in the theatres, and tolerable comic actors; but, generally speaking, the theatricals are very indifferent.

The Roman nobility and gentry have little of that social spirit which characterizes the British nation. They rarely give dinners or petit soupers, —very seldom, indeed, to strangers. Their fortunes do not permit any great display of hospitality, and, perhaps, it is wise in them not to enter the lists

with the expensive and affluent foreigners. It would require, indeed, a very princely revenue to entertain the hordes of strangers from every country in Europe, that are incessantly pouring into Italy. Yet, though foreigners have little reason to extol the hospitality of the Italians, they have as little reason to complain of their want of politeness. They are remarkably affable and attentive, and, like the French, abound in protestations of friendship, which are supported by numberless little kind offices, and the sincerity of which, therefore, it is unnecessary to scrutinize with too much rigour. Real friendship is every where a plant of rare growth; and it would be unreasonable to expect that it should spring up in the course of a casual and short acquaintance between foreigners, who may never meet again. But surely some praise is due to that polite accommodation, which suits itself for the time to the circumstances of every visitant, and seems to take pleasure, as far as it is called upon, in enabling him to accomplish the purposes for which he travels.

The very few *Bas Bleus* who have conversaziones after their drive in the Corso in the afternoon, are not the most agreeable ladies in Rome, nor is their entertainment of the first order. Some wretched scribbler may recite his compositions, and flatter, and be flattered by the silly women. The disgusting venal praise, and unremitting gallantry of

the men, would not be tolerated any where but in Italy. Here, however, it is enjoyed, and seems to give great delight. In their conversaziones, they have no books, music, cards, prints, or refreshments; so that there is no alternative but to talk. This forced chit-chat, however, often languishes, and resolves itself into what is really very unworthy of the name of conversation.

One of the principal amusements in Rome is listening for a whole evening to an improvvisatore or improvvisatrix. These exhibitions, notwithstanding the affectation of inspiration, violent contortions, and grimaces, are certainly very curious and amusing; and occasionally their extemporaneous verse and prose is found to have considerable beauty; but I believe no one has ventured to say, that, taking them altogether, they are fit productions to be offered to the public. Signor Tommaso Sgricci takes the lead; and next to him, Signor Biondi, Signora Orfêi, Signor Ferretti, and lastly, Signora Taddi. With the exception of Signor Sgricci, their recitations are accompanied by the piano-forte; but Sgricci performs, like an actor, without any such assistance; and without any hesitation, composes a play with a chorus, and acts the whole in a very superior style.

When we saw this celebrated man, a small temporary stage was erected for him, about eighteen inches in height from the floor. He is young and interest-

ing in his appearance, about the middle size, with a very intelligent expression of countenance. He mounted the stage, and requested the audience to give a subject; when several persons, English, French, and Italians, wrote one each on various slips of paper, to the amount perhaps of a dozen. These were put into a hat and shuffled together, after which they were taken out, with the exception of three, by other persons of the audience; the remaining three were given to him in the hat, into which he put his hand, and took out one of the slips of paper, on which was written *Medea.* The other two subjects were the Rape of Europa, and the Sacrifice of Abraham. There could be no deception.

He placed his hand upon his forehead, thought for a moment, and then proceeded in his recitation, receiving the plaudits and cheering shouts of the company; and more than once he completely electrified them. At the end of each act, he appeared among the nobility, and was most graciously received by a couple of elderly Italian Princesses, who almost overwhelmed him with their caresses. With all his talent, he had an ungraceful manner of treading the stage, apparently as if he felt the floor to be hot beneath him, raising his feet with haste, and putting them down in a similar manner. It appeared to me, too, that there was a want of flow of language, the words were all pronounced in a measured style, with an equal

emphasis on each, and the expression was given more at the end of the sentiment, than diffused throughout. The R's were sounded strongly, and, as they often occurred, they produced a most unpleasing monotony.

His power of acting was very considerable, but I cannot say that his expression was always good or natural. The exhibition, however, altogether, was certainly very astonishing. He shewed great warmth of fancy and rapidity of thought, and if he even had availed himself of a little previous study, our surprise would not have been at all diminished: especially as he was requested once or twice to change the measure of the poetry, which he did with the utmost ease.

Signora Taddi, whom we have likewise seen, bears no comparison with Signor Sgricci. Her manner was very unpleasing, reminding us of the boy possessed with devils, in the picture of the Transfiguration of Raphael. Her voice was hollow and unearthly; and why she threw herself into such a variety of strange contortions, I have yet to learn. With all these disagreeable accompaniments, she, nevertheless, got through her work without uttering any absolute nonsense, and occasionally advanced a pretty thought.

The amusements of the inferior class of people seemed to me to be chiefly dancing, serenading, and promenading; the game called Morra, or count-

ing of fingers suddenly; Punch's opera, the dancing bear, swinging, and playing at bowls, and bull baiting; but this is only on festal days, which certainly occur by much too often. Every saint, indeed, seems the patron of idleness, a third part of the year being shut out from industry.

In their dress the women are somewhat gaudy, but the attire of the peasantry, when they appear on market days, is often extremely picturesque; the panno and spelio are very becoming, but you may judge for yourself from the drawings of Penelli, who is an artist of great ability in painting Italian costume. The figures of men and women are very fine, and often graceful, and in their manners, there is an ease which seems to indicate a little taste. All, however, are said to follow the example of their superiors in laxity of morals, and I have heard some instances that would shock your ear. Yet the streets are never crowded with vicious women, nor do the theatres present such disgusting sights, as may be seen in Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

From the ignorance of the lower ranks, many of them not being able to read or write, their love epistles are written by scribblers, who make a livelihood by such writings. The sum given is regulated according to the number of words or flattering compliment; in general, they do not exceed the sum of 2d. 3d. 4d. or 6d. each letter; if the



writers, however, be employed by a person of any respectability in life, they rise in their demand.

In their quarrels, the men of the inferior class used to fight with knives. In their attack, they wrapped up their left arm in their cloak, and held the knife about a couple of inches from the point. They seldom kill each other, but they often inflict desperate wounds. Knives, at present, are not permitted to be worn, in consequence of the horrible practice of fighting with them. They therefore have recourse to stones, and are very dexterous in hitting their mark.

It has been said that it is dangerous to walk in the streets of Rome at night, in some of the subordinate parts of the city. Perhaps it may, but we have heard of no unfortunate accident having taken place, though we have now been in Rome a considerable time; and strangers are out at all hours.

The country, however, especially between Rome and Naples, is far from being free from robbers and murderers; and we have heard of such atrocious deeds as would make you shudder, and place the worst of men much below the worst of savage brutes. A band of these wicked wretches surrendered themselves the other day to the papal government. At present, they are confined in the castle of St Angelo; every one goes to see them, and we have been there among the rest. We found them with their captain at their head, in

the chapel of the castle, praying fervently. They had nothing savage in appearance, not even the captain, who boasts of having murdered more than thirty persons with his own hands. They were strong healthy-looking country men, the captain seeming the most insignificant of them all; his lady, however, is perhaps the most beautiful creature now in Rome. These banditti have wives and children, and they seemed, when we saw them a second time, to be very happy. They are reported to have plenty of money, and are constantly receiving presents. The captain's *beauty* was presented with a valuable necklace from an English lady of rank. Lucien Bonaparte, and the Princess S— C—, were likewise very generous to her. These men are almost all murderers; yet (is it not surprising?) they are to have their freedom in a few months. Government allows about 2s. 6d. per day to the captain, and 1s. 6d. to the common robbers; the former will be at large in three months, the latter in six. There are other bands of robbers infesting the roads, but they will not surrender, even upon these mild terms.

This holy city abounds in contrasts. St Peter's, while it displays the power and ingenuity of man, contains within itself a lamentable sign of his weakness; the foot of the bronze statue of the patron saint is almost kissed away through bigotry and superstition. From the top of St Peter's, we per-

ceive the late inquisition on one side, and on the other the Vatican, with all its treasures of literature, sculpture, and painting. Then casting the eye to the distance, there appears a contrast between the Coliseum and the triumphal arches;—the former having lowered man to the brute creation—the other having exalted him as a god. I may even mention the great bell of St Peter's, * vibrating in the air, and seeming to shake the heavens, contrasted with the little pitiful bells tinkled at the garments of the priests; the churches covered with gilding, and the people with rags; the cruelty of putting fire on the backs of the horses, to impel them onwards in the race at the carnival, in this *seat of piety*. There is one sublime contrast, however, which I wish we had in our own country,—and that is, the prince and the beggar kneeling at the same altar. †

* The solemn tone of the great bell produces a pleasing effect of melancholy on the mind; we hear no beat or strike of the hammer, it is a simple sound, but very mournful; and the emotion it excites is greatly heightened, on reflecting that we are in the city of the Cæsars.

† This last contrast might teach a useful lesson to our good people in Edinburgh, where the poor are in a manner secluded from some of our churches,—as if all were not worshippers of that impartial Creator, who pays no respect to persons.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Mineralogical Report, made by the Chief Engineer of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Serene Highness, respecting Elba.

Portoferraio and the forts of La Stella and Il Falcone are built upon a hill of grey argillaceous schistus, as may be easily observed on the sea-side.

On the right of the road from Portoferraio to Rio, a short distance from the Porta del Ponticello, is a hill of indurated clay, containing crystals of quartz, some cubical some irregular. In many places the rock has crumbled into a common clay, in which the quartz crystals are scattered unaltered.

Advancing towards Rio along the sea-shore, we pass the salt-works of Portoferraio. The hills are still composed of argillaceous schistus, covered at the summit by limestone. Rio itself stands upon a hill, in which the schistus and limestone are disposed in alternate beds.

Between Rio and Portolongone, the only subject of interest is the mine of Terra Nera, which lies to the south-east of the latter city.

Between Longone and Capoliveri lies the plain of Mola, which, although the most fertile soil in the island is abandoned to stagnant waters, and consequently to malaria, which renders it uninhabitable.

Capoliveri stands upon an argillaceous schistus, over the surface of which lie fragments of serpentine and limestone. In the vicinity is the Monte Calamita, or mountain of loadstone, so famous all over Europe, and which, if well managed by the government, would alone ensure a subsistence to the wretched inhabitants of the island.

In the district of San Peiro, to the west of Capoliveri, is the great granite quarry of Sacchetto, whence, it would appear, that the ancients drew many of their columns. Three of the columns in the portico of the Parthenon are of a similar stone. There still exist on the spot, in an unfinished state, several columns inscribed Opera Pisana, and a basin of great diameter.

Marciana is built upon the prolongation of the Granite Mountains, now sinking under the schistus. The mountains inland from it are the highest in the island, and so rugged as to be nearly inaccessible. Proceeding round to Portoferraio, we find nothing but the argillaceous schistus.

Small as the island is, it contains minerals which might produce an immense revenue.

Its mines of gold and silver may be overrated, but the granite and marble quarries are of immense value, and copper and sulphate of iron form two lucrative branches of trade. The loadstone of Capoliveri, and the iron of Terra Nera, might be worked to any extent, did not the government throw obstacles in the way of exportation.

The small Island of Pianosa, immediately adjacent to Elba, now entirely uninhabited, might be cultivated to great advantage. The ancient roads still remain, as also the ruins of baths. It has a great extent of land fit for the plough;

600 head of cattle might find pasture; and the olive and vine thrive well. Napoleon had begun to repair the harbour, and build a fort to protect it from the Algerines, and at the same time cleared out the fountains still in existence. Now, however, all these improvements are abandoned, and Pianosa remains uninhabited.

APPENDIX, No. II.

The ruins of the Coliseum, as mentioned at p. 300, cover more than five acres of ground. This space has, in the course of ages, become, as it were, a natural botanic garden; so numerous and so various are the plants which flourish there. I am happy to be able to present the following list of them, drawn up by Dr Sebastiani of Rome. To the botanical reader, who may propose a visit to the ancient capital of the world, and to this, the most glorious of its remains, the list must be particularly interesting. It is a remarkable fact, that, out of 261, no fewer than 148 (marked with an asterisk) are natives of the British Islands; a fact which should teach us not to slight our own Flora. Several of the shrubs or trees, such as the fig, the olive, and the mastick, are to be regarded as accidental intruders, unless, perhaps, they may have been planted by the hermit who got the charge of the ruins after their consecration by Pope Benedict XIV. The spot, it may be remarked, is remarkably rich in Trefoils; for, including those ranked under the title Melilotus, no fewer than sixteen species occur. At the top of the list, which is in alphabetical order, the mode of arrangement being a matter of indifference, stands Acanthus mollis, the plant whose leaves accidentally springing up around a basket, are said to have given to Callimachus the first idea of the Corinthian capital.

Enumeratio Plantarum sponte nascentium in ruderibus Amphitheatri Flavii.

A

1 Acanthus mollis of Linnæus.
2 Agrostis miliacea do.
3 * Alsine media do.
4 Allium album.
Scapo nudo obsolete triquetro; foliis radicalibus lineari-lanceolatis, canaliculatis, carinatis, umbella capsulifera; petalis ovatis; staminibus simplicibus. Flores candidi. Aprili. Perenn.
5 ——— subhirsutum of Linnæus.
6 ——— porrum do.
7 * ——— vineale do.
8 Ammi majus do.
9 * Amaranthus blitum do.
10 ——— retroflexus do.
11 * Anagallis arvensis do.
12 * Anchusa angustifolia do.
13 Anemone hortensis do.
14 * Anethum fœniculum do.
15 * Anthemis tinctoria do.
Floret Maio ad totam æstatem, atque etiam Autumnum.
16 * ——— arvensis do.
17 * ——— cotula do.
18 * Antirrhinum majus do.
19 * ——— cymbalaria do.
20 * Arenaria serpyllifolia do.
21 * Arenaria tenuifolia do.
22 Arnopogon picroides of Willdenow.
The Tragopogon picroides of Linnæus. Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio, Junio.
23 * Artemisia vulgaris of Linnæus.

Arum Italicum.

(Acaule; foliis albo-venosis, hastato-sagittatis, lobis auriculatis divaricatis, spadice clavato, spatha breviore. Willdenow.) Flores luteo-virides. Aprili. Perenn.

25 Asphodelus fistulosus of Linnæus.
26 * Atriplex patula do.
27 * Avena fatua do.
28 ——— fragilis do.
29 ——— neglecta.

Panicula densa, spiculis glabris nitidis, subsexfloris, glumis apice bifidis, foliis planis pilosis mollibus. Floret Maio, Junio, Autumno. Ann.

B

30 Ballota nigra of Linnæus.
31 * Bartsia viscosa do.
32 * Bellis perennis do.
33 ——— annua do.
34 * Borago officinalis do.
35 Briza eragrostris do.
36 * Bromus sterilis do.
37 * ——— diandrus of Sir James Smith.
38 * ——— mollis of Linnæus.
39 ——— racemosus do.
40 ——— ligusticus.

Panicula contracta, nutante secunda, pedunculis dilatatis, valvula calycina altera vix conspicua. Circa finem Aprilis.

41 ——— trivialis
42 ——— distachyos of Linnæus.
43 * ——— pinnatus do.

C

44 Calendula officinalis of Linnæus
45 Campanula erinus do.

46 * Cardamine hirsuta of Linnæus.
47 Capparis spinosa do. Also Capparis inermis.
48 * Carduus marianus do.
49 ——— pycnocephalus do.
50 * ——— nutans do.
51 * Centaurea calcitrapa do.
52 * ——— solstitialis do.
53 * Cerastium vulgatum do.
54 ——— campanulatum, Viviani.

Corollis campanulatis, petalis semibifidis, calyce duplo longioribus. Initio Aprilis ad Augustum. Ann.

55 * ——— semidecandrum of Linnæus.
56 * Chenopodium album do.
57 * ——— hybridum do.
58 * ——— vulvaria do.
59 * Chærophyllum sylvestre of Linnæus.
60 * Cheiranthus cheiri do.
61 ——— maritimus do.
62 * Chironia centaurium of Sir J. Smith.
63 * Cichorium intybus of Linnæus.
64 * Clematis vitalba do.
65 ——— flammula do.
66 * Cnicus lanceolatus, the Carduus lanceolatus of Linnæus.
67 * Convolvulus arvensis of Linnæus.
68 * Cotyledon umbilicus do.
69 Colutea arborescens do
70 * Conyza squarrosa do.
71 ——— sordida do.
72 Coronilla securidaca do.
73 ——— cretica do.
74 * Cratægus oxyacantha do.
75 Crepis scariosa of Willdenow.
76 ——— stricta.

Foliis radicalibus sinuatis, caulinis sessilibus sagittatis,

basique laciniatis ; caule erecto, paniculis sparsis, nubilibus nutantibus. Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio, Junio, frequens. Ann.

77 * Crepis fœtida of Linnæus.
78 ——— setosa of Haller.
79 Chrysanthemum myconis of Linnæus.
80 Cucubalus Italicus do.
81 * Cynosurus echinatus do.

D

82 * Dactylis glomerata of Linnæus.
83 * Daucus carota do.
84 Delphinium peregrinum do.
85 * Dianthus prolifer do.
86 * Draba muralis do.
87 * ——— verna do.

E

88 Echium vulgare do.
89 ——— violaceum do.
90 Epilobium pubescens
91 Ervum uniflorum

Tenore Flor. Napol. Distribut. III. p. 42. Flores subrubri. Maio. This plant grows also here and there among the ruins of the Baths of Dioclesian.

92 * ——— hirsutum of Linnæus.
93 Erodium malacoides of Willdenow.
94 ——— Romanum do.
95 * moschatum do.
96 * Erigeron Canadense of Linnæus
97 * Erysimum officinale do.
98 * Euphorbia peplus do.
99 * Euonymus Europæus do.

F

100 * Festuca myuros do. Also a variety, glumis hir-

suto-ciliatis.* Hæc varietas promiscuè crescit cum specie; differt statura minori et glumarum hirsutie.

101 Festuca arundinacea
102 Ferula communis of Linnæus.
103 Ficus carica sylvestris do.
104 * Fumaria capreolata do.
105 * ——— officinalis do.

G

106 * Galium aparine do.
107 * ——— mollugo do.
108 * Geranium rotundifolium do.
109 * ——— molle do.
110 * ——— Robertianum do.
111 Gnaphalium montanum of Willdenow.
112 Gypsophila saxifraga of Linnæus.

H

113 * Hedera helix of Linnæus.
114 Hedypnois Monspeliensis of Willdenow.
115 * Helminthia echiodes do.
116 Heliotropium Europæum of Linnæus.
117 * Hypericum perforatum do.
118 * Hypochæris radicata do.
119 Hyoscyamus albus do.
120 Hyacinthus Romanus do.
121 ——— comosus do.
122 ——— racemosus do.
123 Hieracium tuberosum, the Leontodon bulbosum of Linnæus.
124 * Holcus lanatus of Linnæus.
125 * Hordeum murinum do.
126 ——— bulbosum do.

127 Inula viscosa of Willdenow.
128 * —— dysenterica of Linnæus.

L

129 * Lagurus ovatus do
130 * Lamium amplexicaule do.
131 — lævigatum do.
132 * Lactuca scariola do.
133 Lavatera triloba do.
134 Lepidium graminifolium do.
135 * Ligustrum vulgare do.
136 Linum strictum do.
137 Lolium perenne do.
138 temulentum do.
139 * Lonicera caprifolium do.
140 * Lotus ornithopodioides do.
141 * —— corniculatus do
142 * Lychnis flos-cuculi do.
143 * —— dioica do.

M

144 * Malva sylvestris do.
145 * —— Mauritiana do.
146 * Medicago lupulina do.
147 —— maculata of Willdenow.
148 —— denticulata, do.
149 —— tribuloides of Willdenow.
150 —— minima do.
151 —— sphaerocarpos "
152 * Melilotus officinalis.
153 —— Italica.
154 —— Indica
155 Melica ciliata of Linnæus.
156 —— ramosa of Willdenow.

157 Melissa calamintha of Linnæus.
158 ——— cordifolia
159 * Mercurialis annua of Linnæus
160 * Myosotis arvensis
161 Myagrum rugosum of Linnæus.
162 ——— erucæfolium

O

163 Olea Europea of Linnæus, also a variety, Olea sylvestris.
164 * Orobanche minor
165 * ——— ramosa of Linnæus.
166 Ornithopus scorpioides do.
167 * Origanum vulgare do.
168 Osyris alba do.
169 Oxalis corniculata do.

P

170 * Panicum viride do.
171 * Papaver somniferum do.
172 * ——— Rhæas do.
173 Phyllirea media do.
174 Phalaris bulbosa do.
175 * ——— paradoxa do.
176 * Picris hieracioides do.
177 Pistacia lentiscus do.
178 * Plantago lanceolata do.
179 * ——— psyllium do.
180 * Potentilla reptans do.
181 * Poterium sanguisorba do.
182 Polygala Monspeliaca do
183 Portulaca oleracea do.
184 * Poa trivialis do.
185 * ——— annua do.
186 * ——— rigida do
187 * Polycarpon tetraphyllum do.

188 * Prunella vulgaris of Linnæus.
189 * Polygonum convolvulus do.
190 * ——— persicaria do.
191 * ——— aviculare do.

R

192 * Ranunculus bulbosus do.
193 * Raphanus raphanistrum do.
194 Reseda undata do.
195 Rhamnus alaternus do
196 Rhinanthus trixago do.
197 Rosa Sempervirens do
198 * Rubus fruticosus do.
199 Rumex pulcher do
200 Ruta chalepensis do.

S

201 * Salvia verbenaca do.
202 * Sambucus ebulus do.
203 * Saxifraga tridactylites do.
204 * Scabiosa columbaria do.
205 Scolymus Hispanicu do.
206 Secale villosum do.
207 * Sedum dasyphyllum do.
208 * ——— reflexum do.
209 * Senecio vulgaris do
210 * Sherardia arvensis do.
Flores rubro-cœrulei. Aprili, Maio. Ann.
211 ——— muralis do.
Flores lutei. Aprili, Maio. Ann.
212 Seriola Ætnensis do.
213 * Sisymbrium irio do.
214 * ——— tenuifolium do.
215 Sideritis Romana do.
216 * Sinapis alba do.

217 * Sinapis erucoides of Linnæus.
218 * Smyrnium olusatrum do.
219 * Sonchus oleraceus do.
220 ———— tenerrimus do.
221 ———— picroides do.

T

222 * Thlaspi bursa-pastoris do.
223 * Thymus vulgaris do.
224 * Tordylium maximum do.
225 Tozzettia pratensis of Savi.

Tozzettia, spica ovata, valvis calycinis compressis carina pilosis, arista articulata, vagina superiori utriculata. [It is the Phalaris utriculata of Linnæus. It flowers in April, and is a perennial.]

226 Tribulus terrestris of Linnæus.
227 Trigonella corniculata do.
228 Trifolium hybridum do.
229 * ———— repens do.
230 * ———— pratense do.
231 ———— pallidum do.

Flores albo-virides. Circa finem Aprilis. Ann.

232 ———— lappaceum of Linnæus.
233 ———— angustifolium do.
234 * ———— scabrum do.
235 * ———— maritimum of Sir James Smith.
236 ———— supinum of Savi.

Flores purpurascentes. Junio, Julio. Ann.

237 ———— resupinatum of Linnæus.
238 * ———— fragiferum do.
239 * ———— filiforme do.
240 * ———— agrarium do.
241 ———— aureum

Flores aurei. Floret circa finem Aprilis. Ann.

242 * Tussilago farfara of Linnæus.

U

243 Urtica membranacea
244 * ——— pilulifera of Linnæus.
245 * ——— dioica do.
246 * Valeriana olitoria of Willdenow.
247 Valantia muralis of Linnæus
248 * Veronica agrestis do.
249 * ——— hederæfolia do.
250 ——— cymbalaria of the Italian botanists, a rare plant; flowers white. It flowers in February, March, April, and in Autumn, and is an Annual.*
251 * ——— arvensis of Linnæus.
252 ——— acinifolia of do. A common plant about Rome
253 * Verbena officinalis of Linnæus.
254 Verbascum sinuatum do.
255 Viburnum tinus do.
256 * Vicia cracca do.
257 * —— sativa do.
258 * —— hybrida do.
259 —— Bithynica do.
260 * Viola odorata do.

X

261 Xantium spinosum of Linnæus.

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* Bertoloni describes this species, Veronica folii cordato-rotundatis, subseptem dentatis calycibus fructus patentibus, laciniis ovatis, capsulis hirsutis.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 16,	line 9,	*for*	Vangoen	*read*	Vangoyen
21,	25,	—	406	—	1406
73,	26,	—	appear	—	appearing
84,	2,	—	notches	—	niches
86,	12,	—	della Bella	—	delle Belle
81 to 84,	title,	—	STATUES IN THE PALAZZO VECCHIO *read* STATUES IN THE PIAZZO DEL GRANDUCA		
87,	28,	—	impression	*read*	expression
113,	19,	—	Caracaggio	—	Caravaggio
121,	25,	—	Subterman	—	Subtermans
176,	10,	—	Serventi	—	Servienti
201,	7,	—	Piembino	—	Piombino
217,	2,	—	Abatico	—	Areatico
250,	18,	—	Piano	—	Pian
254,	7,	—	Cartona	—	Cortona
266,	8,	—	gameos	—	cameos
340,	6,	—	clean	—	clear
363,	3,	—	other women	—	another woman
73,	last note,	—	secluded	—	excluded.

VOL. II.

Page 13,	line 1,	*dele* and termini
31,	8,	*for* Glaaber *read* Glauber
40,	16,	— maccurate — accurate
45,	3,	— La Pache — La Pace
84		6 *from bottom*, *for* grain *read* green
104,		7 do. *before* donne *insert* part of
137,		8 *after* red *insert* earth
151,		7, *for* repeatedly *read* rapidly
156,		11, — finer — firmer
182,		1, *dele* on
240,		6 *from bottom*, *for* about — above
260,		7 do. *for* two roads divide — three roads meet
263,		9 — plain — site of
275,		6 *from bottom*, *for* muezzim — muezzin
297,		12, *for* bereft — deprived
332,		1, — siroo — siroc
333,		8 *from bottom*, *for* of classic buildings *read* and other classic buildings.
107,		2 *for* Zante *read* Patras

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE ENGRAVINGS

VOL. I.

VOL. II.